SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LIII JUNE, 1913 NO. 6

NEW PASSES IN TYROL

THREE GLORIOUS MOUNTAIN HIGHWAYS WHICH ENHANCE THE CHARMS OF THE "MOTORIST'S PARADISE"

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

AFTER a long, detailed, and comprehensive experience of touring in the Alps, the Apennines, and the Pyrenees, with oft-repeated opportunities of comparing the good roads with the bad, and the bad with the lack of any highway at all, I have come definitely to the conclusion that there is no public work—outside town areas, of course—which is of such wide-spread benefit, or so completely praiseworthy, as the building of a finely engineered carriage-road over a mountain pass on which there was naught previously but a mule-track, or maybe only a man-trodden path.

One premise only must be granted, and that is that mountain scenery is a thing to be admired, and, if admired, to be sought out for its own sake. At one time I should have thought that the postulate required no stating, and that it would have been as absurd to argue that sunlight was beneficial to mankind. A series of disillusionments, however, has led me to conclude that it is unsafe to postulate anything in this contradictory world, for since I started writing about Alpine passes I have met unadventurous folk galore to whom all mountains are an oppression and snow-capped peaks a horror. Show them a picture of a landscape of superb beauty and they shiver; confront them with the landscape itself and their chagrin becomes vocal. In the Alps and Pyrenees alike I have travelled with people who sighed for flat pastures and fields of waving corn, and the most harmonious outlines and the most resplendent glaciers left them unadmiring and cold.

In the case of pictures only, without any actual experience, the cause of this inappreciation is not far to seek. To those unfamiliar with the circumstances of travel in Alpine or kindred regions the sight of snow suggests a wintry atmosphere, and they know nothing of the ineffable conjunction of mountain air, in the vicinity of the glaciers, with brilliant sunshine and wholly agreeable conditions—the more agreeable from the fact that they may be enjoyed at a time when the valley which has been left below is bathed in sweltering heat. Discomfort is only suggested by an Alpine photograph to the man who has never seen snow save at low altitudes in the winter months; and, so far from being unwelcome to the summer tourist, it is hailed with joy, both as a feast to the eye and as the cause of that peculiar quality of "nippy" and refreshing atmosphere which must be tasted to be understood. There is nothing in nature so glorious as the combination of summer light and flowers on the neighboring slopes with snowy pinnacles above, and Alpine travel would be robbed of half its pleasures if the snow were absent, and one had to depend on the grandeur of the mountain outlines alone.

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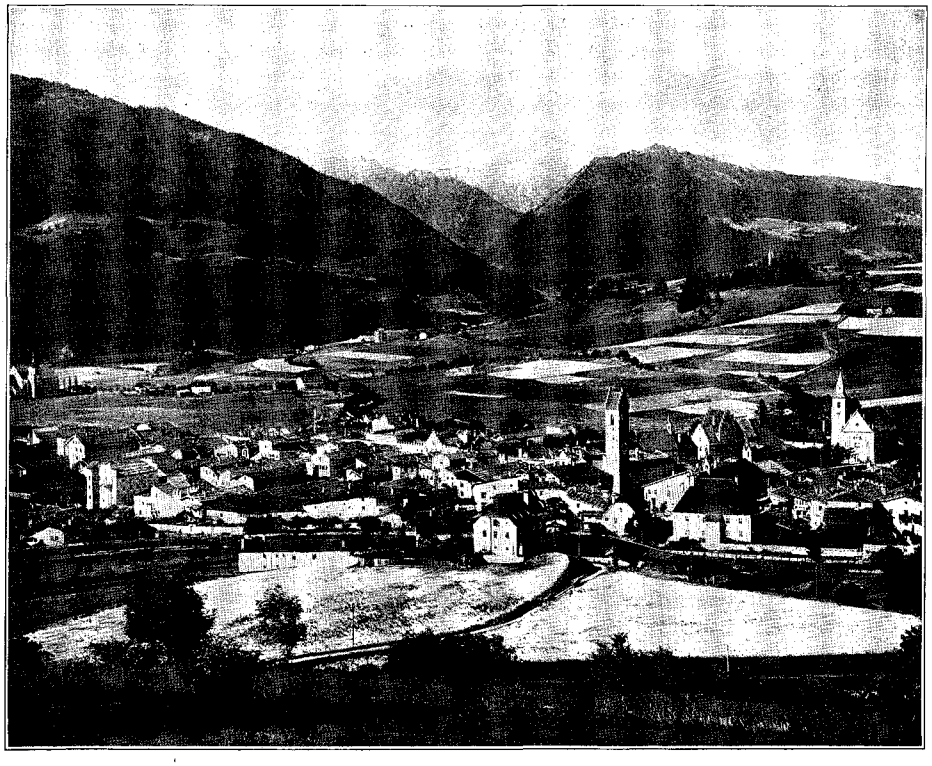
Save for one instance—that of an angler and golfer who declared that a green meadow with a stream, or a links over which he might drive his rubber-core, was to him the height of earthly bliss—the people who have personally traversed my innocent postulate have been of the fair sex. Nor is this subjective dislike of mountain panoramas confined to women I myself have met, and therefore a matter of possible disproportion; it has lately been expressed openly in print. In a monthly review I read the other day an article by a lady author who descanted on the "terrible crags of the mighty Alps," which "strike a chill to the heart as they rear themselves all unexpectedly, cold and awful, above the lower strata of the clouds." Not content with this, the good lady confessed to a "sense of divorce and isolation in the face of natural beauty," and found salvation in a fresco in the Church of St. Mary of the Angels at Lugano!

So long as men or women exist, therefore, who can acknowledge sentiments such as these, it is unsafe to regard the love of scenery as universal, and we must leave Euclid in unassailed possession of the honor of being the only person who could lay down postulates without fear of contradiction. With scenery, as with other things, it is a case of *quot homines, tot sententiæ*, and nothing is immune from attack; *e. g.*, did not De Quincey say of Keats's poetry that it "belonged essentially to the vilest collections of waxwork filigree or gilt gingerbread"?



Sterzing, the junction of the Brenner and Jaufen routes, as seen from above.

It may be conceded, moreover, that there is a greater measure of reason in the point of view which regards the Alps as an oppression, by reason of their magnitude, than in the purely inartistic failure to recognize the beauties of an Alpine photograph or painting. Before the Alps were conquered, indeed, the attitude of mankind almost generally toward the mountains was one of unadulterated fear. It is voiced with frequency in sixteenth-cen-

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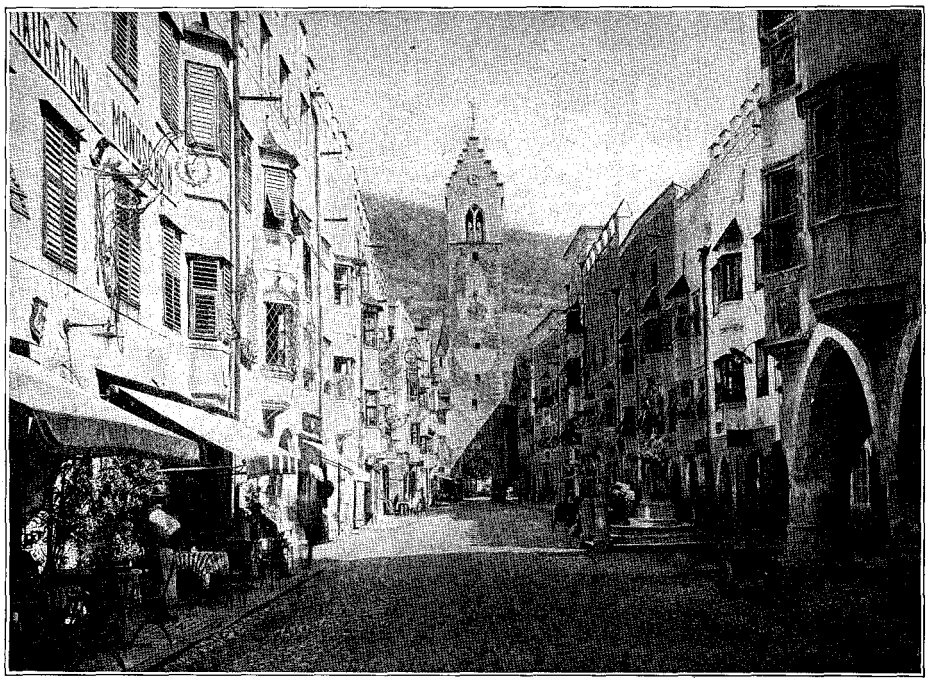
tury books of travel, and peaks we now travel thousands of miles to see, the mediæval wayfarer regarded only in the light of obstacles which were difficult to surmount.

In the main, nevertheless, as no one will deny, this fear of Alpine heights is a thing of the past. Who wrought the change, and was it the work of many decades and many minds? The answer is brief but emphatic. A few roads were made by the Romans, but it was Napoleon the Great who first conceived the idea of storming nature's barriers by wholesale road-building in high latitudes; and, in thus setting free men's sense of beauty, he rendered services to humanity which will deserve remembrance long after his lust for conquest is forgiven and forgotten. At a later period the Alps were conquered anew, and in a different fashion, by climbers, mostly English; and then followed the tide of tourist travel, aided chiefly by the growth of the railroad system.

But while railroads will take holiday-makers in tens of thousands to certain Alpine centres, and while funiculars and rack-and-pinion lines will carry them in many cases to actual summits, the effect has not been entirely to the good, for whereas some lofty pinnacles, not even excepting the Jungfrau, are too easily attained, there is too general a reluctance —climbers apart—to go anywhere but where the locomotive leads the way. The *via media*, represented by the mountain road, between attaining a great height by rail on the one hand, and staying ingloriously several thousand feet below on the other, is hardly ever chosen, or even admitted as a possibility, by the ordinary tourist.

The motorist knows better. Without aspiring to emulate the feats of the rock scrambler, now become a commonplace by reason of the fact that every peak in the Alps has been scaled and given a name, the man who drives a trusty car may find whole districts which are unknown to the traveller by rail, and may rise to heights which offer the absolute maximum of artistic enjoyment. For the finest views in Alpine territory are neither those which are to be obtained from the valley level, nor from the loftiest peak, which, when attained, often affords a panorama which is in a sense a ploughed field on an exalted scale. The Alpine carriage-road leads the mountain-worshipper to places of suffi-



Street scene in Sterzing.

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Snow-flecked peaks ahead, Jaufen Pass.

cient height to have afforded him unlimited variety of scene by the way, from valley to pine-wood, from pine-wood to the upper pastures, or "alps," and from alps to the limit of his climb; and there he may gaze in unrestricted admiration upon often far-reaching vistas or panoramas of still higher mountains.

There is hardly a single mountain pass, of the many scores which I have crossed, which does not repay the lover of the picturesque. Sometimes the actual summit may be restricted in its outlook, because the road may have been carved through walls of rock; but, even in these cases, there are almost invariably magnificent perspectives a few yards below the final cutting on one side or the other, and often on each alike. Unlike a railroad, moreover, the building of a mountain road involves no defacement of the scenery; and, though it simplifies the means of access between one village and another, it brings no inordinate amount of traffic, or permanent structures in the shape of stations or lines of rail, such as are inseparable from the railroad system.

While Switzerland is honey-combed with railroads even in the non-populous districts, and even the chief mountain roads have ceded place to tunnels, there are many districts in France where the finest scenery can only be enjoyed from the highway itself. To realize, however, the full measure of what can be accomplished in the way of giving access to Alpine heights, without the costly and artistically doubtful expedient of laying down rails, one must needs motor to Tyrol.

Words utterly fail to express one's admiration for the wonders which have been accomplished in this earthly paradise. A few years ago it was almost a *terra incognita*, and its manifold beauties could only be enjoyed by mountaineers, and even by them in piecemeal fashion. A transformation has been effected, however, of so complete a kind that there is hardly one of its most important valleys which is not attainable by road, although there is plenty of opportunity for the pedestrian to explore more sequestered spots. One need not stay to argue as to whether the altered state of things is as desirable as if

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On the descent nearing the zone of trees, Jaufen Pass.

the whole province were virgin ground. Means of intercommunication must be found for the inhabitants themselves even if the tourist be left out of the question altogether; and, this being so, it is infinitely less desecrating to provide good roads than to introduce the locomotive on rails. I make bold to say, however, that the face of nature has not been despoiled in Tyrol to the most infinitesimal degree; and, though it is true that foreigners are now brought to what were more or less remote fastnesses, the sum of human happiness has thereby indubitably been increased, and without the wholesale incursion of travellers by train-loads which would have been the case if the Tyrolese had succumbed to the feverish energy of their neighbors, the Swiss railroad engineers.

Every tourist in the Eastern Alps has heard, of course, of the wonderful Dolomitenstrasse, or "Dolomites road," which was finally completed in 1909. Almost it seemed to offer the last word in Alpine road construction, whilst the advantages it conferred on the traveller in enabling him to go from Bozen to Cortina, through the very heart of the mountains, instead of describing three sides of a rhomboid by way of Brixen, the Pusterthal, and Toblach, amid much less impressive scenery, were of the most liberal kind. But the Tyrolese authorities did not stay their hand by any means after this achievement, striking and colossal though it was, and two other schemes have since matured which are of scarcely less importance than the Dolomitenstrasse itself. I refer to the construction of the Jaufen and Broccone roads, each of which is of the highest value as a line of communication, each of perfect quality as a highway, and each picturesque at every point. [See map, p. 676.]

The new Jaufen Pass leads from Sterzing on the Brenner road to St. Leonhard, and there connects with what was formerly a *cul de sac* road to Meran. Quite apart from the added beauties thus unfolded to view, the new road confers a practical convenience which can hardly be overestimated, as it relieves the tourist of the necessity of doubling his track, and is particularly beneficial to those who may de-

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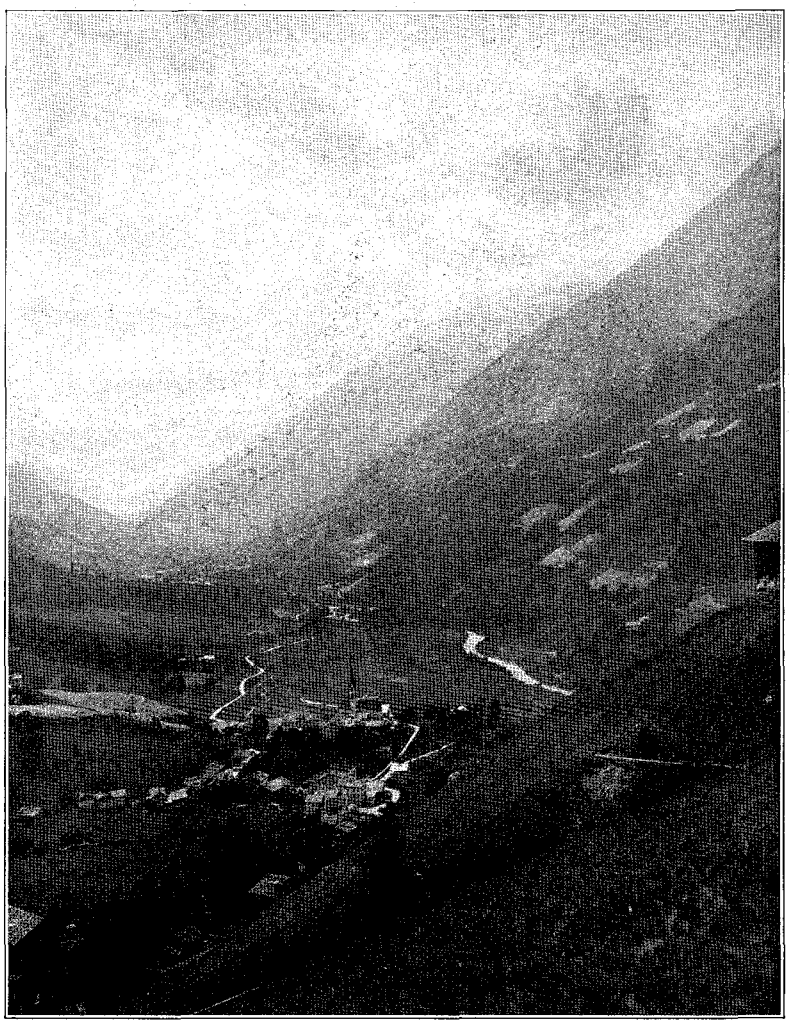
sire to essay the famous Stelvio Pass, the highest and most wonderful road in Europe. By its position the Stelvio is always difficult to work into one's itinerary, but the new link between Sterzing and Meran



St. Leonhard ahead, Jaufen Pass.

greatly facilitates the process. The Jaufen road took six years to build, at a cost of 2,500,000 kronen, and has replaced an old path which was so rough that even riding was not recommended. For every one alike, therefore, the new pass has opened up a new area of beauty.

Sterzing, the starting-point, is a bright little town well known to frequenters of the Brenner route. The appearance of its one and only street is unusually pleasing, what with arcades, balconies, and turrets, and a picturesque old Rathaus. I have seen the town described as "sleepy," but curiously enough have twice passed through it on a Sunday, when it was alive with townsfolk and peasants from the surrounding villages. Now, however, that it is a junction with the Jaufen and Brenner roads alike, it is destined to wear even on week-days an air of greater activity than before.

If bound for the Jaufen Pass from Innsbruck we cross the Brenner—which I found lately to be better in surface quality than

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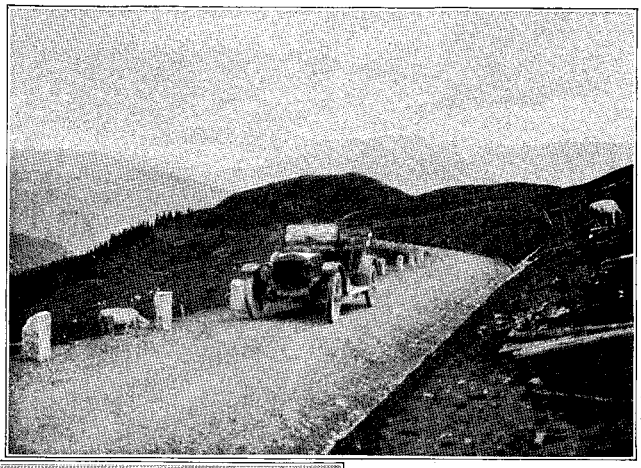
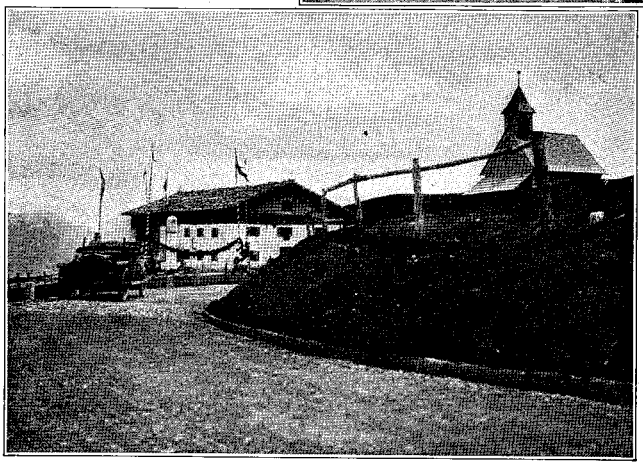
ever—and drive through Sterzing to the village of Gasteig, and there swing to the right. Sterzing stands at a height of 3,116 feet, and Gasteig, three kilometres further on, is only 20 metres higher; but here the ascent begins in earnest. The road rises to the summit (6,889 feet) in 15 kilometres, or 18 from Sterzing, and therefore represents an average ascent of 353 feet per mile from the village and 335 feet from the town. There are ten corners to be rounded in all. The road is of fine width, being nowhere of less than 65 feet radius on the straight, or less than 39 feet on the corners. The average gradient is seven and one half per cent, and the maximum is little more, as the rise is comparatively even. From start to finish there is not one single danger spot, and, as a piece of road engineering, the Jaufen Pass is perfect. I mention these and other practical details which may follow because they are extremely difficult to obtain, and yet are of paramount importance to the driver of a car.



Nearing the summit, Jaufen Pass.



The last corner before the summit, Jaufen Pass, Sterzing side.

Rising with minor windings to the first corner in a little over two kilometres, we find it to be a sweeping horseshoe bend, the rounding of which is accomplished with ease. Beyond it we obtain an effective view of Sterzing and its environment of mountains, with the river Eisak winding through the valley six hun-

Palace Hotel, Roncegno.

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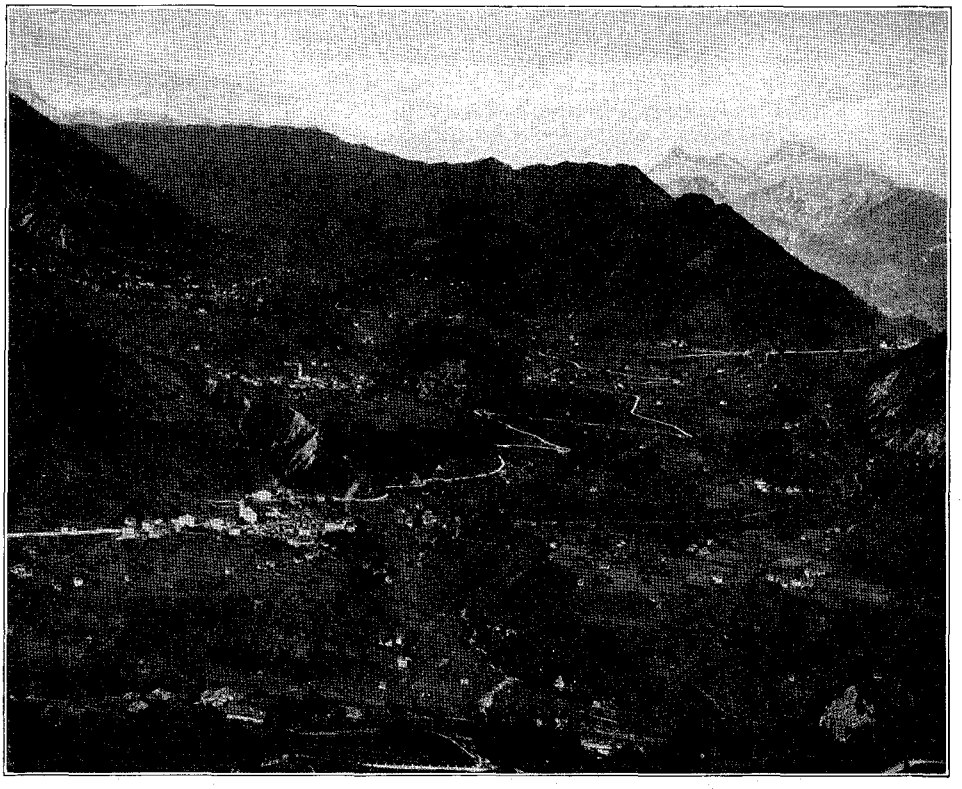

A panoramic view of the winding road, Broccone Pass.

dred feet below. The road continues excellent throughout and is bordered by rectangular pillars all the way, with occasional fences also. Reaching within two kilometres the second corner, again beautifully curved, we turn to the right and enter the zone of pines. The road itself is open, however, for some distance. After a time the gradient moderates as the hamlet of Kalch is approached, but beyond this it again becomes fairly steep.

A wood is entered, and the road surface changes from white to brown. In four kilometres or so from its predecessor the third corner is reached—a nice "hairpin" bend. The fourth is less than a kilometre higher and is of the horseshoe type, and then a rather longer interval occurs before the fifth comes into view, followed in less than a kilometre by the sixth, both being of liberal radius. By this time we have risen to a height of 5,577 feet, or 2,461 feet above Sterzing.

There is now an uninterrupted rise of four kilometres, the skilful grading of the road extorting our admiration the while, and at length the belt of pines is left behind and we emerge onto an "alp," or pasture. Then comes a *lacet* of four corners, none of them acute, and, with recurring views at each turn of the Ratschings-Thal below, we are quickly at the summit, passing a *gasthaus* and a small chapel. The motorist of experience in Alpine work will be able to form a fair idea of what this ascent of 3,773 feet implies, according to the power of his individual car; but I may state that on a 38-horse-power Daimler I did most of the journey comfortably on the second speed, with occasional resort to the third, and generally with a nearly closed throttle. The old hand at the game keeps his engine cool by this means. If the pace had been forced the third speed could have been employed for much longer periods.

The actual summit is a cutting between banks, but in a few yards a new and glorious prospect is displayed; the ascent was picturesque, but the descent is doubly so.

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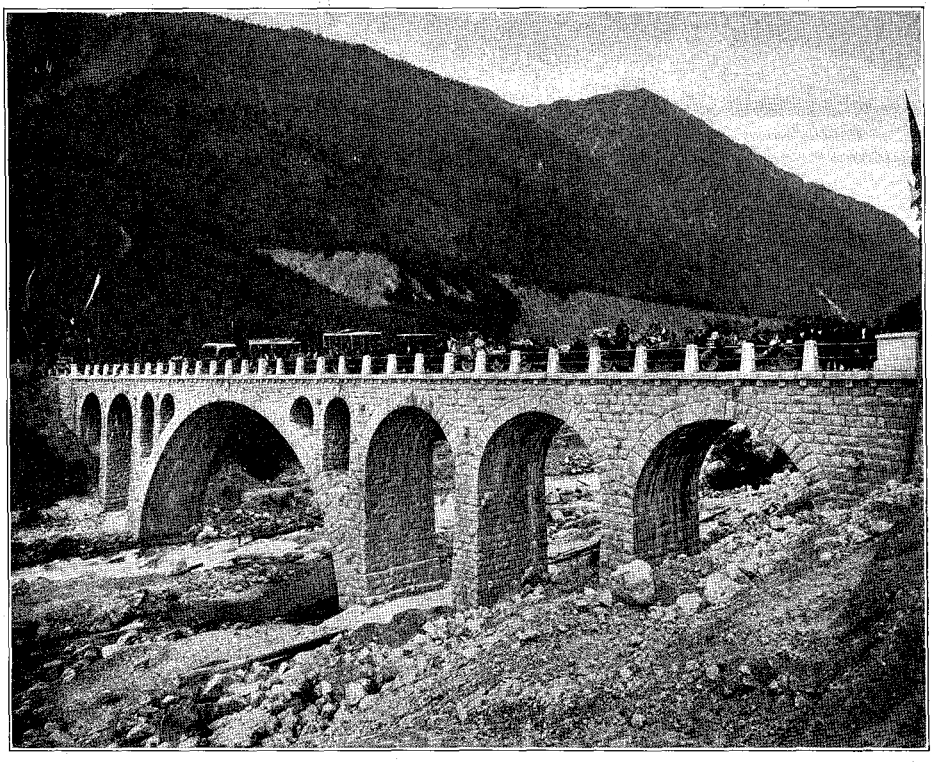
The Jaufenspitze is close at hand, and other snow-flecked peaks—in June, at all events—continue the chain all down the valley, with a vista of a massive group beyond the foot of the pass. At the time of my own crossing, these distant peaks were unfortunately shrouded in rain and mist, and photography was at a discount if the car is stopped while he pilots them by. Civility always pays when touring, but nowhere more so than in Tyrol, and the peasants are quick to acknowledge passing courtesies.

By the time the sixth corner is reached the zone of trees has been left behind, and the descent has been one of 2,167 feet in



The Vanoi Bridge, at the foot of the Broccone Pass.
The cars shown in the picture are the first to cross after the opening of the bridge.

accordingly; but I have no hesitation in describing the scenery of the Jaufen generally as truly grandiose, and even equal to that of the Pordoi itself.

For a time the road is *tranchée*, or cut along the side of the mountain slope, and leads in 2 kilometres to the first corner. The fall from the summit to St. Leonhard is one of 4,757 feet in 20 kilometres, an average of 383½ feet per mile. There are eleven corners to be rounded, but all are of good radius. The gradient is such, moreover, that the descent can be made mostly on compression without resort to the brakes.

On the higher slopes one meets handsome cattle, and the drover is duly grateful about ten kilometres. Corresponding to that on the other side, though rather longer, a virtually straight stretch of six kilometres now occurs without a corner, and with noble prospects throughout. The village of Walten is passed at an altitude of 4,265 feet, with a *gasthaus*, soon after crossing a mountain tarn by a wooden bridge. Deeper and deeper still one descends toward St. Leonhard, but with an easy gradient, while the views tempt the photographer to stop and stop again. They are among the finest to be found on Alpine roads.

The next corner is cut through a rock tunnel, which thus robs the one on the

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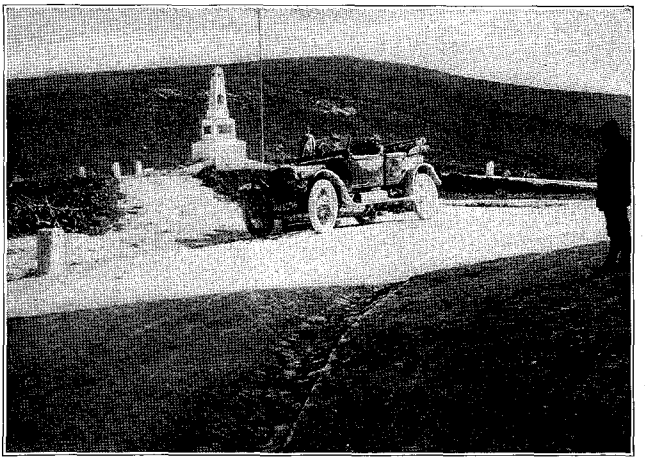
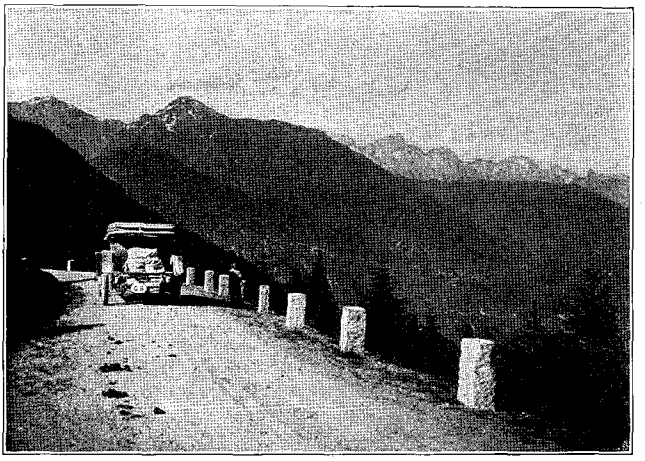


The summit of the Broccone Pass.

Falzarego Pass of its quondam monopoly, for, though tunnels are common and hairpin corners also common, these are the only two instances throughout the Alps of the rock being bored in semi-elliptic fashion. This seventh change of direction finds us at a 3,477-feet altitude, and the major portion of the descent has now been made. The pleasant gush of a mountain torrent breaks the quietude of one's progress, and the remaining four corners, all perfect in kind, bring us down to 2,542 feet, and a straight run to St. Leonhard (2,132 feet) ends the journey over the pass—a magnificent experience throughout, and one that I could never tire of repeating.

St. Leonhard itself is an attractive spot, and intimately associated in Tyrolean history with the patriot Andreas Hofer. Above the town stands a ruined castle, the Jaufenburg. As I am dealing with practical as well as scenic considerations, I may mention here that, if one has come the whole way from Innsbruck, the question of luncheon may have to be considered by now, as there is no hotel on the Jaufen Pass between the terminal points. If Meran be preferred as a halting-place, the day's journey should be begun at Sterzing. The Jaufen



The descending road, Broccone Pass.

Nearing the foot of the Pass.
The village of Ronco in the centre.

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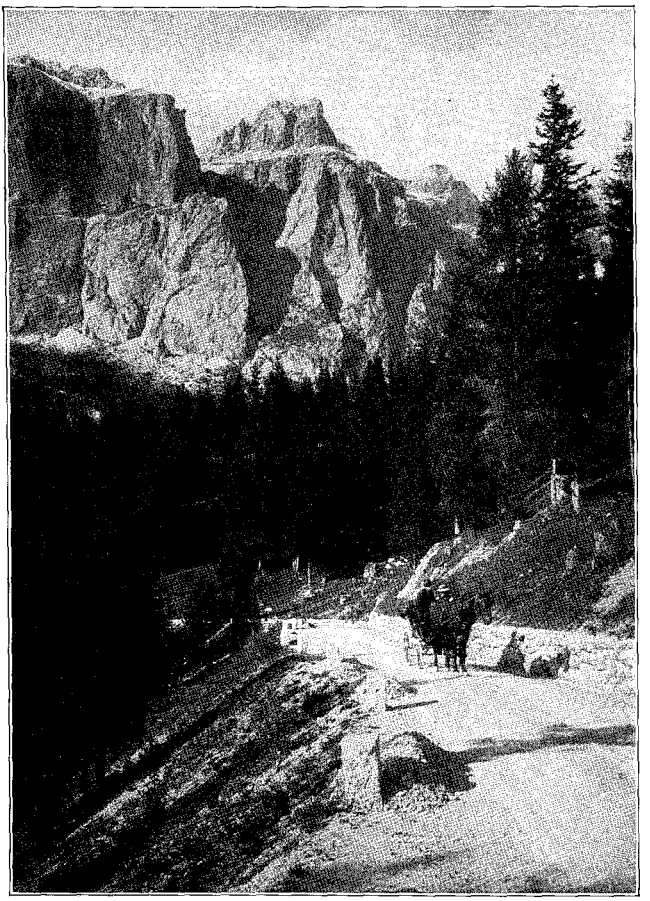
road, like the Falzarego, has not been built in the too prevalent fashion which awaits the upgrowth of a series of villages before connecting them by road; it is a through route from town to town, and the villages have yet to follow. Moreover, the journey between St. Leonhard and Meran is not to be measured by distance alone, as we shall see.

It affords, indeed, the most illuminating example that could well be imagined of the difference between a definitely engineered road over a lofty pass and a mere local route of relatively low altitude. The drive to Meran, in fact, takes much more time per kilometre than the ascent or descent of the Jaufen itself! Until the pass was opened the lower road was barred to motor-cars, and before Meran is reached one sees good reason why, although there is only a difference in altitude of 1,082 feet between that town and St. Leonhard.

The road follows the river Passer, and slow travelling is necessary for a time by reason of the frequent corners. Then it improves somewhat, with a downward tendency, and one might easily assume that the descent would continue to Meran. At a village, however, the road rises unexpectedly above the bed of the river and becomes narrow and tortuous; it rises, moreover, to a fair height. Almost one believes one's self to be on the wrong route, unless forewarned of this intermediate ascent, which is due, however, to the fact that the river is subject to inundations, and a road along its banks would be impracticable. Eventually the road begins to descend again, but the journey to Meran is not an easy one. Signs of widening and other improvements were visible, however, when I passed this way last summer, immediately after the opening of the Jaufenstrasse, and future travellers may find the conditions more agreeable accordingly. I should add that when within touch of Meran a toll of 10 kronen is demanded, presumably toward the cost of the Jaufenstrasse and the improvement of the local road from St. Leonhard.



The Sella group, Pordoi Pass.

To the Broccone Pass, in the opposite corner of Tyrol, it is possible to accord terms of praise no less high than those which I have felt to be but bare justice to the Jaufen. The road is so good in every respect that to drive over it is a sheer delight. Somewhat less majestic, perhaps, than the Jaufen as regards the scenery which it unfolds, because it lies much

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further south, it is nevertheless truly picturesque throughout, and serves an even more useful purpose than the Sterzing-Meran road as a means of through communication. For the Broccone supplies just the very link that was wanted after the building of the Dolomitenstrasse; and, though that want has now been fulfilled for a couple of years, the road is outlined on no sheet maps, and described at length in no existing guide-book. Even in works on Tyrol which have been published within the last few months I find merely a passing mention, or no mention at all, of the route in question, and in the circumstances I make no apology for referring to it as a new road, or entering herewith upon a description of its good qualities.

Every one who knows Tyrol at all will recollect that at the village of Predazzo there is a conjunction of three passes—the San Lugano, the Pordoi, and the Rolle, respectively. It is impossible to leave the Pordoi and its continuation, the Falzarego, out of account, so great are their attractions; but, on the other hand, the scenery of the Rolle is superbly beautiful, and to ignore it is a crime. The expedient may be chosen of running up to the summit and back from Predazzo, but it is better far to traverse the pass from end to end. Until the Broccone road was built, however, this would have involved a journey into Italy and the passing of custom-houses; but the great point about the Broccone is that it enables one to remain within Austrian territory throughout, as well as to enjoy another mountain journey of abundant attractiveness.

Hence I recommend beyond all question that those who wish to see Tyrol at its best should descend the valleys of the Eisak and Adige from Bozen to Trient, thereby avoiding the San Lugano Pass altogether, and from the latter town work up to the Dolomites by way of the Val Sugana, and thence over the Broccone and Gobbera Passes, the Rolle, the Pordoi, and the Falzarego—a quintet of roads which for quality of surface, marvellous engineering skill, and grandeur of scenery, is unsurpassed in the whole world.

The run from Bozen to Trient is all along the flat, unless the opportunity be taken of going over the Mendel Pass—a wise alternative if time permits. Then from Trient one turns eastward for the Val Sugana, by way of Pergine and Levico. From the map it might be assumed that the road would be flat, but it undulates pleasantly, and, short of Levico, affords a charming view of a green lake nestling below wooded banks. At intervals along the route large signs may be seen indicating the distance to Roncegno; observe these carefully, for Roncegno lies slightly off the main road, and must by all means be given a passing if not a lengthy visit.

When the corner is reached, about 30 kilometres from Trient, where the by-road to Roncegno is encountered, one ascends a short hill, to find one's self in what is certainly the most agreeable sub-Alpine health resort for hundreds of miles around. The place is famed for its arsenical springs, and there are two large hotels here, the Grand and the Park, both kept by Dr. Waiz, himself a keen motorist, who may be counted upon to give the best advice as to the touring resources of the district, while the standard of his establishments is as high as I have ever come across in my travels. Very rarely do I go out of my way to mention a hotel by name, but there are times when, for exceptional reasons, one must needs do so in the tourist's own interest.

Returning eventually to the main road, one must continue eastward for several kilometres, and cross two bridges in succession; the second has white girders. Just before a third is reached a road to the left leads up to the Broccone Pass; it is easy to overshoot the turn, which is indicated by a sign-post with the words, "Strigno e Tesino," but in any case the car can be backed from the third bridge.

A fairly steep rise follows to Strigno, where the ascent becomes steeper still, over bad cobbles. After winding through the village one ascends a fairly good but narrow and sinuous road, and soon the valley is seen down below, with fine *massifs* on the right. The hamlet of Bieno is passed, and, ere reaching Pieve Tesino, the road improves and the valley widens. Care is required, however, all the way from the junction near the bridge above mentioned, for some 20 kilometres, as the road is a purely local one, and there are sharp corners and occasional cart traffic.

The fact serves to emphasize the more

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The windings of the Pordoi Pass, in the heart of the Dolomites.

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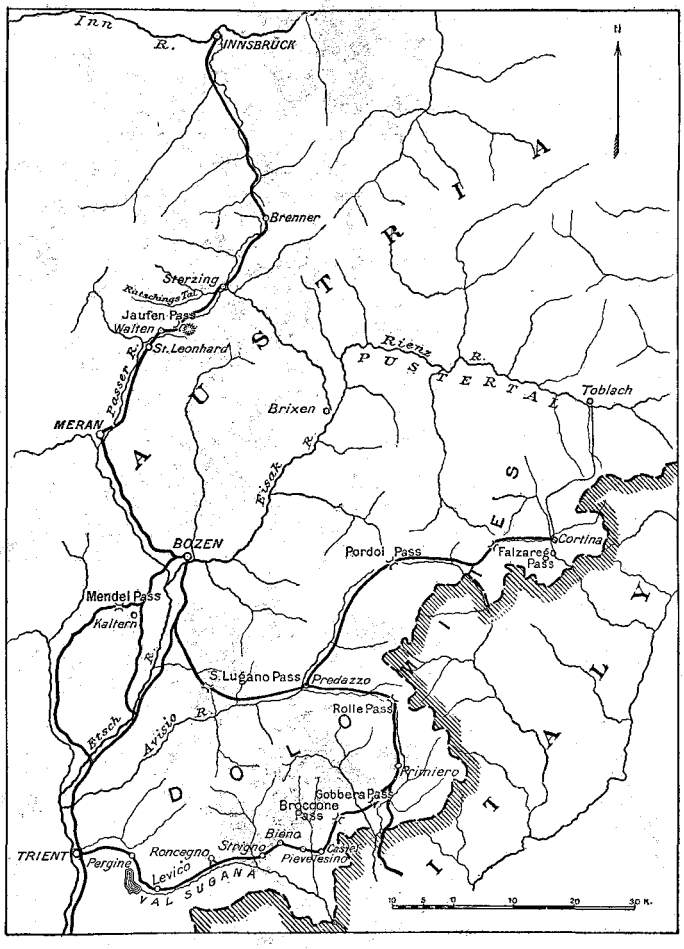
forcibly the splendid quality of the Broccone road itself, which begins, after a short descent and rise, at Castel Tesino (2,834 feet), where the women wear a picturesque costume. A sign, "Per Broccone," leaves the way beyond doubt, and before the village of Forche is reached, and four more to Malga Marande (5,375 feet), the highest point, but all are of wide radius, and the changes of direction afford fine retrospective views over the valley below. The next two kilometres repre-



Map showing motor routes through new passes in Tyrol.

one turns to the left, leaving on the right a monument to Garibaldi. The ascent to be faced is one of 2,471 feet in 12½ kilometres—an average of 325½ feet per mile—for though the summit of the pass is 17 kilometres away, it is, curiously enough, not the highest point on the road.

At first the rise is easy, over a wonderfully good, broad road, but at the Col della Bagole (1 kilometre) one swings to the left, and the gradient thenceforward averages 7 per cent. There are five bends sent a fall of 98 feet, and then a rise of 46 feet, in a like distance, brings us to the summit, its obelisk, and its hospice.

Of the views on the descent it is impossible to speak justly without repetition of commendatory terms already employed; the English language is not equal to the task of describing more than one mountain road in sequence! Nevertheless, however charming, picturesque, or even superbly beautiful an Alpine pass may be, there is generally some feature of variety which

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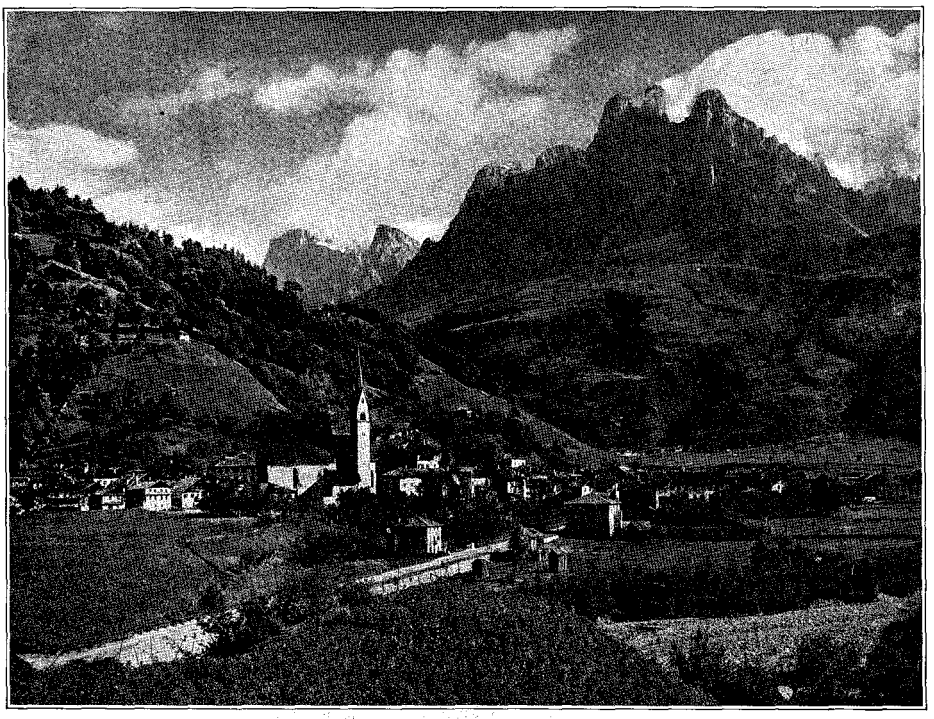

A Dolomitic view, as seen after crossing the Gobbera Pass and entering the Rolle Pass.

may or may not be capable of definement, but which distinguishes the route from its fellows and makes it worth the crossing. The descent of the Broccone differs sufficiently from any other in its prospects to justify the journey, and is in every way enjoyable. But even those who are prepared to take this for granted will ask for practical advice, and I may record the fact that the fall is one of 2,878 feet, or 331 feet per mile in 14 kilometres, to Ponte Vanoi, a fine stone bridge beyond which there is a rise of 22 feet to the end of the road at Canale S. Bovo (2,449 feet). The run down to Ronco, the village seen in the middle distance in my photographs, is effected by a *lacet* of five turns, all of easy radius. As we pass through the village smiling children shyly hand us posies, and do not barter, as in Switzerland, for payment.

From Canale S. Bovo there is a rise over a saddle, with a series of well-graded bends, to the Gobbera summit, by another new road which has displaced a cart-track. The surface is excellent, but the road is slightly narrower than the Broccone. At the summit (3,277 feet), which is soon attained in seven kilometres, there is an inn. An easy winding descent leads down to Imer (2,133 feet) in three kilometres.

Here we begin the ascent of the Rolle Pass, and though it involves a rise of 4,291 feet it is unique in its transcendent beauty from Fiera di Primiero right up to the summit. I have ascended and descended the Rolle alike, and cannot say which is the more delightful experience; but no tourist should fail to cross this pass if his appreciation of Tyrolean beauty is to be complete. Of the succeeding journey to Predazzo, and thence over the Dolomitenstrasse, I have no space left to speak, and can merely reiterate the fact that this chain of passes from Castel Tesino to Cortina is the most stupendous combination of panoramic beauty with scientific road construction that can be found in the Alps from end to end, and in the making of these magnificent highways the Tyrolese authorities have earned alike the gratitude of the road tourist and the unstinted admiration of the whole civilized world.

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

We all listened breathless even after the last chord of it had ceased to throb.—Page 682.

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MRS. VAN ANDEN SINGS

A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

By Mary Synon

WHEN I heard Mrs. Van Anden's song drifting through the white mists of moonlight of a North Country May I knew what Radbourne, the construction superintendent of the Missinaibi River station, meant that afternoon when he called the chief resident's wife "a butterfly woman with a voice of terrible premonitions." I remembered having laughed when he had punctured his light gossip of the little group of his neighbors at the camp with the characterization of Mrs. Van Anden; but the recollection of his phrase brought me no thought of laughter as a crooning contralto bore its burden of singing out upon a night of mystic beauty that hung low over the hushed pine woods of the Bush.

We were on the veranda of Mrs. Lowden's boarding-house, a log eyry on the crest of a hill that sloped sharply down to the river, Mrs. Lowden, Gordon Nicolson, and I. The station had become headquarters for the contractors who were building the Transcontinental through the Bush when the Right-of-Way had been cleared westward as far as Lake Nepigon, and the steel ended at the bridge whose skeleton frame spanned the whirling waters of the Missinaibi. From where we sat we could see the lights in the offices, where a score of men were at work on maps, and estimates, and pay-rolls, and blue-prints. We could see, too, the forge fires of the bridge, where Gordon Nicolson's crew was toiling on the completion of the superstructure. Down-stream a blazing pine torch marked the point where the white tents of Indians, on their way to James Bay, had risen before the silvery twilight of the forest gloomed into darkness. Across the river, just to the left of the dim white ribbon of the Right-of-Way, a red-shaded circle of brightness revealed the only house on the west bank, the one Van Anden, head of the residency, had built for his wife when she came to the North in November.

I had been watching the scene with the sadness that the returned traveller to a beloved country feels in the realization that in his absence change has come over the land. Through a long winter in London I had cherished a memory of golden days in the Canadian Bush, of a summer through which Mrs. Lowden moved, flaunting a standard of gay courage, and surrounded by a friendly crowd of eager, ambitious, brave-hearted young railroad builders, of whom none had been blither than Gordon Nicolson. I had journeyed westward and northward in the keen anticipation of finding another summer-time of youth, and comradeship, and the happiness of being with those who do good work well. And here, on the first night of my return, Mrs. Lowden, who had once pledged me a friendship such as women seldom give each other, was sunk into depressed silence, while Gordon Nicolson wavered from moods of fitful gladness to moods of frowning gloom. Twice, oppressed by the curious tension of their presence, I had tried to ask Anne Lowden what strain had wrought the change in her and in the boys whom I had come to know the year before; and twice her preoccupation forbade my questioning. But I went back to the effort. "Anne," I asked her, "what's come over you all?"

She did not answer. I had turned to look at her when I heard the first tone of a wild, weird melody that chilled me to terror after one thrill of wonder at its loveliness. Straight from the heart of the mist on the river it rose, less human voice than some fleeting spirit of the North reaching out long, cold talons to clutch the hearts of those within its reach. Gor-

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don Nicolson's head sank between his shoulders, and I saw his teeth close on his lower lip. Anne Lowden was leaning forward in the birch chair, staring intently at him. She did not even glance at me before she arose and went into the house, leaving us in a thrall of silence that encircled the aura of tone. After the last sound of song had winged its way beyond our hearing, Gordon Nicolson repeated the question I had asked.

"What's come over us?" He scowled as if at some problem in his bridge-building, showing a deep line between his eyes that had not been there the year before. "I don't know," he said drearily, "but you've seen there's something, haven't you?"

"Overwork?" I hazarded.

"Perhaps." He braced his stooping shoulders against the veranda post. In the white light he looked pathetically boyish and pathetically tired. I had the feeling that he was trying to set into words an elusive thought, and that he might have succeeded had not Radbourne come out of the nearer office and crossed the clearing toward us, advancing with that certainty of authority that becomes characteristic of construction men. He was a short man whose stockiness of build brought into vivid contrast Gordon Nicolson's lithe tallness as they stood close to each other, just as his cynical analyses of men and motives had a way of bringing out the younger man's more trusting idealisms. Their friendship had been an inexplicable attachment to me, until I had found from knowing Anne Lowden how little comradeship has to do with mannerisms, and opinions, and beliefs. "They want to repeat a wire to you from the Groundhog office," he told Nicolson, taking Mrs. Lowden's chair as the other man arose to go. He watched him reflectively till he entered the office. Then he poured tobacco into the bowl of his bull-dog pipe as he inquired of me, "And so the *rossignole* serenaded you?"

"I can't flatter myself that far," I told him.

"She doesn't sing to me," he said. "Have you met her yet? No? Then you'll have the pleasure before midnight. She's coming over to the party with which we're celebrating your return."

The ripple of mockery in his pleasantry provoked me to outburst. "I wish that Mrs. Lowden wouldn't bother about anything for me. She's worn out with work, and she's worried over something that you know probably better than I do." He paused in the instant of striking a match to give me a glance of keen searching. "And every one is working so hard," I added, "that social interest seems too difficult to be worth the effort."

Radbourne puffed slowly on his pipe. "You've been in London," he said, "long enough to forget that civilized men and women who live in wildernesses have to fight more than material discomforts. They have to fight themselves and each other, and a something else they don't talk about."

"Fear?" I dared.

"You've hit it," he said. "Dread of the intangible, they'd call it, if they mentioned it. But I shouldn't set it down as that." His steely blue eyes did not soften when he laughed. "I'm an orthodox American, and so I call it the Personal Devil. He gets us in a lot of ways. And one of the weapons with which we pretend to fight him up here is the civilized habit of sociability. As the game's played at the Missinaibi station, I'd say the fight was a draw." For a little time he smoked in silence. Then he asked me, "Are you sorry you've come back?"

"I'm not sure."

"Then don't decide for a while," he advised earnestly. "When you were here last summer we were all working with hope ahead. Now we're working in despair. If we finish the work on contract time, we lose much. If we don't finish it then, we lose more. The cords are drawn too taut for us all, but they're drawing tightest on the drones."

"Are there drones here?"

"You think not? Watch the party tonight. And, by the way, don't think too hardly of this party. Do you remember your first dance up here? When the End of Steel was east of the Opazatika? You see, I haven't forgotten it, and I'm an old, married man. And don't you know that it was a great event to those party-starving boys? Well, there are some boys like that out here. We're ninety miles from a town. Let's make it one of Mrs. Low-

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den's old-fashioned parties for them. Shall we? Right-O! And now, I'd better let off the lads, or there'll be nothing at all to-night." As he went back across the clearing he turned to nod to me, calling something I failed to hear before he left me to that curious sense of aloneness that the Northern nights set upon those who come to them.

There in a world of mist and moonlight, with the Bush winds sighing their endless undertones like the wailing of violoncellos, I drifted into such dreams as only those who know the North conjure, voiceless dreams of still, unfading beauty. I had gone—how far?—when a sound from within the house pried open the closed door of my consciousness. I listened. In an instant I knew the sound's portent. Anne Lowden was sobbing.

I found her before the piano in the lamp-lighted living-room. She turned her back on me as I came close to her. "Isn't it anything you can tell me?" I pleaded.

"It's nothing at all," she protested, but she flung herself on the blanketed army cot by the window. "Nothing but nerves," she tried to explain, raising herself on her elbow. "Do you know that I've been three years at the End of Steel?" she demanded. "I came here before the Temiskaming road was finished, didn't I? And I've worked harder than any other woman in the North Country has ever worked, haven't I?" Her voice thickened into sobbing again.

"You've done more than that," I tried to soothe her. It was so unlike Anne Lowden to lose courage after those years of work for her two little boys in school at Montreal, that I felt as if I were talking to a strange woman as I tried to reason with her. She listened to my words indifferently.

"When I came to the Bush," she broke in, "I liked it better than the town. The work was hard, but it was work for people who appreciated it. And we had such glorious times, didn't we, even last summer? It was just like home in every station along the Steel—until this one."

"And this?"

"This was all right, too, till those women came. Mrs. Radbourne was bad enough, with her grand manner, and her laziness, and her boredom, but Mrs. Van Anden—" She shoved back her hair wearily. "Did you ever have anything you wanted most of all in the world come so close to you that you had only to reach out for it? And then, just as you put out your hand, have some one snatch it away just for malice?"

"Who was he, Anne?"

"You didn't know him," she said. "He came after you went, and he's gone now. I've been fighting my battle, and I thought I'd won. But to-night when she sang out there on the river, it all came back. And when I knew that she was doing it only because—" She broke off suddenly. "There's some one coming up the path," she said, rising from the cot. "Will you open the door?" she asked me as she hurried out from the living-room.

I opened the door to a gusty rush of a dozen boys just released from work and eagerly ready for play. They had hardly found lounging-places around the room, invading it with their laughter, when Mrs. Lowden came back, revived by the alchemy of her courage to a semblance of her old cheerfulness. If her gayety was hysterical, I was the only one who knew it rang false, for the boys, engineers and time-keepers and office men, boys all of them, as men of the service always stay, caught the glints from the surface of her manner and reflected them with more genial rays.

Against her merry protests three of them had already invaded the pantry, emerging triumphant with the Chinese cook's masterpiece of Oriental confection, with which they decorated the table for their anticipatory enjoyment. Renton, the tall American supervisor of the concrete work, was improvising pæans of praise to its workmanship when Mrs. Radbourne, a sleepy-eyed blonde, whose slow languor did not conceal her hostility to Anne Lowden and to me, as Anne's guest and a new woman at the station, came with the Russian engineer from the Kapuskasing residency. But even her entrance, followed by Radbourne's, failed to indent the armor of gay pleasure that Anne Lowden's hospitality set around her guests, and I was just beginning to think that my impression of tense foreboding had been all of my own imagination, when Mrs. Van Anden came.

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She came late, a vivid little figurine in a red crape gown and a red evening cape, calling attention to her absurd little red slippers by her overemphasized story of how her husband, a big, bronzed man who towered behind her, had carried her over the widely set rails of the bridge.

"It was so dark and terrible," she declared with a little shudder that brought her up against Van Anden's shoulder, "and the great gapings between the ties yawned for me—so!" She stretched her arms so as to form a wide circle. "And I was afraid till Van picked me up as if I'd been a bag of"—she had a foreign way of pausing sometimes as if in search of a word—"of concrete. And he walked across those awful ties without one tremor. Didn't you, Van?" She had hardly given him a coquettish upward glance before she spoke directly to Gordon Nicolson. "How soon will the floor of the bridge be finished? Or do you call it the floor? And why does the Missinaibi bridge take longer to finish than any of the others?"

"Because the Missinaibi station has too many fascinations," Radbourne answered. Nicolson was never a quick-tongued man.

Mrs. Radbourne gave a slow smile to the Russian engineer, who pretended not to see it. Out in the dining-room where the boys had cleared away the tables and chairs, some one started the phonograph on a gay two-step. Radbourne asked me to dance with him. As we tried to keep step on the rough floor he talked. "If you were a man," he told me, "I'd swear at you. It's considered effective for the feeling you're cherishing. But, instead, I'll promise to do all I can to hurry the completion of the bridge."

I added the puzzle of what he meant to the other problems that my return had brought me. Radbourne went out before the dancing was over, taking Van Anden with him. They came back after supper, and just as Mrs. Van Anden had consented to sing. She had been holding court over five boys, demanding homage from them, flirting with them, laughing at them, but denying all their requests for her songs until Gordon Nicolson asked her. Then, with the assertion that she hadn't sung within doors for months, she yielded.

She began with a little ballad of the French-Canadian country to the southward, a lilting song that I had thought all joy when I heard some students rollicking through it in Montreal the week before. The first strains rang out with the light-hearted mirth of the chanson until we saw the blue skies of Provence. Then a cloud drifted across the perfect brilliance of the day, not growing, but lingering until the song ended with a wistful, questioning note of wonder. We all listened breathless even after the last chord of it had ceased to throb. And Gordon Nicolson stared at her with puzzled, uneasy eyes.

She whirled around to us before she sang again. Her gaze met Nicolson's squarely. He turned to Anne Lowden and Mrs. Van Anden struck an arresting chord impatiently before she dashed off into the emphatic brilliancy the Liszt Ballade demands. Every one but Gordon Nicolson, Mrs. Lowden, Radbourne, and I asked her to sing again after she had taken toll of praise for her playing. I knew that I dreaded her singing more than I could ever enjoy it. But she turned to me. "What would you like me to sing?" she asked.

"I don't know your songs," I said as graciously as I could, while the fear of her was rising in my throat.

"Don't you?" she asked nonchalantly. She smiled at Nicolson, ignoring something Van Anden started to say. "I shall sing 'Thora,'" she told him, "for I'm sure you'll like it." He gave me one look that she did not see, but I feared to answer it. Katherine Van Anden was to me now the most fascinating, baleful woman I had ever known, but, however I might regard her for her personal use of her power, I had to give tribute to the power itself. All the yearning of all my life came over me as she sang the ballad:

> "I stand in a land of roses,
> But I dream of a land of snow,
> Where you and I were happy
> In the years of long ago."

When she had done, even the nice boy from the Glengarry Scotch district, who had come to the Missinaibi to do the book-keeping, had tears in his eyes. Radbourne glowered at me so fiercely that I could have screamed, although I knew in a moment that he hadn't seen me at all. Anne Lowden was clenching the arms of

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her chair. And, if I hadn't known it before, I should have known in that moment that Mrs. Radbourne and the Russian engineer were in love with each other. And Gordon Nicolson's dark eyes were ablaze with a light that reminded me of the first Bush fire I had ever seen, the threat of tragedy drifting across their flame like smoke before the wind of a forest conflagration. At the piano Katherine Van Anden, poised like some tropical insect, banged four meaningless chords before she gave a long look over her shoulder at him. Then without prelude she sang the Kashmiri Song.

Once—when I was sixteen, and my sister used to talk of Amy Finden, whom she had known in a strange, compelling friendship—I had revelled in that tragic outburst of a woman's soul. Then I put it away in some corner of my memory until one night when I heard a Danish contralto singing it in a London concert hall. I was just back from the Bush then, and that song came to me as the first premonition of evil after long weeks of happiness, clanging across a harmony of life. For other weeks it pursued me till the fear of hearing it in a concert programme kept me away from music. For just as there were other songs that meant to me gladness, and hope, and joy, that song meant all the trouble, and sin, and sorrow of my world. And here in Anne Lowden's house the little woman in scarlet was singing it as no one else ever sang it before, as no one else has ever sung it since. I didn't wait for the end. I couldn't. Five men and two women were showing their naked souls—and all of them had been living in the Bush country a little too long. Anne Lowden looked as if she were seeing white ghosts. Radbourne glared at the Russian engineer with the calculating, murdering hatred of a master of men. Mrs. Radbourne was gray with fright. And Gordon Nicolson——

I slipped out into the dark dining-room, closing the door behind me before I crossed to the window. A storm was gathering to the westward, the lightning flashing above the tossing spires of the jack-pines over the river. The night outside had grown so desolate, so terrifying, with the sound of that woman's song coming through the log walls, that I broke down. "If I could only sing!" I sobbed as I fell by the window.

A quiet voice brought me to my senses. Van Anden, big, and shaggy, and calm, and sane, was standing over me. "What is it?" he was asking me. "Katherine's singing? She'll be sorry. She doesn't realize how it affects people." Even while I knew that he was wrong, his words were consolation. He talked me into soothed quiet with tales of his wife's strange power in song that was so alien to her own personality that he himself had never become quite accustomed to it. "Kittie's just a dear, spoiled child," he said tenderly. The phrase seemed to adjust Mrs. Van Anden into the ordinary ways of life so aptly that I grew ashamed of my outburst. I laughed a little unsteadily, and when the last sound of music had quivered into silence, I went back to the living-room.

Mrs. Van Anden, whirling on the piano stool with the restless irresponsibility of the child her husband called her, winked at me audaciously. "Now, somebody amuse me," she commanded with an impish smile at the solemn, startled faces of those who had listened to her singing. The boy from Glengarry broke the spell. "D'ye play rag-time?" he asked. Mrs. Radbourne laughed three notes too high. Every one there but Radbourne and Nicolson began to talk excitedly. When Mrs. Van Anden rose from the piano and crossed to the table Nicolson followed her. There they stood, sorting music and talking in lowered, eager tones till Van Anden came from the other room with a remark about the coming storm. "We'd better start for home before it breaks, Katherine," he said. "You know how hard it is to cross the bridge when the rails are wet."

"I'm not going to cross the bridge," she said indifferently. "Mr. Nicolson will canoe me over the river."

Van Anden sighed. "As you like," he said. He lighted his lantern, bade Mrs. Lowden and myself good-night, swung on his hat, and went out. Radbourne went after him, halting at the door. "You'd better set a watch on the bridge to-night," he told Nicolson. "The storm may strike hard on those weak places."

"I'll take it myself," Nicolson told him. He was circling Mrs. Van Anden's red

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cape about her while the boys were filing out, calling back merry promises to make my visit to the Missinaibi station a time of revelry. The Russian was taking Mrs. Radbourne home, but before they went he spoke to Mrs. Van Anden. "In my country," he said, "they would canonize you for your song."

"If you'd lived in mine two hundred years ago," said Anne Lowden sharply, "they'd have burned you at the stake."

Katherine Van Anden raised both hands as if to ward off blows. "Horrible alternatives!" she laughed. "What would they do with me in England?" she demanded of me.

"Oh, we're ultra-moderns," I said. "We've learned that a great gift is purchased at a great price. And so we'd leave you to your own destruction."

She watched me from under lowered eyelids before she smiled. "I'm glad I'm just modern," she said, "and in Canada now. Are we ready, Mr. Nicolson?"

He paused, turning to Anne Lowden and myself. "Shall you be up when I come back?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not," I said.

We left the door open to light them down the path to the river. The lightning that had been rising above the pines came blindingly now, and the thunder rolled portentously; but the sound of their laughter came back to us until Anne closed the door. "You're tired," she said. "You aren't used yet to riding ninety miles on a construction train and having a party all in one day. Run along to bed."

"Are you going now?"

"Soon," she said. "I have some accounts to look over."

She gave me a lighted lamp to take upstairs with me to the room that was to be mine through my visit with her. But when I came to the upper hall I put out its light and, closing the door of the room, crossed to the window. For a little while I could not see in the dense darkness of the night. Then the lightning showed the outlines of the bridge, and in the next flash I found the boat, a little out from shore, tossing from one wave to another. Just when the canoe struck mid-stream the storm broke. There came a crash that seemed to be rending the forests, a flare of light that was falling from sky to earth, a wind that shook the house rattlingly, and a torrent of rain that drove me back from my watch-tower. I wanted to pray and I couldn't remember anything but foolish nursery jingles. I crept back to the window, seeking vainly to pierce the veil of rain. It was hours, I thought, before the storm began to die. Then I saw a tiny light on the other bank, moving downward toward the river. In a little while I saw it rising again. There flared out the red-shaded light from Mrs. Van Anden's lamp, and I knew that it had been Van Anden's guiding lantern that had brought the two in the boat to shore.

For a long time, drenched as I was, I stayed by the window. The storm, rolling eastward, left in its wake the fragrant, sweet odors of the Bush, the scent of pines rising pungently over them all. The air grew warmer until the breezes came like caresses. The river sounded its lyric lapping against the stones of the bridge foundation. Through the scattering clouds that rested over the jagged line of the pines across the stream the moon sailed into undimmed splendor. In its vivid, brilliant light I saw the little canoe coming back across placid waters. After it had reached shore a tall figure climbed to the Right-of-Way and swung to the bridge. Gordon Nicolson had come back.

The spell of that night's eerie beauty after those hours of stress and storm held me prisoner to its loveliness. The power of the North to call to her men and women, to enchant them, to bind them with ties that will draw them back from the farthest places of the earth, came so close that I yielded my spirit to it; and it brought me not peace, but pain, the pain of futile strivings, of finite limitations, and of infinite longings. I was being swept down dark rivers toward unknown seas when a sound, not of wind nor of river, struck sharply across my brain. A whistle, soft yet clear, sounded afar off:

In an instant I knew that it came from the direction of the bridge. I leaned out to answer. Just then the moon, sunken in the sky till it lay level with the Right-

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of-Way, showed at the western end of the bridge a woman's figure. She came lightly along the embankment while I watched, straining out to make certain that her coming was no hallucination of my fancy. Even before I heard her softly singing the refrain that the whistle had sounded, I knew that Katherine Van Anden was crossing the bridge. The moonlight revealed her as clearly as dawn would have done as she stepped from rail to rail, holding sometimes to the girders as she picked her precarious path. All my rushing sensations of shock, of anger, of grief, focussed into the terror of watching her movements.

Before she had come half-way she waited, clutching a beam. Gordon Nicolson was striding out toward her. I heard her throaty laugh. I saw her move away from the steel. Then the laugh changed to a cry that moaned through the Bush till I thought that every tree must be echoing answer to it. And I saw a flash of something dark between bridge and river.

I fell down the stair toward the living-room in my haste to get out from the house, but, quick as I was, I found Anne Lowden at the door. "Did you hear that cry?" she gasped as I went with her, running toward the bridge. I thought that some one was ahead of us on the Right-of-Way, but I could not be sure. There was no one on the bridge. When we came to the forge Anne Lowden turned to me. "Perhaps one of the men fell. I'll come back and tell you." But I shook my head and followed her down the embankment to the river.

When we came to the little beach that the sand had made around one of the piers a man's voice stopped us. "Who's there?" it challenged harshly, and Radbourne arose to confront us. "Take her away, Mrs. Lowden," he said, nodding to me.

"Is he—dead?"

"Nicolson? No. He'll be all right in a little while. We'll get help to carry him home."

"Let me help," Anne Lowden said. She took the lantern Radbourne had lighted and followed him to where a man was lying on the sand. "He's conscious," she declared.

Nicolson raised himself on his elbow. "She'd gone down," he said slowly, "the third time."

"Who'd gone down?" Anne Lowden turned sharply from Nicolson.

Radbourne answered. "Mrs. Van Anden," he said. "She slipped from the rails. He plunged after her. But he couldn't save her."

"Mrs. Van Anden? She was coming across the bridge? At this time?" Anne's voice kept rising with tension. I gripped a bowlder, waiting Radbourne's answer. "What was she doing? Where was she coming?"

Gordon Nicolson tried to rise. In the dim light under the bridge the lantern cast its rays upon his face, the face of an old man. When he spoke his words seemed to come from a long distance. "She was coming to meet——"

But Radbourne ended the sentence. "She was coming to meet me," he said.

"That's not true," Nicolson was saying. "She came because——"

"She was coming to me, I tell you," Radbourne said.

Anne Lowden's arm swept over my shoulder. "John Radbourne is telling the truth," she said.

Radbourne's eyes sought mine in the dimness. "That ends it for all of us, doesn't it? I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but you know that there are times when nothing but the truth can be said."

"I understand," I said.

Then I went and knelt beside Gordon Nicolson.

I have never heard music since that night without feeling the racking horror of slipping down into the swirling waters of the Missinaibi. For I married Gordon Nicolson, as I had promised I would when I met him in the North Country the year before; and though we have come far across the world there are times when Katherine Van Anden's voice sings down a wind of the night, and comes between us with the slashing swish of a descending sword.

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THE DARK FLOWER

(THE LOVE LIFE OF A MAN)

PART II—SUMMER

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

GLEAM of a thousand lights; clack and mutter of innumerable voices, laughter, footsteps; hiss and rumble of passing trains taking gamblers back to Nice or Mentone; fevered wailing from the violins of four fiddlers with dark-white skins, outside the café; and—above, around, beyond, the dark sky and the dark mountains and the dark sea, like some great dark flower to whose heart is clinging a jewelled beetle. So was Monte Carlo on that May night of 1887.

But Mark Lennan, at one of the little marble-topped tables, was in too great maze and exaltation of spirit and senses to be conscious of its glare and babel, even of its beauty. He sat so very still, that his neighbors, with the instinctive aversion of the human creature to what is too remote from its own mood, after one good stare, turned their eyes away as from something ludicrous, almost offensive.

He was lost, indeed, in memory of the minutes just gone by. For it had come at last—after all these weeks of ferment; after all this strange time of perturbation!

Very stealthily it had been creeping on him, ever since that chance introduction nearly a year ago, soon after he settled down in London, following those six years of Rome and Paris. First the merest friendliness because she was so nice about his work; then respectful admiration because she was so beautiful; then pity because she was so unhappy in her marriage. If she had been happy, he would have fled. The knowledge that she had been unhappy long before he knew her had kept his conscience still. And at last one afternoon she said: "Ah! If you come out there too!" Marvellously subtle—the way that one little outslipped saying had worked in him as though it had a life of its own—like a strange bird that had flown into the garden of his heart, and established itself with its new song and flutterings, its new flight, its wistful and ever clearer call. One saying; and one moment, a few days later, in her drawing-room, when he had told her that he *was* coming, and she did not, could not, he felt, look at him. Queer, that nothing momentous said, done—or even left undone—had altered all the future!

And so she had gone, with her uncle and aunt, under whose wing one might be sure she would meet with no wayward or exotic happenings. And he had received from her this little letter:

"Hôtel Cœur d'Or,
Monte Carlo.

"My Dear Mark:

"We've arrived. It is so good to be in the sun. The flowers are wonderful. I am keeping Gorbio and Roquebrune till you come.

Your friend,
Olive Cramier."

That letter was the single clear memory he had of the time between her going and his following. He received it one afternoon, sitting on an old low garden wall with the spring sun shining on him through apple-trees in blossom, and a feeling as if all the desire of the world lay before him, and he had but to stretch out his arms to take it.

Then confused unrest, all things vague; till at the end of his journey he stepped out of the train at Beaulieu with a furiously beating heart. Surely he had not expected her to come out from Monte Carlo to meet him!

A week had gone by since then in one long effort to be with her and appear to others as though he did not greatly wish to be; two concerts, two walks with her

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alone, when all that he had said seemed as nothing said, and all her sayings but ghosts of what he wished to hear; a week of confusion, day and night, until—a few minutes ago—her handkerchief had fallen from her glove on to the dusty road, and he had picked it up, and put it to his lips. Nothing could take away the look she had given him then. Nothing could ever again separate her from him utterly. She had confessed in it to the same sweet, fearful trouble that he himself was feeling. She had not spoken, but he had seen her lips part, her breast rise and fall. And *he* had not spoken. What was the use of words?

He felt in the pocket of his coat. There, against his fingers, was that wisp of lawn and lace, soft, yet somehow alive; and stealthily he took it out. The whole of her, with her fragrance, seemed pressed to his face in the touch of that lawn border, roughened by little white stars. More secretly than ever he put it back; and for the first time looked round. These people! They belonged to some world that he had left. They gave him the same feeling that her uncle and aunt had given him just now, when they said good-night, following her into their hotel. That good colonel, that good Mrs. Ercott! The very concretion of the world he had been brought up in, of the English point of view; symbolic figures of health, reason, and the straight path, on which at that moment, seemingly, he had turned his back. The colonel's profile, ruddy through its tan, with gray moustache guiltless of any wax, his cheery, high-pitched: "Good-night, young Lennan!" His wife's curly smile, her flat, cosey, confidential voice—how strange and remote they had suddenly become! And all these people here, chattering, drinking—how queer and far away! Or was it just that he was queer and remote to them?

And getting up from his table, he passed the fiddlers with the dark-white skins, out into the *Place*.

II

He went up the side streets to the back of her hotel, and stood by the railings of the garden—one of those hotel gardens which exist but to figure in advertisements; with its few arid palms, its paths staring white between them, and a fringe of dusty lilacs and mimosas.

And there came to him the oddest feeling—that he had been there before, peering through blossoms at those staring paths and shuttered windows. A scent of wood-smoke was abroad, and some dry plant rustled ever so faintly in what little wind was stirring. What was there of memory in this night, this garden? Some dark sweet thing, invisible, to feel whose presence was at once ecstasy, and the irritation of a thirst that will not be quenched.

He walked on. Houses, houses! At last he was away from them; alone on the high-road, beyond the limits of Monaco. And walking thus through the night he had thoughts that he imagined no one had ever had before him. The knowledge that she loved him had made everything seem sacred and responsible. Whatever he did, he must not harm her. Women were so helpless!

For in spite of six years of art in Rome and Paris he still had a fastidious reverence for women. If she had loved her husband she would have been safe enough from him; but to be bound to a companionship that she gave unwillingly—this had seemed to him atrocious, even before he loved her. How could any husband ask that?—have so little pride—so little pity? The unpardonable thing! What was there to respect in such a marriage? Only, he must not do her harm! But now that her eyes had said, I love you!—what then? It was simply miraculous to know that, under the stars of this warm Southern night, burning its incense of trees and flowers!

Climbing up above the road, he lay down. If only she were there beside him! The fragrance of the earth, not yet chilled, crept to his face; and for just a moment it seemed to him that she did come. If he could keep her there forever in that embrace that was no embrace—in that ghostly rapture, on this wild fragrant bed that no lovers before had ever pressed, save the creeping things, and the flowers; save sunlight and moonlight with their shadows; and the wind kissing the earth! . . .

Then she was gone; his hands touched nothing but the crumbled pine dust, and the flowers of the wild thyme fallen into sleep.

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He stood on the edge of the little cliff, above the road between the dark mountains and the sea black with depth. Too late for any passer-by; as far from what men thought and said and did as the very night itself with its whispering warmth. And he conjured up her face, making certain of it—the eyes, clear and brown, and wide apart; the close, sweet mouth; the dark hair; the whole flying loveliness!

He leaped down into the road, and ran—one could not walk, feeling this miracle, that no one had ever felt before, the miracle of love.

III

In their most reputable hotel 'Le Cœur d'Or,' long since remodelled and renamed, Mrs. Ercott lay in her brass-bound bed looking by starlight at the colonel in his brass-bound bed. Her ears were carefully freed from the pressure of her pillow, for she thought she heard a mosquito. Companion for thirty years to one whose life had been feverishly punctuated by the attentions of those little beasts, she had no love for them. It was the one subject on which perhaps her imagination was stronger than her common-sense. For in fact there was not, and could not be, a mosquito, since the first thing the colonel did, on arriving at any place further south than parallel 46 of latitude, was to open the windows very wide, and nail with many tiny tacks a piece of mosquito netting across that refreshing space, while she held him firmly by the coat-tails. The fact that other people did not so secure their windows did not at all trouble the colonel, a true Englishman, who loved to act in his own way, and to think in the ways of other people. After that they would wait till night came, then burn a peculiar little lamp with a peculiar little smell, and, in the full glare of the gaslight, stand about on chairs, with slippers, and their eyes fixed on true or imaginary beasts. Then would fall little slaps, making little messes, and little joyous or doleful cries would arise: "I've got that one!" "Oh, John, I missed him!" And in the middle of the room, the colonel, in pyjamas, and spectacles (only worn in very solemn moments, low down on his nose), would revolve slowly, turning his eyes, with that look in them of outfacing death which he had so long acquired, on every inch of wall and ceiling, till at last he would say: "Well, Dolly, that's the lot!" At which she would say, "Give me a kiss, dear!" and he would kiss her, and get into his bed.

There was, then, no mosquito, save that general ghost of him which lingered in the mind of one devoted to her husband. Spying out his profile, for he was lying on his back, she refrained from saying: "John, are you awake?" A whiffling sound was coming from a nose, to which—originally straight—attention to military duties had given a slight crook, half an inch below the level of grizzled eyebrows raised a little, as though surprised at the sounds beneath. She could hardly see him, but she thought: "How good he looks!" And, in fact, he did. It was the face of a man incapable of evil, having in its sleep the candor of one at heart a child—that simple candor of those who have never known how to seek adventures of the mind, and have always sought adventures of the body. Then somehow she did say:

"John! Are you asleep?"

The colonel, instantly alive, as at some old-time attack, answered:

"Yes."

"That poor young man!"

"Which?"

"Mark Lennan. Haven't you seen?"

"What?"

"My dear, it was under your nose. But you never do see these things!"

The colonel slowly turned his head. His wife was an imaginative woman! She had always been so. Dimly he perceived that something romantic was about to come from her. But with that almost professional gentleness of a man who has cut the heads and arms off people in his time, he answered:

"What things?"

"He picked up her handkerchief."

"Whose?"

"Olive's. He put it in his pocket. I distinctly saw him."

There was silence; then Mrs. Ercott's voice rose again, impersonal, far away.

"What always astonishes me about young people is the way they think they're not seen—poor dears!"

Still there was silence.

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"John! Are you thinking?"

For a considerable sound of breathing was coming from the colonel—to his wife a sure sign.

And indeed he was thinking. Dolly was an imaginative woman, but something told him that in this case she might not be riding past the hounds.

Mrs. Ercott raised herself. He looked more good than ever; a little perplexed frown had climbed up with his eyebrows and got caught in the wrinkles across his forehead.

"I'm very fond of Olive," he said.

Mrs. Ercott fell back on her pillows. In her heart there was just that little soreness natural to a woman over fifty, whose husband has a niece.

"No doubt," she murmured.

Something vague moved deep down in the colonel; he stretched out his hand. In that strip of gloom between the beds it encountered another hand, which squeezed it rather hard.

He said, "Look here, old girl!" and there was silence.

Mrs. Ercott in her turn was thinking. Her thoughts were flat and rapid like her voice, but had that sort of sentiment which accompanies the mental exercise of women with good hearts. Poor young man! And poor Olive! But was a woman ever to be pitied, when she was so pretty as that! Besides, when all was said and done, she had a fine-looking man for husband; in Parliament, with a career, and fond of her—decidedly. And their little house in London, so close to Westminster, was a distinct dear; and nothing could be more charming than their cottage by the river. Was Olive, then, to be pitied? And yet—she was not happy. It was no good pretending that she was happy. All very well to say that such things were within one's control, but, if you read novels at all, you knew they weren't. There was such a thing as incompatibility. Oh, yes! And there was the matter of difference in their ages! Olive was twenty-six, Robert Cramier forty-two. And now this young Mark Lennan was in love with her. What if she were in love with him! John would realize then, perhaps, that the young flew to the young. For men—even the best, like John, were funny! She would never dream of feeling for any of her nephews as John clearly felt for Olive.

The colonel's voice broke in on her thoughts.

"Nice young fellow—Lennan! Great pity! Better sheer off—if he's getting—"

And, rather suddenly, she answered:

"Suppose he can't!"

"Can't?"

"Did you never hear of a '*grande passion*'?"

The colonel rose on his elbow. This was another of those occasions that showed him how, during the later years of his service in Madras and Upper Burmah, when Dolly's health had not been equal to the heat, she had picked up in London a queer way of looking at things—as if they were not—not so right or wrong as—as he felt them to be. And he repeated those two French words in his own way, adding:

"Isn't that just what I'm saying? The sooner he stands clear, the better."

But Mrs. Ercott, too, sat up.

"Be human," she said.

The colonel experienced the same sensation as when one suddenly knows that one is not digesting food. Because young Lennan was in danger of getting into a dishonorable fix, he was told to be human! Really, Dolly—! The white blur of her new boudoir cap suddenly impinged on his consciousness. Surely she was not getting—un-English! At her time of life!

"I'm thinking of Olive," he said; "I don't want her worried with that sort of thing."

"Perhaps Olive can manage for herself. In these days it doesn't do to interfere with love."

"Love!" muttered the colonel. "What? Phew!"

If one's own wife called this—this sort of—thing, love—then, why had he been faithful to her—in very hot climates—all these years? A sense of waste, and of injustice, tried to rear its head against all the side of him that attached certain meanings to certain words, and acted up to them. And this revolt gave him a feeling, strange and so unpleasant. Love! It was not a word to use thus loosely! Love led to marriage; this could not lead to marriage, except through—the divorce court. And suddenly the colonel had a

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vision of his dead brother Lindsay, Olive's father, standing there in the dark, with his grave, clear-cut, ivory-pale face, under the black hair supposed to be derived from a French ancestress who had escaped from the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Upright fellow always, Lindsay—even before he was made bishop! Queer somehow that Olive should be his daughter. Not that she was not upright; not at all! But she was soft! Lindsay was not! Imagine him seeing that young fellow putting her handkerchief in his pocket. But had young Lennan really done such a thing? Dolly was imaginative! He had mistaken it probably for his own; if he had chanced to blow his nose, he would have realized. For, coupled with the almost childlike candor of his mind, the colonel had real administrative vigor, a true sense of practical values; an ounce of illustration was always worth to him a pound of theory! Dolly was given to riding off on theories. Thank God! She never acted on 'em!

He said gently:

"My dear! Young Lennan may be an artist and all that, but he's a gentleman! I know old Heatherley his guardian. Why, I introduced him to Olive myself!"

"What has that to do with it? He's in love with her."

One of the countless legion that hold a creed taken at face value, into whose roots and reasons they have never dreamed of going, the colonel was staggered. Like some native on an island surrounded by troubled seas, which he has stared at with a certain contemptuous awe all his life, but never entered, he was disconcerted by thus being asked to leave the shore. And by his own wife!

Indeed, Mrs. Ercott had not intended to go so far; but there was in her, as in all women whose minds are more active than their husbands', a something worrying her always to go a little farther than she meant. With real compunction she heard the colonel say:

"I must get up and drink some water."

She was out of bed in a moment. "Not without boiling!"

She had seriously troubled him, then! Now he would not sleep—the blood went to his head so quickly. He would just lie awake, trying not to disturb her. She could not bear him not to disturb her. It seemed so selfish of her! She ought to have known that the whole subject was too dangerous to discuss at night.

She became conscious that he was standing just behind her; his figure in its thin covering looked very lean, his face strangely worn.

"I'm sorry you put that idea into my head!" he said. "I'm fond of Olive."

Again Mrs. Ercott felt that jealous twinge, soon lost this time in the motherliness of a childless woman for her husband. He must not be troubled! He should not be troubled. And she said:

"The water's boiling! Now sip a good glass slowly, and get into bed, or I'll take your temperature!"

Obediently the colonel took from her the glass, and, as he sipped, she put her hand up and stroked his head.

IV

In the room below them the subject of their discussion was lying very wide-awake. She knew that she had betrayed herself, made plain to Mark Lennan what she had never until now admitted to herself. That love-look, which for the life of her she could not keep back, had been followed by a feeling of having 'lost caste.' For hitherto the world of women had been strictly divided by her into those who did and those who did not do such things; and to be no longer quite sure to which half she belonged was frightening. But what was the good of thinking, of being frightened—it could not lead to anything. Yesterday she had not known this would come; and now she could not guess at to-morrow! To-night was enough! To-night with its swimming loveliness! Just to feel! To love and to be loved!

A new sensation for her—as different from those excited by the courtships of her girlhood, or by her marriage, as light from darkness. For she had never been in love, not even with her husband. She knew it now. The sun was shining in a world where she had thought there was none. Nothing could come of it! But the sun was shining; and in that sunshine she must warm herself a little.

Quite simply she began to plan what he and she would do. There were six days

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left. They had not yet been to Gorbio, nor to Castellar—none of those long walks or rides they had designed to do for the beauty of them. Would he come early to-morrow? What could they do together? No one should know what these six days would be to her—not even he. To be with him, watch his face, hear his voice, and now and then just touch him! She could trust herself to show no one. And then, it would be—over! Though of course she would see him again in London.

And, lying there in the dark, she thought of their first meeting, one Sunday morning, in Hyde Park. The colonel religiously observed church parade, and would even come all the way down to Westminster from his flat near Knightsbridge in order to fetch his niece up to it. She remembered how during their stroll he had stopped suddenly in front of an old gentleman with a puffy yellow face and eyes half open.

"Ah! Mr. Heatherley—you up from Devonshire? How's your nephew—the—er—sculptor?"

And the old gentleman, glaring a little, as it seemed to her, from under his eyelids and his gray top hat, had answered: "Colonel Ercott, I think? Here's the fellow himself—Mark!" And a young man had taken off his hat. She only noticed at first that his dark hair grew—not long—but very thick, and that his eyes were very deep-set. Then she saw him smile; it made his face all eager, yet left it shy; and she decided that he was nice. Soon after, she had gone with the Ercotts to see his 'things'; for it was, of course, and especially in those days, quite an event to know a sculptor—rather like having a zebra in your park. The colonel had been delighted and a little relieved to find that the 'things' were nearly all of beasts and birds. "Very interestin'" to one full of curious lore about such, having in his time killed many of them, and finding himself at the end of it with a curious aversion to killing any more, which—he never put into words.

Acquaintanceship had ripened fast, after that first visit to his studio, and now it was her turn to be relieved that Mark Lennan devoted himself almost entirely to beasts and birds instead of to the human form, so-called divine. Ah, yes! she would have suffered; now that she loved him, she saw that. At all events she could watch his work, and help it with sympathy. That could not be wrong. . . .

She fell asleep at last, and dreamed that she was in a boat alone on the river near her country cottage—drifting along among spiky flowers like asphodels, with birds singing and flying round her. She could move neither face nor limbs, but that helpless feeling was not unpleasant, till she became conscious that she was drawing nearer and nearer to what was neither water nor land, light nor darkness, but simply some unutterable feeling. And then she saw, gazing at her out of the rushes on the banks, a great bull head. It moved as she moved—it was on both sides of her, yet all the time, only one. She tried to raise her hands and cover her eyes, but could not—and woke with a sob. . . . It was light.

Nearly six o'clock already! Her dream made her disinclined to trust again to sleep. Sleep was a robber now—of each minute of these few days! She got up, and looked out. The morning was fine, the air warm already, sweet with dew, and heliotrope nailed to the wall outside her window. She had but to open her shutters and walk into the sun. She dressed, took her sunshade, stealthily slipped the shutters back, and stole forth. Shunning the hotel garden, where the eccentricity of her early wandering might betray the condition of her spirit, she passed through into the road toward the Casino. Without perhaps knowing it she was making for where she had sat with him yesterday afternoon, listening to the band. Hatless, but defended by her sunshade, she excited the admiration of the few connoisseurs as yet abroad, strolling in blue blouses to their labors; and this simple admiration gave her pleasure. For once she was really conscious of the grace in her own limbs, actually felt the gentle vividness of her own face, with its nearly black hair and eyes, and creamy skin—strange sensation, and very comforting!

In the Casino gardens she walked more slowly, savoring the aromatic trees, and stopping to bend and look at almost every flower; then, on the seat, where she had sat with him yesterday, she rested. A few paces away were the steps that led

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to the railway station, trodden upward eagerly by so many, day after day, night after night, and lightly or sorrowfully descended. Above her, two pines, a pepper-tree, and a palm mingled their shade—so fantastic the jumbling of trees and souls in this strange place! She furled her sunshade and leaned back. Her gaze, free and friendly, passed from bough to bough. Against the bright sky, unbesieged as yet by heat or dust, they had a spiritual look, lying sharp and flat along the air. She plucked a cluster of pinkish berries from the pepper-tree, crushing and rubbing them between her hands, to get their fragrance. All these beautiful and sweet things seemed to be a part of her joy at being loved, part of this sudden summer in her heart. The sky, the flowers, that jewel of green-blue sea, the bright acacias, were nothing in the world but love.

And those few who passed, and saw her sitting there under the pepper-tree, wondered no doubt at the stillness of this '*dame bien mise*,' who had risen so early.

V

In the small hours, which so many wish were smaller, the colonel had awakened, with the affair of the handkerchief swelling visibly. His niece's husband was not a man that he had much liking for—a taciturn fellow, with possibly a bit of the brute in him, a man who rather rode people down; but, since Dolly and he were in charge of Olive, the notion that young Lennan was falling in love with her under their very noses was alarming to one naturally punctilious. It was not until he fell asleep again, and woke in full morning light, that the remedy occurred to him. She must be taken out of herself! Dolly and he had been slack; too interested in this queer place, this queer lot of people! They had neglected her, left her to—! Boys and girls—one ought always to remember! It was not too late. She was old Lindsay's daughter; would not forget herself. Poor old Lindsay—fine fellow; bit too much, perhaps, of the—Huguenot in him! Queer, those throw-backs! Had noticed it in horses, time and again—white hairs about the tail, carriage of the head—skip generations and then pop out. And Olive had something of his look—the same ivory skin, the same color of eyes and hair! Only she was—not severe, like her father, not exactly! And once more there shot through the colonel a vague dread, as of a trusteeship neglected. It disappeared, however, in his bath.

He was out before eight o'clock, a thin upright figure in hard straw hat, and gray flannel clothes, walking with the indescribable loose poise of the soldier Englishman, with that air, different from the French, German, what-not, because of shoulders ever asserting, through their drill, the right to put on mufti; with that perfectly quiet and modest air of knowing that, whatever might be said, there was only one way of wearing clothes and moving legs. And, as he walked, he smoothed his drooping gray moustache, considering how best to take his niece out of herself. He passed along by the terrace, and stood for a moment looking down at the sea beyond the pigeon-shooting ground. Then he moved on round under the Casino into the gardens at the back. A beautiful spot! Wonderful care they had taken with the plants! It made him think a little of Tushawore, where his old friend the rajah—precious old rascal—had gardens to his palace rather like these! He paced again to the front. It was nice and quiet in the early mornings, with the sea down there, and nobody trying to get the better of anybody else. There were fellows never happy unless they were doing some one in the eye! He had known men who would ride at the devil himself, make it a point of honor to swindle a friend out of a few pounds! Odd place this 'Monte'—sort of Garden of Eden gone wrong! And all the real, but quite inarticulate, love of nature, which had supported the colonel through deserts and jungles, on transports at sea, and in mountain camps, awoke in the sweetness of these gardens. His dear mother! He had never forgotten the words with which she had shown him the sunset through the coppice down at old Withes Norton, when he was nine years old: "That is beauty, Jack! Do you feel it, darling?" He had not felt it at the time—not he; a thick-headed, scampering youngster. Even when he first went to India he had had no eye for a sunset. The rising generation were different. That young couple, for instance,

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under the pepper-tree, sitting there without a word, just looking at the trees. How long, he wondered, had they been sitting like that? And suddenly something in the colonel leaped; his steel-colored eyes took on their look of outfacing death. Choking down a cough, he faced about, back to where he had stood above the pigeon-shooting ground. Olive, and that young fellow! An assignation! At this time in the morning! The earth reeled. His brother's child—his favorite niece! The woman whom he most admired—the woman for whom his heart was softest. Leaning over the stone parapet, no longer seeing either the smooth green of the pigeon-shooting ground, or the smooth blue of the sea beyond, he was moved, distressed, bewildered beyond words. Before breakfast! That was the devil of it! Confession, as it were, of everything. Moreover, he had seen their hands touching on the seat. The blood rushed up in his face; he had seen, spied out, what was not intended for his eyes. Nice position—that! Dolly, too, last night had seen—But that was different. Women might see things—it was expected of them. But for a man—a—a gentleman! The fulness of his embarrassment gradually disclosed itself. His hands were tied. Could he even consult Dolly? He had the strangest feeling of isolation, of utter solitude. Nobody—not anybody in the world—could understand his secret and intense discomfort! To take up a position—the position he was bound to take up, as Olive's nearest relative and protector, and—what was it—chaperon, by the aid of knowledge come at in such a way, however unintentionally! Never in all his days in the regiment—and many delicate matters affecting honor had come his way—had he had a thing like this to deal with. Poor child! But he had no business to think of her like that. No, indeed! She had not behaved—as—and there he paused, curiously unable to condemn her. Suppose they got up and came that way!

He took his hands off the stone parapet, and made for his hotel. His palms were white from the force of his grip. He said to himself as he went along: "I must consider the whole question calmly; I must think it out." This gave him relief. With young Lennan, at all events, he could be angry. But even there he found, to his dismay, no finality of judgment. And this absence of finality, so unwonted, distressed him horribly. There was something in the way the young man had been sitting there beside her—so quiet, so almost timid—that had touched him. This was bad, by Jove—very bad! The two of them, they made somehow a nice couple! Confound it! This would not do! The chaplain of the little English church, passing at this moment, called out: "Fine morning, Colonel Ercott!" The colonel saluted, and did not answer. The greeting at the moment seemed to him paltry. No morning could be fine that contained such a discovery. He entered the hotel, passed into the dining-room, and sat down. Nobody was there. They all had their breakfasts upstairs, even Dolly. Olive alone was in the habit of supporting him while he ate an English breakfast. And suddenly he perceived that he was face to face already with this dreadful situation! To have breakfast without, as usual, waiting for her, seemed too pointed. She might be coming in at any minute now. To wait for her, and have it, without showing anything—how could he do that?

He was conscious of a faint rustling behind him. There she was, and nothing decided. In this moment of hopeless confusion the colonel acted by pure instinct. He rose, patted her cheek, and placed a chair.

"Well, my dear," he said; "hungry?"

She was looking very dainty, very soft. That creamy dress showed off her dark hair and eyes, which seemed somehow to be—flying off somewhere; yes—it was queer, but that was the only way to put it! He got no reassurance, no comfort, from the sight of her. And slowly he stripped the skin from the banana with which he always commenced breakfast. One might just as well be asked to shoot a tame dove or tear a pretty flower to pieces, as be expected to take her to task. Even if he could, in honor. He sought refuge in the words:

"Been out?" and could have bitten his tongue off. Suppose she answered, No!

But she did not so answer. The color came into her cheeks, indeed, but she nodded: "Yes; it's so lovely."

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How pretty she looked saying that! He had put himself out of court now—could never tell her what he had seen, after setting, as it were, that trap for her. And presently he asked:

"Got any plans to-day?"

She answered, without flinching in the least:

"Mark Lennan and I were going to take mules from Mentone up to Gorbio."

He was amazed at her steadiness—never, to his knowledge, having encountered a woman armored at every point to preserve a love that flies against the world. How tell what was under her smile! In a confusion of feeling that amounted almost to pain, he heard her say:

"Will you and Aunt Dolly come?"

Between his sense of trusteeship and his hatred of spoiling sport; between his knowledge of the danger she was in and his half-pitying, half-admiring feeling at the sight of her; between real disapproval of an illicit and underhand business (what else was it, after all?) and some dim perception that here was something he did not begin to be able to fathom, something that perhaps no one but those two themselves could deal with—between these various extremes, he was lost indeed. And he stammered out:

"I must ask your aunt; she's—she's not very good on a mule."

Then, in an impulse of sheer affection, he said with extreme suddenness:

"My dear, I've often meant to ask: Are you happy at home?"

"At home?"

There was something sinister about that repetition. Why on earth had he asked such an idiotic question?

She drank her coffee and got up. And the colonel felt afraid of her, standing there—afraid of what she was going to say. He grew very red. But, worse than all, she said absolutely nothing, just shrugged her shoulders with a little smile that went to his heart.

VI

On the wild thyme, under the olives below the rock village of Gorbio, with their mules cropping at a little distance, those two sat after their lunch, listening to the cuckoos. Since their uncanny chance meeting that morning in the gardens, when they sat with their hands just touching, amazed and elated by their own good fortune, there was not much need to say what they felt, to break with words this rapture of belonging to each other—so shyly, so wildly; so, as it were, without reality. They were like epicures with old wine in their glasses, not yet tired of its fragrance and the spell of anticipation.

And so their talk was not of love, but, in that pathetic way of star-crossed lovers, of the things they loved; leaving out—each other.

It was the telling of her dream that made him speak; and when he had spoken, she drew away, and answered:

"It can't—it mustn't be!"

Then he just clung to her hand. And presently, seeing that her eyes were wet, took courage enough to kiss her cheek.

Trembling and fugitive indeed that first passage of their love. Not much of the conquering male in him; nor in her of the ordinary enchantress.

And then they went, soberly enough, riding their mules down the stony slopes back to Mentone.

But in the gray dusty railway carriage on his way back to Beaulieu, he was like a man drugged, staring at where she had sat opposite.

Two hours after, at dinner in her hotel, between her and Mrs. Ercott, with the colonel opposite, he knew for the first time what he was faced with. To watch every thought that passed within him, lest it should by the slightest sign betray him; to regulate and veil every look, and every word he spoke to her; never for a second to forget that these other persons were actual and dangerous, not merely the insignificant and grotesque shadows that they seemed! It would be, perhaps, forever a part of his love for her, not to seem to love her. He did not dare dream of fulfilment. He was to be her friend, and try to bring her happiness—burn and long for her, and not think about reward. This was his first real overwhelming passion, and he brought to it all that naïveté, that touching quality, of young Englishmen whose secret instinct it is to back away from the full nature of love, even from admitting that it has that nature. They two were to love, and—not to love!

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For the first time he understood a little of what that meant. A few stolen adoring minutes now and then, and, for the rest, the presence of a world that must be deceived. Already he had almost a hatred of that orderly, brown-faced colonel, with his eyes that looked so steady, and saw nothing; of that flat, kindly lady, who talked so pleasantly throughout dinner, saying things that he had to answer without knowing what they signified. He realized, with a sense of shock, that he was deprived of all interests in life but one; not even his work had any meaning apart from her—it lit no fire within him to hear Mrs. Ercott praise certain execrable pictures in the Royal Academy which she had religiously visited the day before leaving home. And as the interminable meal wore on, he began even to feel grief and wonder that Olive could be so smiling, so gay and calm; so, as it seemed to him, indifferent to this intolerable impossibility of exchanging even one look of love. Did she really love him—could she love him, and show not one little sign of it! And suddenly he felt her foot touch his own. It was the faintest sidelong supplicating pressure, withdrawn at once, but it said: 'I know what you are feeling; I too am feeling it. Don't blame me!' Characteristically, he felt that it cost her dear to make use of that little primitive device of common loves; the touch awoke within him only chivalry. He would burn forever sooner than cause her the pain of thinking that he was not happy!

After dinner, they sat out on a balcony. The stars glowed above the palms; a frog was croaking. He managed to draw his chair so that he could look at her unseen. How deep and softly dark her eyes, when for a second they rested on his! A moth settled on her knee—a cunning little creature, with its hooded, horned owl's face, and tiny black slits of eyes! Would it have come so confidingly to any one but her? The colonel knew its name—he had collected it. Very common, he said. The interest in it passed; but Lennan stayed bent forward, gazing at that silk-covered knee.

The voice of Mrs. Ercott, sharper than its wont, said: "What day does Robert say he wants you back, my dear?" He managed to remain gazing at the moth, even to take it gently from her knee, while he listened to her calm answer.

"Tuesday, I believe."

Then he got up, and let the moth fly into the darkness; his hands and lips were trembling, and he was afraid of their being seen. He had never known, had not dreamed, of such a violent, sick feeling. That this man could thus hale her home at will! It was grotesque, fantastic, awful, but—it was true! Next Tuesday she would journey back away from him to be again at the mercy of her fate! The pain of this thought made him grip the railing, and grit his teeth, to keep himself from crying out. And another thought came to him: I shall have to go about with this feeling, day and night, and keep it to myself!

They were saying good-night; and he had to smirk and smile, and pretend—to her above all—that he was happy, and he could see that she knew it was pretence.

Then he was alone, with the feeling that he had failed her at the first shot; torn too between horror of what he suddenly saw before him, and longing to be back in her presence at any cost. . . . And all this on the day of that first kiss which had seemed to him to make her so utterly his own.

He sat down on a bench facing the Casino. Neither the lights, nor the people passing in and out, not even the gypsy bandsmen's music, distracted his thoughts for a second. Could it be less than twenty-four hours since he had picked up her handkerchief, not thirty yards away! In that twenty-four hours he seemed to have known every emotion that man could feel. And in all the world there was now not one soul to whom he could speak his real thoughts—not even to her, because from her, beyond all, he must keep, at any cost, all knowledge of his unhappiness. So this was illicit love—as it was called! Loneliness, and torture! Not jealousy—for her heart was his; but amazement, outrage, fear. Endless lonely suffering! And nobody, if they knew, would care, or pity him one jot!

Was there really, then, as the old Greeks thought, a dæmon that liked to play with men, as men liked to stir an earwig and turn it over and put a foot on it in the end?

He got up and made his way toward the railway station. There was the bench

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where she had been sitting when he came on her that very morning. The stars in their courses had seemed to fight for them then; but whether for joy he no longer knew. And there on the seat were still the pepper berries she had crushed and strewn. He broke off another bunch and bruised them. That scent was the ghost of those minutes when her hand lay against his own. The stars in their courses—for joy or sorrow!

VII

THERE was no peace now for Colonel and Mrs. Ercott. They felt themselves conspirators, and of conspiracy they had never had the habit. Yet how could they openly deal with anxieties which had arisen solely from what they had chanced secretly to see? What was not intended for one's eyes and ears did not exist; no canon of conduct could be quite so sacred. As well defend the opening of another person's letters as admit the possibility of making use of adventitious knowledge. So far tradition, and indeed character, made them feel at one, and conspire freely. But they diverged on a deeper plane. Mrs. Ercott had *said*, indeed, that here was something which could not be controlled; the colonel had *felt* it—a very different thing! Less tolerant in theory, he was touched at heart; Mrs. Ercott, in theory almost approving—she read that dangerous authoress George Eliot—at heart felt cold toward her husband's niece. For these reasons they could not in fact conspire without, in the end, saying suddenly: "Well, it's no good talking about it!" and almost at once beginning to talk about it again.

In proposing to her that mule, the colonel had not had time, or rather not quite conviction enough as to his line of action, to explain so immediately the new need for her to sit upon it. It was only when, to his somewhat strange relief, she had refused the expedition, and Olive had started without them, that he told her of the meeting in the gardens, of which he had been witness. She then said at once that if she had known, she would, of course, have put up with anything in order to go; not because she approved of interfering, but because they must think of Robert! And the colonel had said: "D—n the fellow!" And there the matter had rested for the moment, for both of them were wondering a little which fellow it was that he had damned. That indeed was the trouble. If the colonel had not cared so much about his niece, and had liked, instead of rather disliking Cramier; if Mrs. Ercott had not found Mark Lennan a 'nice boy,' and had not secretly felt her husband's niece rather dangerous to her peace of mind; if, in few words, those three had been puppets made of wood and worked by law, it would have been so much simpler for all concerned. It was the discovery that there was a personal equation in such matters, instead of just a simple rule of three, which disorganized the colonel and made him almost angry; which depressed Mrs. Ercott and made her almost silent. . . . These two good souls had stumbled on a problem which has divided the world from birth: Shall cases be decided on their individual merits, or according to formal codes?

Beneath an appearance and a vocabulary more orthodox than ever, the colonel's allegiance to authority and the laws of form was really shaken; he simply could not get out of his head the sight of those two young people sitting side by side, nor the tone of Olive's voice, when she had repeated his own regrettable words about happiness at home.

If only the thing had not been so human! If only she had been some one else's niece, it would clearly have been her duty to remain unhappy. As it was, the more he thought, the less he knew what to think. A man who had never had any balance to speak of at his bank, and from the nomadic condition of his life had no exaggerated feeling for a settled social status—deeming society in fact rather a bore—he did not unduly exaggerate the worldly dangers of this affair; neither did he honestly believe that she would burn in everlasting torment if she did not succeed in remaining true to 'that great black chap,' as he secretly called Cramier. His feeling was simply that it was 'an awful pity'; a sort of unhappy conviction that it was not like the women of his family to fall upon such ways; that his dead brother would turn in his grave; in two words that it was 'not done.' Yet he was

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by no means of those who, giving latitude to women in general, fall with whips on those of their own family who take it. On the contrary, believing that woman in general should be stainless to the world's eye, he was inclined to make allowance for any individual woman that he knew and loved. A suspicion he had always entertained, that Cramier was not by breeding 'quite the clean potato' may insensibly have influenced him just a little. He had heard, indeed, that he was not even entitled to the name of Cramier—but had been adopted by a childless man, who had brought him up and left him a lot of money. There was something in this that went against the grain of the childless colonel. He had never adopted any one himself. And there was a certain lack, about a man who had been adopted as a child, of reasonable guarantee—he was like a non-vintage wine, or a horse without a pedigree; you could not quite rely on what he might do, having no tradition in his blood. His appearance too, and manner, somehow lent color to this distrust. A touch of the tar-brush somewhere, and a stubborn, silent, pushing fellow. Why on earth had Olive ever married him! But then women were such kittle cattle, poor things; and old Lindsay, with his vestments and his views on obedience, must have been a tartar as a father, poor old chap! Besides, Cramier, no doubt, was what most women would call good-looking; more taking to the eye than such a quiet fellow as young Lennan, whose features were rather anyhow, though pleasant enough, and with a nice smile—the sort of young man one could not help liking, and who certainly would never hurt a fly! And suddenly there came the thought: Why should he not go to young Lennan and put it to him straight? That he was in love with Olive? Not quite—but the way to do it would come to him. He brooded long over this idea, and spoke of it to Mrs. Ercott, while shaving, the next morning. Her answer: "My dear John, bosh!" removed his last doubt.

Without saying where he was going, he strolled out the moment after breakfast—and took a train to Beaulieu. At the young man's hotel he sent in his card, and was told that this *monsieur* had already gone out for the day. His mood of marching straight up to the guns thus checked, he was left pensive and distraught. Not having seen Beaulieu (they spoke of it then as a coming place), he made his way up an incline. The whole hillside was covered with rose-trees. Thousands of these flowers were starring the lower air, and the strewn petals of blown and fallen roses covered the light soil. The colonel put his nose to blossoms here and there, but they had little scent, as if they knew that the season was already over. A few blue-bloused peasants were still busy among them. And suddenly he came on young Lennan himself, sitting on a stone and dabbling away with his fingers at a lump of 'putty stuff.' The colonel hesitated. Apart from obvious reasons for discomfiture, he had that feeling toward art common to so many of his caste. It was not work, of course, but it was very clever—a mystery to him how any one could do it! On seeing him, Lennan had risen, dropping his handkerchief over what he was modelling—but not before the colonel had received a dim impression of something familiar. The young man was very red—the colonel, too, was conscious suddenly of the heat. He held out his hand.

"Nice quiet place this," he stammered; "never seen it before. I called at your hotel."

Now that he had his chance, he was completely at a loss. The sight of the face emerging from that lump of putty stuff had quite unnerved him. The notion of this young man working at it up here all by himself, just because he was away an hour or two from the original, touched him. How on earth to say what he had come to say? It was altogether different from what he had thought. And it suddenly flashed through him: Dolly was right! She's always right—hang it!

"You're busy," he said; "I mustn't interrupt you."

"Not at all, sir. It was awfully good of you to look me up."

The colonel stared. There was something about young Lennan that he had not noticed before; a 'Don't take liberties with me!' look, that made things difficult. But still he lingered, staring wistfully at

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the young man, who stood waiting with such politeness. Then a safe question shot into his mind:

"Ah! When do you go back to England? We're off on Tuesday."

As he spoke, a puff of wind lifted the handkerchief from the modelled face. Would the young fellow put it back? He did not. And the colonel thought:

"It would have been bad form. He knew I wouldn't take advantage. Yes! He's a gentleman!"

Lifting his hand to the salute, he said: "Well, I must be getting back. See you at dinner perhaps." And turning on his heel he marched away.

That face in the 'putty stuff' up there by the side of the road accompanied him home. It was bad—it was serious! And the sense that he counted for nothing in all this grew and grew in him. He told no one of where he had been. . . .

When the colonel turned with ceremony and left him, Lennan sat down again on the flat stone, took up his 'putty stuff,' and presently effaced that image. He sat still a long time, to all appearance watching the little blue butterflies playing round the red and tawny roses. Then his fingers began to work, feverishly shaping a head; not of a man, not of a beast, but a sort of horned, heavy mingling of the two. There was something frenetic in the movement of those rather short, blunt-ended fingers, as though they were strangling the thing they were creating.

(To be continued.)

"AT EASE ON LETHE WHARF"

By Helen Coale Crewe

I HAVE forgotten who my brother is.
Time was I knew, and lived and loved with him;
Toiled, suffered. Now, remote and shadowy, dim,
No heartbeat stirs at his remembered face.
In this still place
Love hath forsworn its opportunities.

Yea, here are no responsibilities.
Only a drifting with the listless stream
Where hollow bubbles, floating, coldly gleam.
Wonder itself is idle, purposeless;
I cannot guess
Nor even dream of ancient sympathies.

Now hath my soul content. Soft silences,
Sinews unloosed from struggle, silken sleep,
Are mine; nor tender memories to weep.
Only unruffled calm; and yet—and yet—
Strange, faint regret—
I have forgotten who my brother is!

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Peaks whose mighty cones reach the realms of eternal silence.

THE LAND OF THE INCAS

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

AS you cross the backbone of the Andes on the Southern Railway of Peru, leaving behind the dreary wastelands of the upper Cordilleras, devoid of life and vegetation except for the *pajonal*, the only grass that clothes the highest plateaus with its stubby golden carpet, where no bit of green has rested the eye since the lovely valley of Arequipa faded from view and the eternal snows of Chachani and Misti dropped lower and lower toward the horizon; after topping the pass at Crucero Alto, some fifteen thousand feet above the sea, you descend the eastward side by loops and gradients about two thousand feet or more. Vicuña, the sole habitants of these mountain solitudes, graze in the *ychu* grass by the tracks and at lower levels llamas and sheep.

The flocks and herds increase in size as you descend. Occasionally clusters of huts appear, in whose doorways women are seated weaving ponchos, their mouths muffled against the icy breeze. A chain of lakes now borders the road, one bright and peaceful, the next shaded by heavy clouds, dark, tragic as the tarn of the House of Usher. Snow-peaks close in the vista to the left, while ahead opens a broad valley, the great basin of Lake Titicaca.

You quickly realize that you are entering another world—a strange world shut off from the remainder of our planet by every barrier that nature could devise. To the east tower the White Cordillera, beyond which moulder the miasmic jungles of the Montaña; to the west rise the snowy altitudes we have just traversed. Between these two ranges lie a succession of highland valleys some ten to thirteen thousand feet above the sea, each separated from the other by *nudos*, or knots, of lesser transverse chains of mountains.

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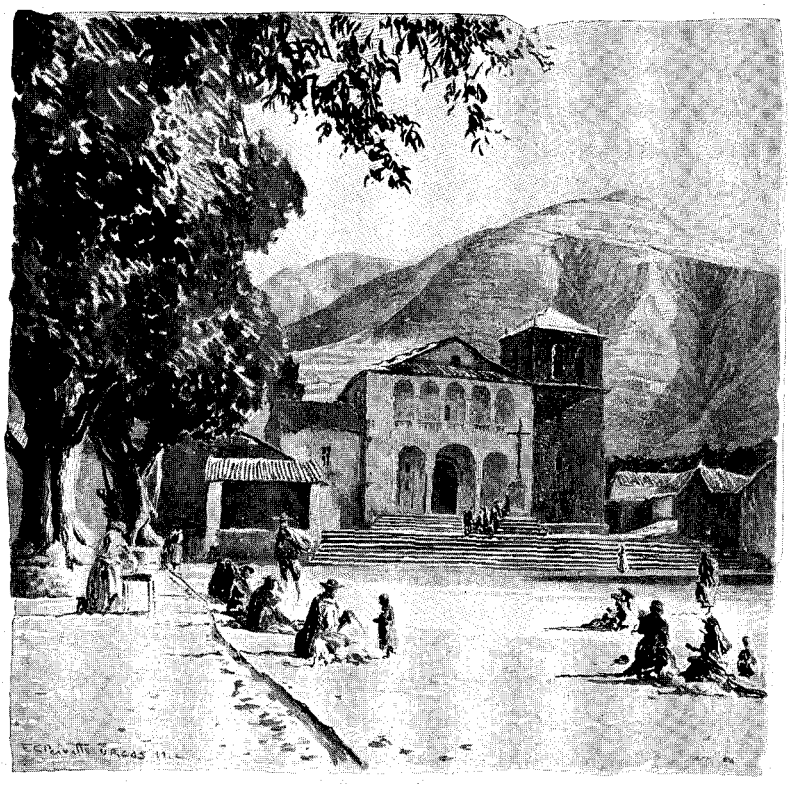

The village green, Urcos.

These valleys in our latitudes would be covered with eternal snow. Here under the tropics they blossom with all the products of the temperate zone, enjoying a cool, invigorating climate and supporting a large population of Indians.

They constituted the heart of the ancient empire of the Incas, that amazing despotism that stunned the Spanish conquerors with the wisdom of its institutions, the splendor and the size of its buildings, the rich produce of its fields, and, above all, with the wealth of its mines of gold and silver and its amassed riches of centuries. When the Spaniard came, Huayna Capac had already extended his dominions as far north as Quito and as far south as the land of the Araucanian Indians of Chili. Even most of the savage tribes of the Montaña owed him allegiance, and only the Pacific bounded his territories to the westward. The centre of his empire lay in these high plateaus of the Andes—the fair and fertile valleys of Huaylas and Vilcanota, the bare and bleak plains of Cerro de Pasco and Titicaca's basin.

We were now entering the last-named, the most southern of the four, and were then to turn northward to visit the Inca capital, Cuzco, the navel of the kingdom, as its name signifies.

It was toward the end of the rainy season. So, when we started from Juliaca in the morning, the broad valley lay flecked with numerous pools of water that reflected the deep blue of the sky, mingled with the fleecy white of the small clouds that floated overhead. The air, after the night's rain, was of an indescribable rarity and purity, pellucid; so clear, indeed, that the distant Cordilleras showed every varied marking of their sharp ridges and deep *quebradas*. Now and then, as we looked backward, Titicaca came into view, reflecting the hills of indigo-blue that surround it.

Our train had now begun to climb, mounting through bleak pastures until we reached La Raya, the summit of one of

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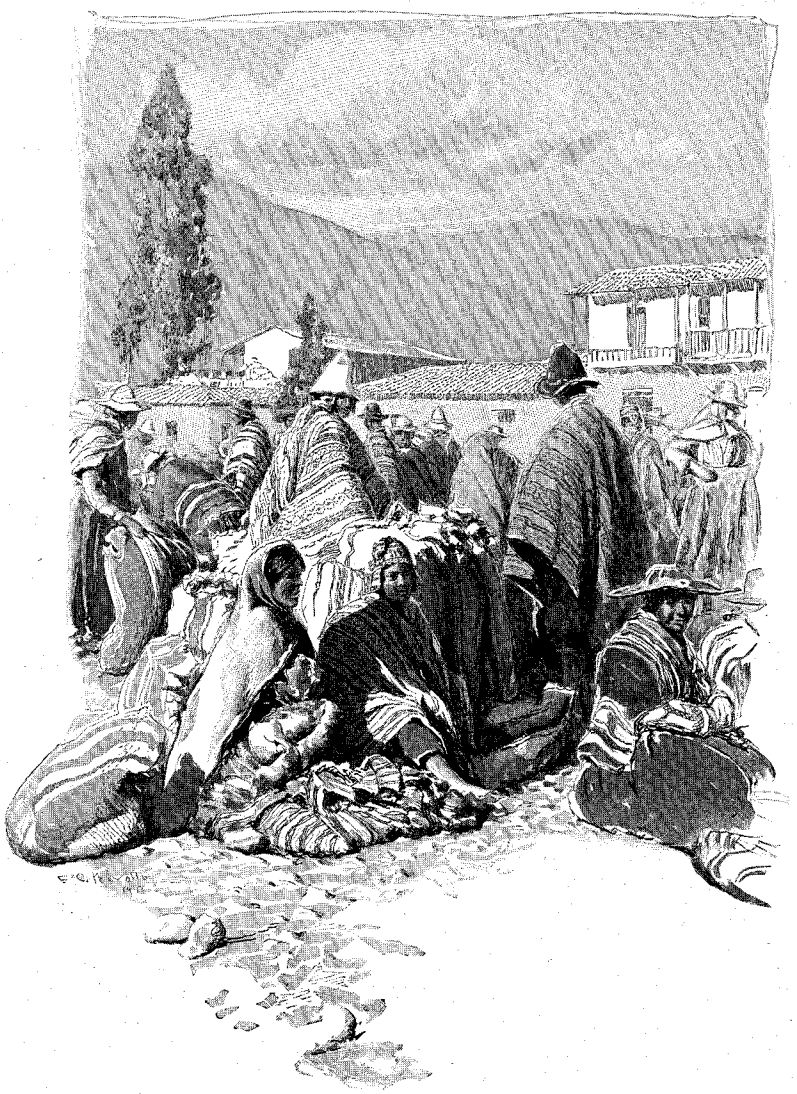
those knots of mountains that connect the two main ranges of the Andes. The scenery was magnificent. We were shut in by great peaks set in fields of moss or grass that encircle their mighty cones, whose heads reach the realms of eternal silence and eternal snow.

Two little streams rise at the top of the pass. One, the Puchara, starts down the valley we had just ascended, finally to reach the Pacific; the other becomes the Vilcanota that, gathering strength as it proceeds, goes to swell the mighty Amazon, emptying into the Atlantic some three thousand miles or more away.

As we descended beside its bubbling waters—so soon, alas, to lose their crystal pureness—a beautiful valley opened before us hemmed in by frowning mountains, one of those valleys that the Incas chose as the central seat of their civilization. Their mountain slopes they terraced into rich *andenes;* they irrigated their fields and gardens, fortified their crags, and dotted their meadows with villages and cities. At the far end they built Cuzco,



At the market, Sicuani.

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their capital, the great shrine of their deity the Sun, the venerated object of their pilgrimage. As Mecca is to the Mussulman or Rome to the Catholic, so was Cuzco to the Inca.

These valleys still remain well tilled, their fields of wheat and barley alternating with patches of *quinoa*, the hardy grain that is indigenous to these mountain plains, their staple of life, thriving at an elevation of thirteen thousand feet.

Before six o'clock we pulled into the station at Sicuani, there to remain for the night.

Our itinerary had been planned with this in view, for Sicuani's Sunday-morning market is the most notable in all the region. This being Saturday evening, the llama trains were already arriving. As we walked about the town after dinner we saw whole troops of these strange beasts being driven into the corrals, craning their long necks, their ears tilted forward, suspicious, always on the alert, afraid to enter unknown enclosures.

As we crossed the two squares on our return to our car, from the *tiendas* and *chinganas* that surround them came sad strains of music, sometimes a voice singing, sometimes a reedy flute plaintively crooning, sometimes a rude guitar strumming those sad *yaravis*, the sole musical expression of the Andean Indian—minor melodies, sad in theme and modulation, strange in their wilful syncopations, fitly voicing the melancholy, the sorrow of a down-trodden race.

The environment of the Inca Indian has had great influence upon his temperament. He combines to a marked degree the nature of the easy-going inhabitant of the tropics with the hardihood and fortitude and capacity for toil of the mountaineer. On the bleak *punas* of this upper world of his, this "roof of the earth," as it has been called, his inscrutable expression, his silences, and his quiet melancholy accord well with the mysteries of the country.

We were out early next morning, and the sun had not yet risen from behind the mountains, though the sky was bright as we turned into the plaza.

Already it was full of people. Here was the movement of the market-place, the bustle of the traders. But how quiet! Only silent groups stood about. They smiled once in a while, but quickly grew grave again; they scarcely ever laughed. As we listened, the singing of the birds—the numerous *trigueras*—drowned the human voices!

The natives were constantly arriving. The sky grew brighter and brighter, and suddenly the fiery orb of the sun shot above the mountains and darted its rays in long shafts of light down upon the market-place. The chill of the early morning was dispelled as if by magic. Small wonder that the Incas in their bleak fireless mountain homes worshipped him as their chief deity!

And now, under his effulgence, the beauty of this Sunday-morning market became apparent. The houses around the plaza, hitherto gray and uninteresting, now gleamed white or pale-blue or caught golden reflections under their broad eaves and balconies from the yellow dust of the roadways. Upon the surrounding hill-slopes flocks of llamas and trains of donkeys stood silhouetted with silver awaiting a purchaser.

And the costumes! The men's were undoubtedly the finest. Their *ponchos* or blankets reaching to the knees were woven in rich patterns and ornamented with colored fringes; their sturdy sun-browned calves and feet were bare or protected only by rude sandals; upon their heads they wore tight-fitting caps with ear-flaps woven, too, in intricate designs like those of the *poncho* but far finer, the best being made of the beautiful vicuña wool, which, under the Incas, was reserved for the nobility alone. Their hair, long, black, and thick, showed front and back, and was clipped round, giving to their clear-cut features and aquiline noses the appearance of those splendid bronze heads modelled by Donatello and his school.

The dominant color note was red—scarlet varying through all the gamut of rose and warmed by intervening stripes of undyed ochre wool.

The women wore the bright *montero*, a gay broad-brimmed hat almost devoid of crown, ornamented with gold or silver galloon, and their principal garment was the *llicha* or mantle in which they draped themselves. Before them, spread upon the ground, lay the various strange eat-

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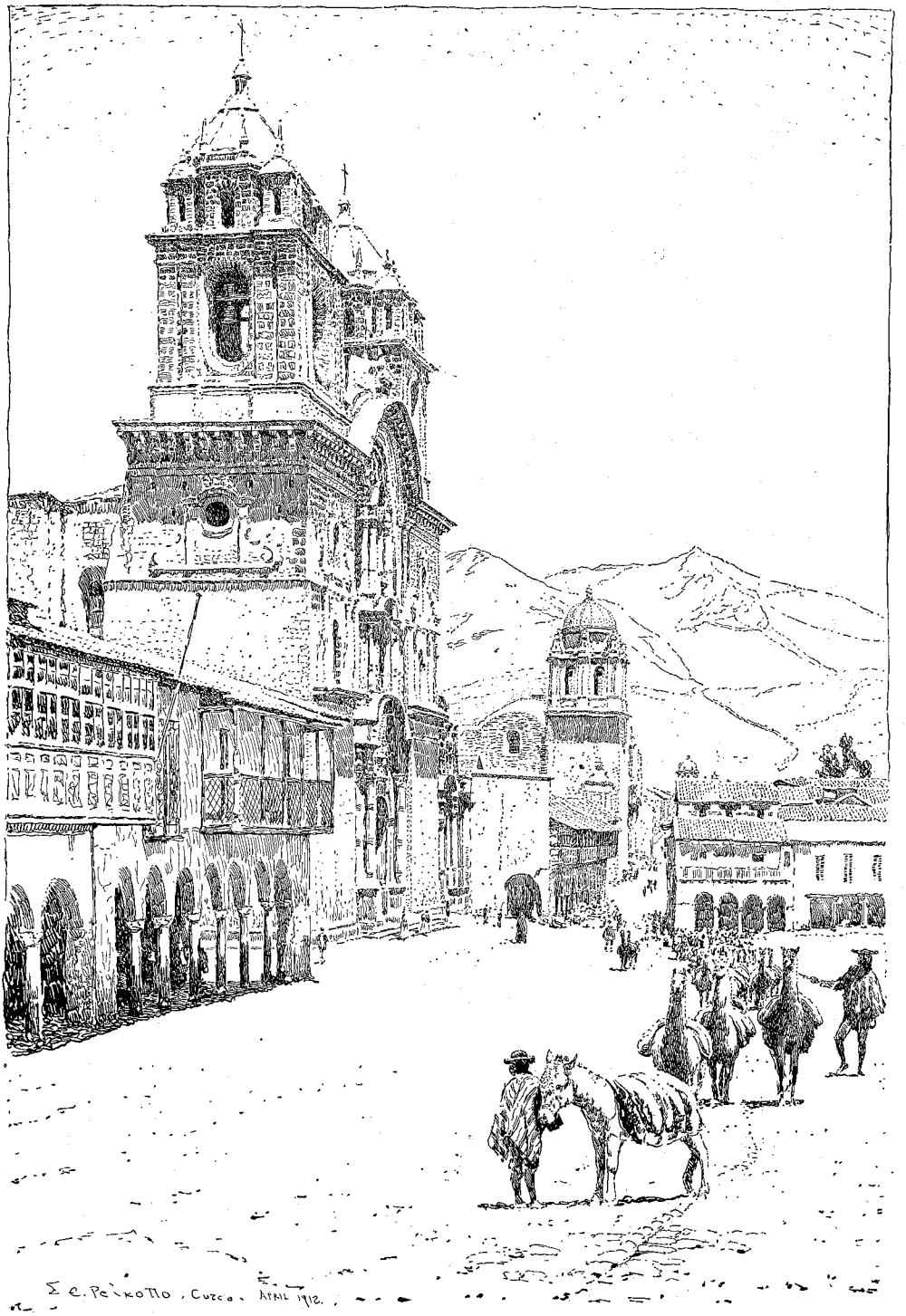

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The church of the Compañía, facing the Plaza, Cuzco.

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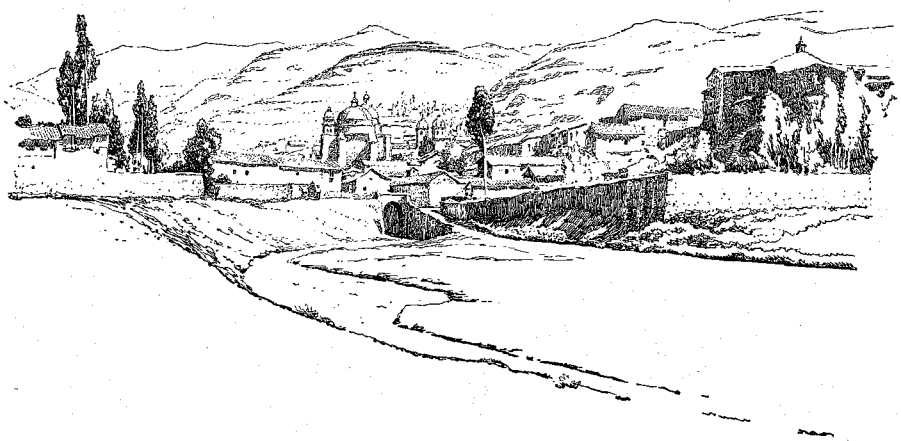

Modern Cuzco from the river-bank.

ables that they sell: the dried birds and cockroaches; the *chuño* or white potato (do you realize that we owe our common potato to these highlands of Peru?) that, boiled with bits of fish or meat, makes the *chupe*, their national dish; the roundish grains of the *quinoa;* the *charqui*, or jerked meat made of venison or vicuña steaks; the bags of coca leaves that they chew to deaden their senses and efface the effect of cold, hunger, and fatigue as they take their almost superhuman walks.

We started on for Cuzco in the morning expecting to reach it by night. But fate willed otherwise, as you shall see.

Along the roads the Indians were hurrying, some afoot, some on donkey-back, and once in a while we passed a single horseman draped in his ample *poncho*. Women, too, walked briskly with babies or incredibly large bundles upon their backs, picking their skirts high above their knees to ford the streams and pools.

Beyond San Pablo we could make out the ruins of the great temple of Viracocha, off to the right, half hidden in a rocky country. Each station, as we passed, was full of people, the train being still a novelty, an object of interest. The villages became richer. Pottery roofs supplanted the flimsy thatch; substantial walls took the place of rude adobe. The now roaring Vilcanota was spanned as at Quiquijana by strong stone bridges. The fields were rich and the hills terraced far up toward their summits.

About four hours beyond Sicuani the train stopped at a place called Urcos. Upon one side of the track stood the station; upon the other a sort of *fonda*—eating-house and lodgings combined. No town was in sight. The minutes passed by, and presently men began to drop off and ask questions of the conductor. His replies were evasive. An hour passed, and we were told that, owing to some trouble on the road ahead, we should remain where we were till evening. So, having nothing better to do, we set out to find the town.

Happy thought! For no sooner had we climbed a wide path, a sort of causeway lined on both sides with giant cacti of all descriptions, than we saw a picturesque red-roofed village ahead of us. We were walking toward the sun and the llamas and people coming down toward us were edged with gold and silver as the brilliant light caught the long nap of their woolly garments and fringes. We soon reached the first mud-built houses and stumbled up the winding rock-paved streets, climbing higher and higher toward glimpses of gleaming white walls ahead.

Suddenly we turned into the village green, for such it truly was, a perfect pastoral hidden in this mountain valley. Eight giant trees (*pisonays*, I think they are called) shaded its broad expanse, their gnarled trunks girdled with stone seats, their lustrous leaves shining and sparkling in the sunlight. In the shadows which they cast groups of Indian women squatted with their children, and over by the village pump another group quietly gossiped. An old Spaniard, in his thread-

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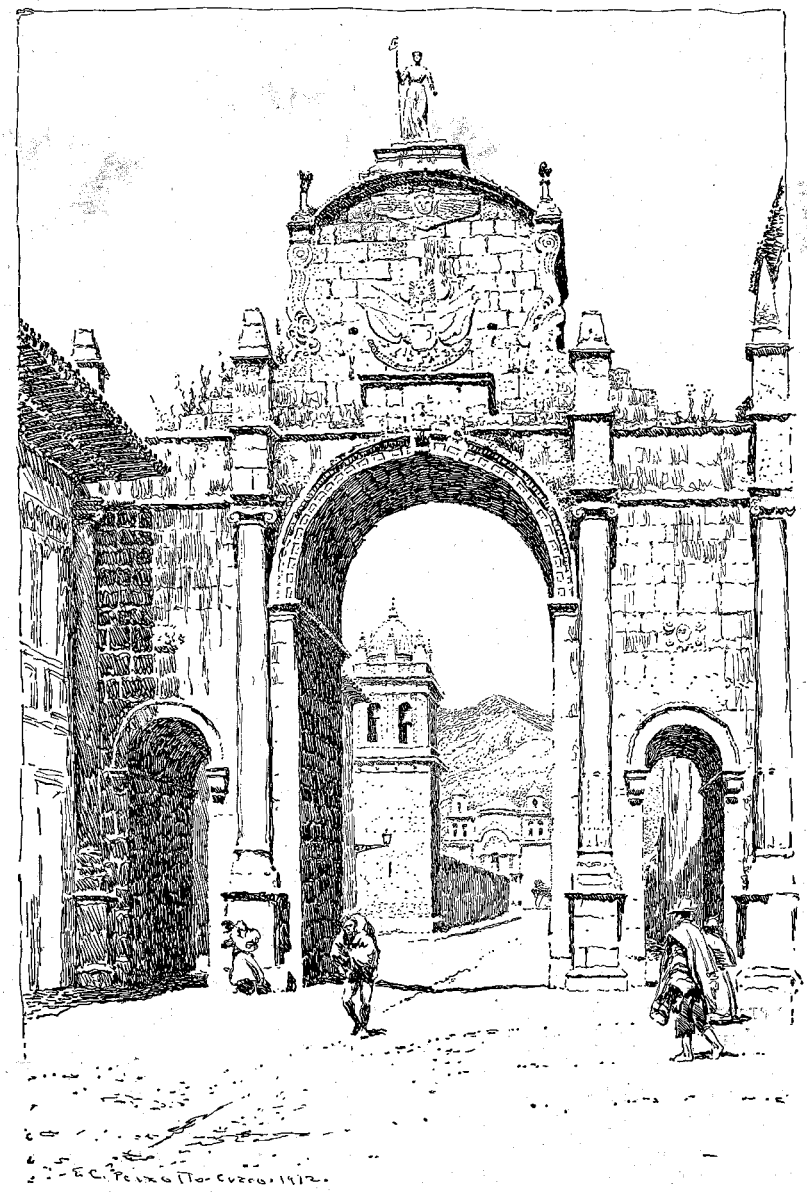
bare black coat and flashy tie, returned slowly from mass. A broad flight of steps, ornamented with a tall stone crucifix, rose



One of the city gates.

at the farthest end and led up to the church, whose single lava-built tower, dark and rich in tone, contrasted pleasantly with the white arcades that adjoined it. The long afternoon shadows, the ruddy glow of the scarlet costumes, the mighty hills, fat-flanked, gouged by landslides, yet tilled to their very summits, composed a charming picture, and when we had enjoyed it for some time we mounted the steps to the church.

It, too, well repaid our visit. Its walls and ceiling, though white, are almost com-

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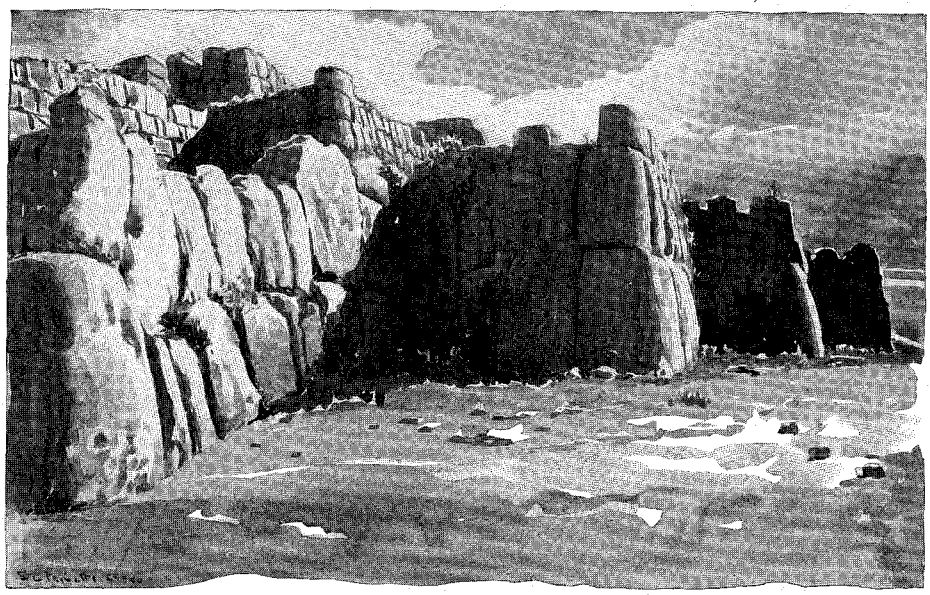

The triple walls of Sachsahuaman.

pletely covered with stencils, executed apparently by Indians, like those of the California missions, but far richer in design and bolder and more vigorous in pattern, and particularly powerful in tone. They form the background for a multitude of objects: paintings not very good, to be sure, but following the fine old Hispanic tradition and set in their original richly carved and gilded frames; polychrome statues of saints and martyrs in the golden niches of side altars, mingled with bits of altar-cloths and laces and old Spanish mirrors. The vandal hand of no city antiquary has as yet defiled this little treasure-house. May my pen never guide one thither!

As we emerged from the portal, a small voice piped up and asked if we would like to see the lake.

The Lake of Urcos? Why had that name a familiar sound? Guided by our small conductor, we soon came upon it set like lovely Nemi in its round volcanic basin, a mirror reflecting the azure sky. The Lake of Urcos? I was still puzzled, but soon had solved the mystery.

Now I remembered the passage in Garcilasso. Huayna Capac, last of the great Incas, upon the birth of the son that was to succeed him, caused to be forged a chain of gold, long enough, we are told, to stretch around the great square at Cuzco. And the Inca named his son Huascar, a chain. At the approach of the Spaniards this triumph of the goldsmith's art, a veritable fortune, was thrown, according to common belief, into this Lake of Urcos. Various attempts have been made to dredge its waters and recover the buried treasure, but as yet all in vain—again reminding us of Nemi and its golden barge of Nero.

When we returned to the station we found a telegram from the superintendent at Arequipa telling us that we would be obliged to remain at Urcos all night owing to a landslide on the road ahead.

Now were we glad indeed of our private car, for the rest of the passengers had to make the best of it in the crowded quarters of the fonda, four in a room. The cholos slept upon the benches of their second-class coach. Faithful old Prudenzio, our Indian cook, had been off shopping in the town and we enjoyed our good dinner sitting by the window watching the natives with their long train of llamas or donkeys making their way up the steep pathways that led to their mountain homes.

Where do they dwell? Neither house nor village was visible upon these rocky heights, yet doubtless hidden within their

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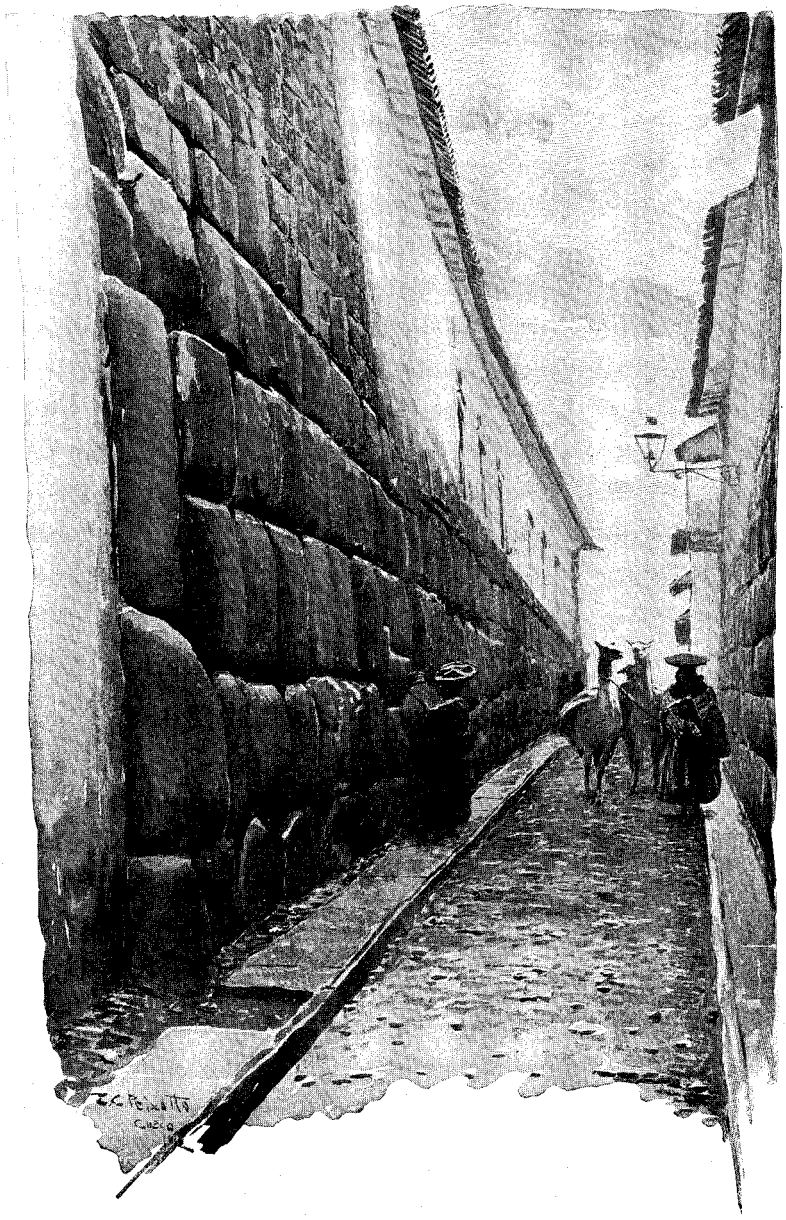
defiles nestle lonely huts protected from wintry winds.

The water-carriers staggered toward the village under the weight of their earthen *ollas;* the sad strains of a *yaravi* floated over the meadows; the Vilcanota, rushing to swell the Amazon, murmured in the distance; the stars shone resplendent in the purity of the mountain air. What a happy day, unplanned and unpremeditated, we had spent quite by chance in this peaceful country-side—this wonderful land of the Incas!



Walls of the palace of Inca Rocca.

But next morning, when told that we would not start for Cuzco until noon, I began to be anxious. We were at the be-

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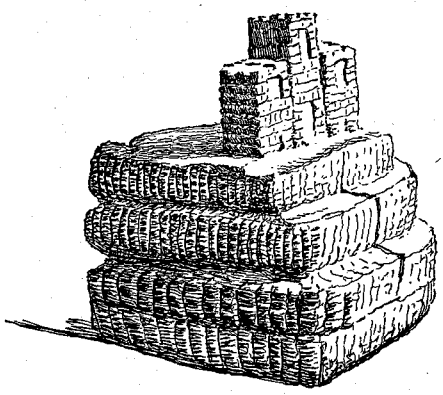


Old Inca model of Sachsahuaman.
Drawn from the original in the collection of Dr. Muñiz, Cuzco.

ginning of Holy Week and I had been especially planning to reach the Inca capital on this particular day, the feast of Our Lord of the Earthquakes—the principal Indian festival of the year. The great procession was to leave the cathedral at four o'clock, and Urcos is more than two hours' ride from Cuzco. We spent the morning sketching in the village, however, and in visiting a hospitable Spanish family, who asked us in (strangers are a rarity indeed in Urcos) to regale us with sweetmeats and coffee. A reassuring telegram awaited us upon our return to the station, telling us that we should leave by one o'clock. All might yet be well.

And at one we left. A quick trip through a succession of lovely valleys, where haciendas with long arcades sat embowered in eucalyptus groves, brought us to the considerable town of San Jeronimo, really a suburb of Cuzco.

The railroad here makes an ascent to the city and at each curve of the road we tried to obtain our first glimpse of this sacred city of the Incas. At last, at a turning, there it lay with its domes and towers, its ring of encircling mountains, its red-roofed houses lying flat along its regular streets.

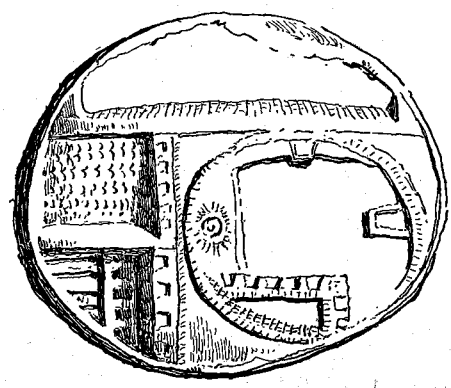
The neat new station (the road has been open only a year or two) lies outside the city walls. We lost no time in jumping into an old tram-car drawn by four mules, and presently were rattling through the narrow, crooked streets of the lower town, one of the worst quarters of the city—the dirtiest district of a dirty town.

But all this was forgotten when we turned into the main plaza of the city. Picturesque arcaded houses surround it on every side; the great church of the Compañía, with its belfries and domes, looms up in the centre of the southern side; while upon its eastern front the grand cathedral faces the setting sun, raised high upon its lofty *grada*.

Grouped upon these steps and in the plaza stood thousands of Indians—they told us fifteen thousand. Not shiftless, half-breed Indians in cast-off European clothes, but fine-looking fellows developed like athletes by their hardy mountain life and draped in their most brilliant *ponchos* with their most elaborate pointed caps upon their heads. The garrison, Indians too, except for the officers, stood drawn up at attention. A portion of the centre of the plaza was reserved for gentlefolk, and to this we made our way and were kindly admitted by the sentries on guard.

We had scarcely taken our places before the cathedral when its sixteen bells began to toll, the rich tones of Maria Angola, whose voice can be heard for miles, sounding the deepest bass.

A movement swept over the populace. The Indians dropped upon their knees; the Spaniards removed their hats. From the great door of the cathedral issued the procession. First came the alcaldes, the Indian mayors of all the provincial towns and villages, each carrying his great staff of office, a baton or cane varying in its size and the richness of its silver ornaments according to the importance of his com-



Inca stone representing plan of the Temple of the Sun, Cuzco.
About two-thirds actual size.

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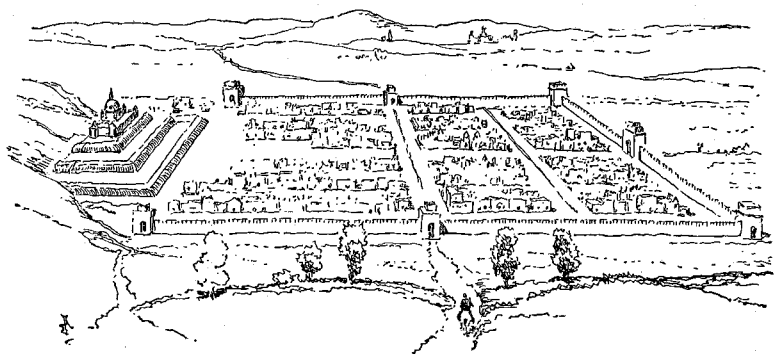
munity, some as tall as the men themselves, as thick as their fists, bound round and round with broad bands of silver engraved with rich designs. Next followed up to the pillars of the portal, throw masses of crimson leaves upon it (the *ñucchu*, or funeral flower of the Incas) reddening all its upper surfaces as with a shower of blood.



Sketch from Ramusio's plate of Cuzco, 1556.

the brotherhoods, wearing, like those of Spain and Italy, hoods that concealed their faces; then the monks from the convents, mostly Franciscans; then the civil authorities of Cuzco, the prefect of the department, the mayor, and other dignitaries; and after them the "Santo," followed by the clergy massed about their bishop.

The Santo, or saint, is a great figure, some eight feet high, of the Christ crucified —a fine piece of wood-carving sent over to the cathedral in the days of its infancy by Charles the Fifth of Spain. It is the Indian's most revered image—his special patron saint, stained by time, and perhaps by art as well, the color of his own dark skin. Many miracles are attributed to it, among others the cessation of the great earthquake of 1650, whence its name, Our Lord of the Earthquakes.

Once a year and once only, on this particular Monday of Holy Week, it is taken from its glass-enclosed chapel, put upon its massive pedestal, a mass of silver so heavy that thirty-two men stagger beneath its weight, while others follow along beside, ready to relieve them at frequent intervals.

Thus, attended by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, it is taken in solemn state to the principal churches of the city, followed by the garrison, whose muffled drums play funeral marches on the way. As it leaves the cathedral, boys, tied high

Swaying back and forth upon its many unsteady human legs, slowly it makes its way through the silent, kneeling throng toward Santa Teresa. In the open square before this church the women are congregated, and as they see it approach they begin to moan and beat their breasts; tears start from their eyes and their emotion is evidently intense. Here also boys about the portal shower the funeral flowers. We did not wait to follow it farther but made our way back to the main plaza, there to await its return. A kind young Spaniard, noting that we were strangers, with true courtesy invited us to occupy a window in his home just opposite the cathedral.

The sun had now set. Darkness was creeping on. The Indians were slowly coming back into the plaza. A few lights twinkled from one or two street-lamps—and I mean lamps literally, for gas has not yet appeared in Cuzco.

From the direction of La Merced came the sound of mournful music. The great plaza had filled again with people, a huge silent throng. From one corner emerged the procession, now lit by flickering candles and dominated by the great dark figure of El Señor de los Temblores. Slowly the lights approached the cathedral, finally mounting the long steps of its gree and grouping themselves against the tight-shut doors of the central portal that formed a bright background.

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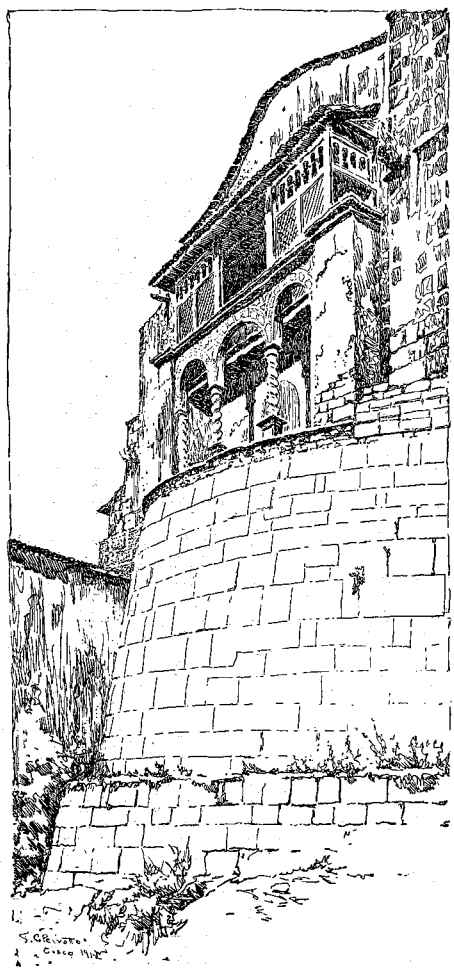
The great throng in the plaza was kneeling and, as the black figure of the Santo mounted the steps and appeared silhouetted against the doors, a great moan, a sort of collective sob, swelling to a barbaric howl,—a sound such as I had never heard before,—as if in the presence of some dire calamity, swelled from the poor Indian throats; the black crucifix made three stately bows, to the north, to the west, to the south, in sign of benediction; a sigh of relief and a shudder passed over the square; the huge cathedral doors swung open; the black hole swallowed the image and the candles; the portals closed again and all was finished.

I offer no comment upon this weird ceremony. But in its spectacular appeal to the primitive senses it impressed us more than any other religious festival we had ever seen.



The apse of Santo Domingo built upon the ancient Temple of the Sun.

The ancient city of Cuzco, when first viewed by European eyes, was, according to the best authorities, a great and wealthy municipality of perhaps two hundred thousand souls. How old it was at that time we have scant means of knowing. Garcilasso would have us believe that there were only thirteen Incas in the royal line from Manco Capac to Huayna Capac; Montesinos, on the other hand, assures us that the Incas ruled for a thousand years! Which are we to believe? No written history of the race exists—only the records of the *quipus*, those queer knotted strings that were the Incas' sole documents and for which no archæologist has as yet discovered the key, the Rosetta stone.

Cuzco's original plan was, singularly enough, that of the Roman camp, a quadrangle divided by two intersecting streets into quarters, with a gate on each face and towers at the angles. Ramusio gives an interesting woodcut, here reproduced, of the city as it appeared to the conquerors.

The Incas, like the citizens of the United States, had no more definite name for their country than Tavantinsuyu, the Empire of the Four Provinces. The four streets of the capital, prolonged by great roads, divided it into four main provinces, each under the dominion of its governor. When their people came to Cuzco they lodged in their own quarter, where they adhered to their national costumes and the customs of their own province.

The city to-day retains the same general plan, its two principal streets being practically the old main thoroughfares. Its two eastern quarters lie upon steep hillsides; the two western are in the valley where runs a little river, the Huatanay, spanned by bridges.

The northeast quarter was the Palatine Hill of this South American Rome, and contains the palaces of the kings, for each

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Inca, after the manner of the Roman emperors, built his own abode, scorning to live in that of his predecessor. Along the steep streets of this portion of the city extensive remains of the foundations and walls of these palaces still remain, their giant stones and perfect masonry provoking the constant wonder of the traveller. Pictures of them give but a poor impression, for the heavy rustic finish of the face of each stone hides the perfection of the joints, which are so finely fitted that, devoid of mortar as they are, the blade of a small pocket-knife can scarcely be inserted into any one of them.

The most extensive ruins left by the Incas, and perhaps the most interesting, are those of the great fortress Sachsahuaman, that stands perched upon the summit of a steep hill to the north of the town.

The road up the mountain is a stiff climb in this altitude, and more than once we stopped to rest and catch our breath, and regret that we had not ordered donkeys on which to scramble up the rocky paths. Several times we passed llama trains coming down, and had to climb in the rocks to let the clumsy beasts go by. Finally we reached the first huge stones of the fortress and entered its portal, which, with its steps, is still in good preservation.

Enough of the great walls remains to amaze one with their formidable character and vast extent. The Indians consider them the works of the Evil One, and small wonder, for how human hands ever reared these mighty stones upon this mountain-top is quite beyond one's powers of speculation. The fort presents but a single line of defence, some twelve hundred feet long, toward the city, where the hill itself is so steep that it affords the best possible protection, but to the country behind it shows three massive walls placed one above the other, arranged with salients (a device unknown to Europeans of that period) and breastworks for the defenders. The stones are cyclopean, many of them being eighteen to twenty feet long and almost the same in height; the largest, we are told, measuring no less than thirty-eight feet in length.

Crowning these mighty walls was the fortress proper, consisting of three towers. The central one, the largest, was reserved for the Inca himself and contained his royal apartments. The other two were for the garrison commanded by a noble of the royal family. As in many mediæval fortress castles, subterranean passages, also built of stone, connected these towers with the town below, thus affording a retreat for the Inca in time of peril.

Upon the hill-slopes behind the fortress, in fields of flowering shrubs, where paroquets make their homes, stand some strange rocks called by the natives "thrones of the Inca." They are certainly cut with the nicest precision, each edge as sharp as it ever was, but I can scarcely see the reason for the appellation.

We returned to the city toward sundown. The views, as we descended, were beautiful. The lovely valley, dotted with eucalyptus groves, lay green and radiant below us, framed by its towering mountains that peeped over each other's shoulders as they stretched away, fold upon fold, dimmer and yet more distant until they disappeared in far perspectives.

The city that lay beneath us, one-storied for the most part, flat along its regular streets, looks quite as it must have appeared to the Inca sitting in his fortress tower. Only now pottery roofs replace the thatch of straw or of *ychu* grass that covered the older houses, and the belfries and domes of numerous Spanish churches have supplanted the gilded walls and cumbersome masonry of the ancient Inca temples.

These last lay for the most part in the southeast quarter of the city and were dominated by the great Temple of the Sun, the most revered sanctuary in all the empire, called by the people Coricancha, the Place of Gold. And well it deserved its name, for, according to all accounts, its walls were a perfect mine of the precious metal. Mortised into the great stones of its exterior, a frieze of gold, "of a palm and a half" in width, encircled the entire edifice. The interior was ablaze, as befitted a temple dedicated to the glory of light.

In the centre of the western wall a giant sun, represented by a human countenance from which rays of light sprang in various directions, glowed in all the splendor of gold and jewels. The great eastern portal was placed directly opposite and arranged so that the sun, with its first ray, gilded this golden effigy that thus threw

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off a strange effulgence. The walls and ceiling were encrusted with gold. and the mummies of all the Incas, dressed as on occasions of state, with their *coyas*, or queens, sat about upon golden thrones.

Adjoining this main temple lesser shrines were arranged. In that dedicated to the moon, for example, all was of silver, a silvery moon replacing the golden sun. These buildings were each set in extensive gardens, whose flowers and plants and animals were of gold and silver, simulating with real skill the products of nature.

Let him who doubts these tales remember that gold in the eyes of the Peruvian Indian of that day had no monetary value whatever, that money did not exist—that gold, in the popular parlance, was "the tears wept by the sun," and that all of it found in the rich mines of Peru, the real Eldorado of the New World during the Spanish colonial period, was sent either to the Inca or to his temples. Atahualpa, for his ransom, almost filled with gold vessels and ornaments a room thirty-three feet by twenty, representing a value in our money of some seventeen million dollars. What a sum in those days before the discovery of the great gold-mines of modern times!

Dr. Caparo Muñiz, who possesses a remarkable collection of Inca antiquities, showed me a curious stone that he had unearthed on a farm some twelve leagues from Cuzco at a place called Yayamarca, the Place of the Lord. It is carved to represent a ground plan of the Temple of the Sun, and so interested me that I made a drawing of it, which I here present. It corresponds quite perfectly with the remains of the sanctuary that still exist.

These consist of important portions of its circular walls and a number of those singular niches that taper in toward the top like those of the edifices of Egypt. Extensive interior walls of perfect masonry are incorporated in the present church and convent of Santo Domingo that the conquerors built immediately over the pagan temple.

I visited this old church with the Rector of the University, who was kindness itself to us during our stay, and Padre Vasquez, the amiable prior of the monastery, took us about in person. Strangely enough it was the first time that these two men had met, for the prior was a comparative newcomer to Cuzco, so I benefited by the enthusiasm of their first visit together.

We inspected in turn the cloister courts, the church, and all the intricate by-ways of its corridors and stairways. The Christian temple is interesting, but the walls that it stands upon and that crop out here and there in its fabric were the subject of our wonder. Theirs is the most perfect masonry of any of the Inca ruins that I saw. These are the massive smooth-faced stones that Sarmiento saw and enthused over, whose joints are so nicely wrought that they can scarcely be detected. How a nation without iron or steel—with only *champi*, a mixture of copper and tin—to aid them could have produced such finish will always be a matter of wonder. They certainly possessed some secret for cutting stone that we do not know to-day.

Near this Church of Saint Dominic stands the Convent of the nuns of Santa Catalina, built upon the ruins of what was, in the time of the Incas, the House of the Virgins of the Sun, a huge structure some eight hundred feet in length. These girls, chosen by the provincial governors from among the most beautiful in the kingdom, tended the sacred fire in the temples, their duties being curiously analogous to those of the Roman vestal virgins. Their guardians, the *mama-cunas*, taught them weaving and spinning, and from among them were selected the Inca's many concubines. Once in a while one of them was chosen for sacrifice, but this was a very rare occurrence, as the religion of the Incas permitted of human sacrifice only on occasion of exceptional importance, thereby differing materially from the religions of the other American races—the wholesale slaughters of the Aztecs, for example.

Soon after the conquest, the Spaniards built three great churches in Cuzco, three churches worthy of a European capital. Unlike the churches of Lima, these happily have escaped remodelling.

Two of them, the cathedral and the Compañía, face upon the main plaza, the heart of the city; the third, La Merced, is but a step away. All three are in the style of the Spanish Renaissance, patterned, let us say, from such a church as San Lorenzo of the Escurial.

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The interior of the Compañía is the handsomest of the three. Its pillars, with their simple capitals and its well-designed architrave, support wide-spreading stone arches and broad vaults of brick.

The Church of the Order of Mercy, La Merced, in which the bones of Almagro and Gonzalo Pizarro are said to rest, is chiefly remarkable for its cloisters, whose massive stone arcades and monumental staircases have for centuries withstood the storms of these altitudes and are perhaps the handsomest in Peru, though not as picturesque as some of those in Lima.

The days passed by. Sometimes we explored the by-ways of the city, sketching in the steep, picturesque streets that climb the hills; again, we poked about the gaudy Indian shops that line the arcades of the plaza with their vivid wares; sometimes we loitered about the market or looked for Spanish shawls and frames and laces in the shops and houses.

We remained snugly in our car during all our stay, with good Prudenzio to cook for us and faithful Juan to serve us, the hotels of the town offering but a poor alternative for the comfort of this abode out in the broad fields just beyond the smells and dirt of the streets. But let me say it here—this is the only city we visited that offended us this way, the other places being cleaner and better kept than most of the small towns of Italy or Spain.

The Easter services did not prove remarkable, resembling in all their essentials those we had seen in Mediterranean countries, except for one important ceremony—that of Holy Thursday, at the end of which, in the chapel of the Corazon, dressed in silver for the occasion, the prefect knelt before the bishop, who hung about his neck a golden key, the key of the Tomb, of which the prefect thus became the custodian until Easter.

In the late afternoon and evening the bishop, with his clergy, visited all the churches of the city one after the other. Most of the people did likewise. Every church and chapel was alight with thousands of twinkling candles, and hung with Easter decorations—not blooms such as we use, but great curtains of blue studded with silver stars, yards of colored cheesecloth, and tawdry paper flowers.

We went last to La Merced and remained there until after dark watching the people and the strange types. When we emerged night had closed in. All along the Calle de la Merced, against the very walls of the church, booths had sprung up, lit by spluttering, smoky lanterns that cast weird lights and heavy shadows upon venders and purchasers alike, as they bargained over tables covered with white-lace cloths. Upon these tables lay the strangest-looking sweetmeats prepared ready for the Easter holidays: candied apples, browned and stuck upon sticks; jellied fruits and sugary cookies; sticky candies; and—a specialty these—swans or doves done in almond paste and laid upon plates surrounded by candied vegetables.

The bishop and his suite issued from the church door, his long purple train carried by acolytes, and slowly and with dignity he took his way down the street toward his palace in the darkness. Every street that we looked down ended in the night; we, too, made our way toward the city gate and the open fields under the stars.

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SOME EARLY MEMORIES

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

Senator from Massachusetts

V

I CAME upon the stage of life just as the remarkable group of men who had made New England and Boston famous in the middle of the nineteenth century were passing off. They included both those who had led Massachusetts in the great struggle which had preceded the Civil War, and those who had made her fame in literature.

In giving my remembrances of those of them whom I saw and knew let me begin with Charles Sumner, of whom I have already spoken, and who is inseparably connected with all the memories of my childhood and youth. Long before he entered public life he was a friend of my grandfather and grandmother Cabot, and was constantly at their house. This friendship was extended to my father and mother, and after Mr. Sumner became senator my father was one of his most ardent supporters. When Sumner by his speeches against slavery had alienated respectable and conservative Boston, the Webster Whigs, the "Silver Grays," the cotton-manufacturers, and business and society all turned against him. He was practically ostracized, and the people among whom he had lived and by whom he had been praised and admired with one accord closed their doors to him. Mr. Henry Adams, as I have already said, told me long afterward that at that time his father's house and my father's were the only ones in Boston, so far as he knew, which remained open to Sumner. The intimacy with my family, therefore, was particularly close. Whenever Sumner was in Boston he dined constantly with us and every summer he passed six weeks or more at Nahant, dividing the time between us and Mr. Longfellow, who was one of his closest and most faithful friends. He is, therefore, to me almost one of the family, as I look back on my early years, and he continued to me the inherited friendship. After my father's death he came to Nahant and stayed with us just as before, and when my sister and I came to have separate houses he divided his time between us. I wrote to ask him to come to me as usual the summer after I returned from Europe, and I give his reply because it shows the affectionate side of Sumner's character, of which, I think, the world knew little.

WASHINGTON
12th April, '73

MY DEAR CABOT

I recognize in your note the friendship of yr father and grandfather, renewed in another generation. It makes me feel that I am not entirely alone in the world.

Thanks! dear Cabot, you touch my heart. I am very feeble; but I hope to reach Nahant and to enjoy the hospitality you so kindly offer.

Thanks also to yr charming wife and to yr mother too.

Ever sincerely
Yrs
CHARLES SUMNER

As a child I looked at him with a feeling of awe and wonder and with a vague idea that he was a great man, although I did not very well know the reasons of the greatness. But I was never afraid of him, for he was always most kind to me, and was wont to ask me in his solemn way about my school and about the books I studied, of which he knew a great deal, and he would also make grave inquiries, as I think he felt bound in duty to do, about my sports and amusements, of which he knew very little. It was not, however, the misty idea that he was a great man which alone made Sumner impressive to my boyish imagination. He was a most imposing figure. Tall, large, not regularly handsome in features, but with a noble head and a fine and intellectual face, no

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one could look upon him and fail to be struck and attracted by his looks and presence. To all this was added that rarest of gifts, a very fine voice, deep and rich with varied tones and always a delight to the ear. If ever a man was physically formed

"The applause of listening senates to command,"

it was Charles Sumner. He was a man of wide learning. He had read everything, was familiar with all the great languages, ancient and modern, had the power of devouring books with extraordinary rapidity and the much more precious gift of remembering everything he read whether important or unimportant. He always reminded me of Macaulay in the extent of his acquirements and in the way in which upon any subject that was started he could give all the facts and dates, deluge the conversation with precedents and parallel cases, and recite long lists of names if opportunity offered. He was nearly contemporary with Macaulay, and I have sometimes wondered whether these attributes of indiscriminate learning, of relentless memory and of readiness in pouring out vast stores of knowledge, were not in a greater or lesser degree characteristic of the period. Sumner did not monopolize the conversation as Macaulay is said to have done and reduce it to a monologue, nor would any one have said of him, as Sydney Smith said of Macaulay, that he had "flashes of silence." Sumner was often silent, entirely ready to listen to others, and never burdensome in conversation. He talked well and if he sometimes talked at length I always found him interesting, which is, I think, a good test, for a very young man is, as a rule, easily wearied. In another way Sumner's learning and memory were less fortunate for him. They led him very naturally to load and lengthen his speeches, not at all for display but merely because it was easy and agreeable to expand and he could not resist the temptation. The result was that he never seemed to me to have received as a speaker and debater the just appreciation to which his presence, his delivery, his beautiful voice, his accomplishments, and his good English entitled him. People were weighed down by the mass and quantity of his utterances; his speeches not only remain, like most other speeches, unread, but they do not seem to me to have in history the attention which their importance and quality alike warrant and justify. He would have been saved from all this if he had possessed a sense of humor, which carries with it a sense of proportion, but had he been so gifted it is possible that he would not have accomplished the noble work or played the great part which fell to him in those momentous years of the war and the antislavery struggle. The absence of humor was probably the defect of his qualities and his virtues, but there can be no doubt of the fact of its absence. I do not mean to suggest that he was morose or solemn or that he frowned on mirth. Quite the contrary was the case. He was always genial and kindly and liked to see others, especially young people, enjoy themselves, but the sense of humor in its true and broad sense was lacking. It was this which made him unable sometimes to see the effect of his own words. Mr. Schurz told me, I remember, an incident which illustrates this point. It was at the time of their quarrel with Grant. Sumner was going to make a speech in the Senate on some question of the administration policy. Mr. Schurz talked the speech over with Sumner and begged him not to indulge in any bitter attacks upon the President and urged him to be temperate in his language, as violence would do more harm than good. Sumner agreed with him and promised to be very careful. When he spoke Schurz said that he was horrified to find that Sumner had apparently utterly forgotten his promise. He launched out into the invective of which he was a master and denounced Grant bitterly and savagely. When he had concluded he turned to Schurz and said: "You saw I was moderate and temperate, and I hope you think that I was wise not to be more severe." Schurz said that after this experience he realized that it was useless to expostulate, for Sumner apparently could not perceive the force of his own words. His remark about his moderation was made in perfectly good faith, and disclosed his lack of humor. This also came out amusingly in much less important ways. Mr. Longfellow, who was devoted to Sumner but entirely conscious of his deficiency in humor, told me, as I have already said, that when the "Biglow Pa-

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pers" first appeared Sumner was staying at his house. It was a rainy afternoon and Mr. Longfellow was obliged to go out, leaving Sumner stretched on the sofa reading Lowell's volume. When he returned he asked Sumner how he liked the poems, and Sumner replied: "They are admirable, very good indeed, but why does he spell his words so badly?" Longfellow said that he attempted to explain that the poems were purposely written in the New England dialect, but Sumner could not understand.

One summer at Nahant I dined at Mr. Longfellow's with Mr. Sumner and some others. Sumner was a collector of china, about which he knew a great deal, as he did about many other things. He told us a story about going to see Lord Exmouth's collection and how fine it was. When he was taking his leave Lord Exmouth gave him two rare plates and offered to send them to his lodgings, but Sumner would not be parted from his prize and insisted on taking them home with him in his cab. When he had concluded his story, which was interesting but long in narration, "Tom" Appleton, Mr. Longfellow's brother-in-law, who was present, said: "A pleasing tale, illustrated with two plates." Everybody laughed, and Sumner, looking about most good-naturedly, said: "What are you all laughing at? I suppose Appleton is up to some mischief, but my story is quite true."

Yet, although Sumner lacked humor he nevertheless could say good things himself which, if not humorous, had much keenness and wit. He was staying at our house shortly after the fall of the second empire and the establishment of the French republic. He had just returned from Paris, where Gambetta had called upon him, and he gave us a most interesting account of their conversation, in which Gambetta had discussed the whole situation and asked Sumner's counsel and advice. He said: "Gambetta rose to go, and as he took my hand he said: 'Ah, M. Sumner, il nous faut un Jefferson!' I replied, 'Trouvez un Washington, M. Gambetta, et un Jefferson arrivera.'" Nothing could have been better.

In the same way, although he could be so bitter in denunciation and use language of the most savage kind about opponents or those who had wronged him without in the least realizing the wounding force of his words, no man had better manners in daily life, manners at once kindly, stately, and dignified, and he could do a courteous act in the most graceful way. A little incident connected with Mr. Motley's appointment as minister to England illustrates this quality in Sumner very well. It was known that Mr. Motley's name was being considered by the President, but there were other aspirants, and there was the usual speculation and uncertainty. At last the President told Sumner that he would appoint Motley. That same evening Motley dined with Sumner. There was a large party and, although there was conversation about the English mission, no one had any idea that the question had been settled. When the dinner had ended and the cloth was removed, Sumner raised his glass and looking at Mr. Motley said in the quietest, most matter-of-fact way: "When does your excellency intend to sail for England?"

Coupled with his deficiency in a sense of humor and akin to it was a curious simplicity of nature. He was not in the least arrogant, to my thinking, although I have heard arrogance charged against him, and he was anything but conceited, but he had vanity, which Mr. Justice Holmes has described "as the most philosophical of those weaknesses which we are taught to despise," in a high degree, and so complete were his credulity and simplicity that designing men could easily take advantage of them. It was not the vanity which offends, for it was too frank, too obvious, too child-like to give offence, but it made him an easy prey to those who wished to profit by it. When in Washington I always dined with Mr. Sumner, and on one occasion Caleb Cushing and John W. Forney were both there, for he almost always had some guests at his very hospitable table, as he disliked being alone. I remember my surprise at seeing Caleb Cushing. In our Free Soil, Republican household his name was anathema as a proslavery Massachusetts Democrat who had sold himself to the South for a cabinet office. I knew nothing of his career. I had only the vague notion acquired in childhood that he was one of the wicked and it never occurred to me that it was possible for me to meet him in any house to which I should be invited,

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least of all in Sumner's. I was, therefore, surprised to find a well-bred man, with a keen, intellectual face, who made himself most agreeable. It was really quite natural that he should have been at Sumner's table, for his last gyration had brought him to a strong support of the Union cause, of which I as a boy had been profoundly ignorant. I recall nothing of his conversation except that it was interesting and tinged with a certain cool cynicism which I now know was characteristic of the man. One thing and only one that he said has clung to my memory. The talk ran on Grant, who had just been elected and who was a warm friend of the former attorney-general. Cushing said: "When the war broke out I said to a friend that I wished I could pick out the subaltern in the army who would be the next President of the United States, and now here he is."

The other guest, Forney, was very different. He devoted himself to deluging his host with flattery, unexpurgated and unabridged, which the subject of the eulogy received smilingly and without deprecation. I had been brought up in an atmosphere charged with affection and admiration for Sumner, but this sort of adulation I had never heard, and I sat by in silent amazement, wondering greatly, feeling uncomfortable, and sympathizing with Sumner, who, I thought, must feel uncomfortable too, a belief in which I was quite mistaken.

I saw another example of the same weakness with a man who certainly had no private end to serve. On several occasions when Sumner dined at our house in Boston my mother asked Wendell Phillips, and no one else, to meet him. Wendell Phillips was a most delightful man in private life and particularly so at a family dinner of the kind to which I refer. But I was amazed at the frankness with which he flattered Sumner, and still more, as in the case of Forney, at the way in which Sumner accepted it with a pleased smile and without a murmur of dissent. Phillips did this either because he liked to gratify Sumner or because he was moved by an underlying malice of which he was entirely capable, and derived a certain cynical enjoyment from the exhibition of a human and wholly harmless weakness.

I have thus far spoken only of Sumner's foibles because it would be impossible to understand him or know him without realizing them. But these peculiarities which I have described, although used against him by his enemies, were foibles and nothing more, and did not really affect the essential greatness of the man. For Sumner was a really great man and did a great work in the stormy times in which he lived. Justice, in many instances, has not been done to him, and even among those who have praised him he has not been rightly praised, because both the praise and the blame have been awarded on what seems to me a mistaken view of his life and work. A man should be judged and criticised for what he was, not because he was not something else, or because he failed to be what he was not and never tried to be.

Sumner, by nature, was a dreamer, a man of meditation, a man of books and a lover of learning. By the circumstances of the time and by the hand of fate he was projected into a scene of intense action and fierce struggle. He there played a leading part but his nature was not changed. He remained at bottom a dreamer and a man of books. Everything that interested him, great or small, he approached from the precincts and with the habits of the library, and in the manner of a deep-delving student. I have spoken of his love of china and porcelains. He was fond of them and had made quite a collection, not only of examples of European manufacture, but of Chinese and Japanese work, at that period little understood or appreciated. Yet this interest, which to most persons is merely a taste and an amusement, was to Sumner a subject of research and study. How good his judgment was I cannot undertake to say, but he had mastered all the learning and read all the books on the subject, and could talk of the history and processes of manufacture and of the great makers by the hour together. As a matter of course, Sumner had a good library and knew of books, but he became interested in bindings, and I remember hearing him on more than one occasion discourse of bindings and famous binders in a manner which would lead a casual observer to think that book-binding had been the study and occupation of his

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life. It was the same in regard to pictures, architecture, and sculpture, all subjects in which he was interested. It was inevitable that he should carry the same habits and propensities into the serious work of his life, and that, whenever he made a speech upon any subject, his learning should flow out copiously at every new point. This led, as I have said, to his overloading his speeches when he should have used the stores of his reading and memory with reserve and solely for illustration or decoration. His wide historical knowledge, as well as his legal training, fitted him peculiarly for the treatment of international questions, and for the important position of chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, which he held so long and which attained to greater authority in his hands than in those of any other of the many able men who have held the same place. The work of that committee was not only agreeable to Sumner, but was peculiarly suited to him and he was one of the guiding forces in our foreign policy during the trying and difficult years of the Civil War. He was intense in his Americanism; all the unequalled attention which he had received abroad, especially in England, never affected him in the slightest degree where the interests of his own country were concerned. He was severely criticised for his extravagant advocacy of the untenable "indirect claims" which came so near to wrecking the Geneva arbitration. But I have always thought that Sumner's precise object was to break up the arbitration, because he did not believe it to be the wise course for the United States to take. Sumner felt deeply the conduct of England during our Civil War. The very fact of his many friendships in England made his resentment all the keener.

When the war closed it seemed to him that the time had come for a final settlement, and that settlement to him meant the acquisition of Canada. Mr. Charles Francis Adams has shown recently how near we were to that solution, for at that period England had none of the feeling about her colonies which she has to-day. The free-trade school was in the ascendant, and the general feeling was one of indifference to the colonies coupled with a readiness to let them go if they so desired. Sumner's policy was to refuse all arbitration with England as to the *Alabama* depredations and the other wrongs she had inflicted upon us during the Civil War, and to take Canada as an indemnity, thereby closing the door to all future difficulties with Great Britain. He believed the transfer would be peaceable, but with the greatest army of tried and veteran soldiers then existent and with an equally powerful navy he was quite prepared for a war which could have had but one issue. The policy was feasible, and if we had then taken Canada many questions would have been laid at rest forever. We accepted arbitration, an apology, and fifteen millions of money. Perhaps it was the wisest as it was certainly the safest course, but Sumner's policy was none the less strong, intelligent, far-seeing, and final.

In regard to Cuba, when the insurrection broke out which culminated in the affair of the *Virginius*, Sumner declared the presence of Spain in the Western hemisphere to be an anachronism. He did not press for active measures against Spain because there were still slaves in Cuba and that chilled his sympathy. But he saw the true situation before others had grasped it, and declared that what was done thirty years later was inevitable and ought to come to pass. He was a generation ahead of his time in his views of our relations to Spain and of the final result which was inevitable because Spain was an anachronism in America.

It was the same in regard to the treatment of the South when the war closed. Sumner believed that the true course was to divide the States lately in rebellion into military districts without regard to State lines, and give them for a time a purely military government. This opinion came from no fanatical hatred of the South, for Sumner was the most generous of victors and was denounced by the Massachusetts legislature for proposing to remove from the battle-flags the names of our victories in the Civil War because he believed in obliterating all outward signs of the triumph of one American over another. Again he was ahead of his time, and his plan for temporary military government arose from his belief that it would be best in the end for all concerned. The only real alternative for Sumner's policy was to let the Southern States come back as

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if nothing had happened. For this high trust the South showed itself unfit; for they seemed to have learned nothing and began at once to thrust the negro back into practical slavery by means of the peonage laws. On the other hand, the North thought military government too extreme, and too much at variance with American principles. The result was neither one plan nor the other, and we had reconstruction based on negro rule with all its failures and miseries. Sumner's policy would have spared the country all this and it would have been better for the South, which would have preferred the government of the army to that which we forced upon them.

Sumner was a statesman in the largest sense, although not a legislator who drafted laws and attended to legislative details. Still less was he a politician, for he cared nothing about politics in the ordinary acceptation of the word. Yet it is not on his statesmanship or his power as an orator that his fame finally depends. Sumner's greatness rests securely on the fact that he was the representative of an idea. He stood for human freedom. He was among the first of what have been well called the human-rights statesmen of that period. He was one of the great leaders among the men of 1848 when the movement for political liberty swept over the world of Western civilization, and when it was believed that in political liberty, in manhood suffrage, and in a republican form of government, whether in Italy or Austria, in France or Germany, or among the negroes of the South, would be found a cure for all the ills and miseries of mankind. It was a noble faith; its champions accomplished a great work for humanity. Their success did not bring a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, for, alas, there is no such panacea, but they made the lot of mankind better and rendered an inestimable service to their fellow-men. Sumner was one of the greatest among them in his devotion to the cause. Not only by what he said but by what he suffered, and above all by what he was in character and attainments, he was enabled to strike the most deadly blows at slavery ever dealt up to that time in Congress. He had the spirit of the martyr and the crusader. He was entirely fearless. He never would compromise, retreat, or flinch. He was just the man most needed in the conflict which culminated in the ten years preceding the Civil War, and in that period he fills a great place.

As I saw him he was a lovable man. He was kindness itself, gentle and affectionate in our household, of which he was so often a part. But as I look back on that vanished time I see now that which I vaguely felt then—what a pathetic, almost tragic, figure he was. He was singularly lonely. He had no near relations after the death of his brother George. His marriage proved most unhappy, and led to separation and renewed isolation. He never fully recovered from the Brooks assault, and the disease of the heart which finally caused his death produced acute suffering. Yet he never complained. He bore loneliness and physical pain alike in silence and with a smiling face. He had high moral courage and never cried out under the blows of fate. His career is a part, and a large part, of the history of his time. I have no thought of rewriting it here in these rambling recollections, but I wished to give the impression which was left with me by close association with a remarkable man in the days of childhood and youth, and of whom I had that near view which sometimes brings a better understanding than official records or the researches of the historian.

There were no others of the antislavery leaders, the "human-rights" statesmen who came into control of Massachusetts politics during the fifties and who played so large a part in the history of the United States, whom I knew and saw so closely as Sumner. Henry Wilson, Sumner's colleague in the Senate, was little more than a name to me until I met him in Washington when he was Vice-President and shortly before his death. I then had a long talk with him. He knew about me and about the friendship of my family with Sumner, and he was most kind and pleasant. I noted in a diary the fact of my talk with him, but made no memoranda of the conversation, which has now entirely escaped my memory. I remember very well, however, just how he looked—large, fair, with a florid complexion, a pleasant voice, and agreeable manner. He was a man of remarkable qualities, for he had worked his way up from as low a starting-point as it is pos-

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sible to conceive. It was said that he was the son of English gypsies, and that his name was really Coldbath, which, I have been told, is a characteristic gypsy name in England. However this may be, he was born in the utmost obscurity and poverty. He had no chance for any schooling and no friends to help him. He learned the trade of shoemaker, made his own living, educated himself, entered politics, rose to be one of the leaders of the Republican party in Massachusetts, then became senator, and died Vice-President of the United States. He was not only able to hold his own in the great positions he filled, but, so far as I could see, there was no trace of roughness about him, or of that almost ferocious self-assertion which is so apt to show itself in men who have fought their way from humble beginnings and through great difficulties up to success. He was dignified and simple in manner, and there was nothing to suggest to any one, seeing him as I did, that he was not to the manner born.

Governor Andrew I never really knew, although as a child I saw him often at his home, for I knew his family well, and his oldest son, who died comparatively young, was a close friend of mine for many years. We served together in the legislature and in Congress, and although we parted politically our friendship was never in the slightest degree interrupted. He was very quick and clever, a delightful companion, a loyal friend, but he did not possess his father's ability nor his unusual strength and depth of feeling. As I have just said, I never knew the governor, for he died while I was still a boy, soon after the war, worn out by his labors during those terrible years. Yet Governor Andrew remains in my memory as one of the most vivid figures of my early days, just as he was one of the commanding figures of the time, a great war governor, a pillar of support to Lincoln and the Union cause. I see him now with greater clearness than many persons whom I knew a great deal better. My vision of him is always as he stood reviewing the troops when they marched past the State-house, and I used to look after him, when I passed him in the street, with wondering eyes. To me, who had never been beyond the borders of Boston and its neighborhood, he seemed the incarnation of the government, of freedom, and of union. A short, heavily built, squarely solid figure, a large head covered with tight, curling light hair, a smooth, round face, and inseparable spectacles, he was not physically the kind of man who would by his looks appeal to a boy's imagination as a hero. Yet to me he was unquestionably heroic. I cannot recall a word that he uttered when, a small unit in the crowd, I heard him speak. I was moved because everybody about me was moved by what he said, and the contagion of a crowd is very powerful. Still, the fact of the impression remained, and I now explain it by the man's real greatness, by his sincerity of soul, and, above all, by his emotional force, which so carried his audiences away and which struck so deep into my boyish imagination that my recollection of him has never been effaced or even dimmed.

Doctor S. G. Howe was another of the antislavery leaders whom I cannot be said to have known, but who stands out sharply in my memory. Both he and Mrs. Howe were friends of my mother, to whom, as a young girl, Doctor Howe's expedition to Greece and his part in the war of liberation made him appear, as indeed he was, a romantic hero with the temper and courage of a crusading knight. I think I saw him first when I was fourteen years old and went to a picnic at the Howe place near Newport. I looked at him with eager curiosity, for I had not only heard of his exploits and wild adventures in behalf of Greek liberty but the story of Laura Bridgman was familiar to me, and I had always wanted to see the man who had worked such wonders. Doctor Howe, as so seldom happens, fully satisfied my imagination. He was a most striking-looking man, hawk-eyed, hawk-nosed, with the expression of wild daring which I expected. The Laura Bridgman side was not apparent, at least to a small boy staring at the hero of many adventures. Yet that was really the dominant side, for if ever a man lived who without a thought of self devoted his life to helping his fellow-men, the poor, the deformed, the crippled in mind and body, all the heavy-laden of our struggling humanity, it was Doctor Howe. That such a man should cast himself into the movement to free the slaves was inevitable. He had no love for politics, but he fought the battle of the slave politically

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and in every other way, on the plains of Kansas and in the streets of Boston. He was one of Sumner's closest and most devoted friends, a friend who never flattered and was all the more valuable to Sumner on that account.

Of Wendell Phillips I saw much more, as it happened, after I grew up. He cannot be said to have belonged to the group of human-rights statesmen who took possession of the stage when I was a child and held it for many years afterward, for he was not a statesman and never acted long with anybody. Brought up in a Free Soil, Republican household, I had imbibed the notion that Phillips was an agitator who injured the good cause. His assaults on the union of States, his denunciation of the Constitution, and his attacks upon Lincoln all combined to foster this idea. Later, as I began to think for myself, these early impressions were strengthened by Phillips's support of Butler and Butler's candidacy for governor of Massachusetts, by his zeal for the negro governments of the South, by his praise of assassination in the case of the Czar, in his Phi Beta Kappa speech, and by his reckless diatribes against everybody who crossed his path. He was in truth an Ishmael and his hand was against every man's. When Judge Hoar, on being asked if he was going to Phillips's funeral, replied, "No, I cannot go, but I entirely approve of the proceedings," he expressed by his jest the general feeling about Phillips. Yet when I came to know Wendell Phillips, although I did not alter my opinion of him as a public man, I could not help being attracted by him personally. He was tall, singularly high-bred and distinguished-looking, handsome, and with the most beautiful voice, I think, that I ever heard. The well-known anecdote of Lord Morpeth and Mr. Ticknor gives the best idea of the way Phillips appeared so far as mere exterior went. Lord Morpeth was in this country in 1842. In Boston he stayed with Mr. Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, who had travelled much and had made a business of seeing every one of note. He therefore, very naturally, took charge of most of the distinguished foreigners who visited Boston. Lord Morpeth, standing at the window of Mr. Ticknor's house in Park Street, said: "Who are those two men walking together? They are the most aristocratic, the most distinguished-looking men I have seen in America." Mr. Ticknor looked out and said: "Those men are Edmund Quincy and Wendell Phillips, two abolitionists and agitators, violent, dangerous persons." Mr. Ticknor was a conservative, a friend of Webster, a "cotton" or "hunker" Whig, as they were afterward called, and Lord Morpeth's comment on Quincy and Phillips was not to him a sympathetic observation. Yet the two agitators were entitled to their looks, if birth, good family, and generations of education and refinement mean anything. But Mr. Ticknor regarded them much as an anarchist of the extreme type is regarded now, and could not see them in any other light. I was too young to have known Mr. Ticknor, but I remember as a boy seeing him constantly walking slowly in the sunshine on winter days along Beacon Street, where we then lived, not far from his house. He was short, looked like a typical elderly Englishman of the Palmerstonian period, had rather a stern expression and an air of conscious importance. He was a man of learning and real scholarship, especially in his own department of Spanish literature, and did most admirable work in that field. But he was, I imagine, somewhat conceited and arrogant, and these qualities, together with his political attitude during the years of the war and those immediately preceding it, had made him unpopular.

But I have drifted away from Phillips. Through our common descent from John Walley, the provincial lieutenant-general of the time of William III, we were kinsfolk, and my father, to whom Phillips's fearlessness appealed, had always kept up relations with him. My mother had always known him, and despite his many violences and many attacks had, I think, retained a certain admiration for his early services to the antislavery cause in the very dark days when few people dared to say a word upon that perilous subject. In any event, he used to dine with us now and then, especially when Sumner was at our house. It is on those occasions that I best remember him. He had a most delightful manner and was a most agreeable and interesting talker. He was a man of wide reading and talked

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well on many subjects. He cared nothing for accuracy; his many enemies said he cared nothing for the truth, but this failing does not make conversation less amusing, however much it impairs its moral value. He would also say witty and bitter things about people whom he disliked, and they were many, but all in his quietest manner and in the most silvery tones of his beautiful voice. I remember very well how interesting he was once in discussing public speaking, of which it is needless to say he was a great master, and the rules to be observed. "Use the conversational tone as much as you can," he said; "in fact, no other if possible, for in that way the inflections are preserved which are all lost when a man shouts. Moreover, shouting and roaring often defeat themselves by mere noise and monotony. Making an audience hear depends on the pitch, not on the loudness of the voice. Another great point overlooked by most speakers is the position of the head and the direction in which you send your voice. Most speakers drop the head a little and talk to the people seated in the middle of the hall on the floor level. Nobody hears them, or hears only very imperfectly, back of that point in the audience. Always talk to the most remote man in the gallery. If you can make him hear, as you can with a proper pitch and clear enunciation, everybody between you and him will hear too." I had no thought at that time that I should ever make a public speech, but what Phillips said struck me very much. I always remembered the simple rules he laid down that evening, and they have been of the utmost use to me in speaking, at all times and under all conditions.

Another of the leaders of the Free Soil movement whom I came to know in those years, and who was of a very different type from the men I have already mentioned, was Mr. Charles Francis Adams. Through my intimacy with two of his sons, Henry and Brooks, the youngest of the family who had been in college with me, and also as a member of the Historical Society and of the Wednesday Evening Club, I saw a good deal of him. He was not an easy man to know, and he was the reverse of expansive, but I watched him with interest and talked with him whenever I had a chance. He was a short, strongly built man with a very marked resemblance to his father, John Quincy Adams, and the characteristic look of the family. His forehead was broad, with abundant room behind it. His features were sharply cut, the eye keen, and the jaw, his most noticeable feature, large, square, and strong, giving an impression of a grip like a bull-dog. His mouth corresponded to the jaw, not handsome, but of straight, clear line and, as Carlyle said of Webster's, "accurately closed." Altogether his head and face gave an unmistakable impression of intellectual power, of iron will and calm determination. He seemed always perfectly poised, absolutely sure of himself and of his own self-control. The outward appearance told the truth. Mr. Adams had all these qualities in a high degree. He was popularly supposed to be hard and cold-blooded, and his political enemies made this charge in season and out of season. Superficially there may have been reason for the popular idea, but I am sure that he was neither cold-blooded nor hard. I know that he was a man of warm affections; I think that he possessed naturally a high temper, but he concealed the one and controlled the other. He was very reserved, and reserve and self-control, as is often the case, were mistaken for hardness and coldness of disposition. I met him abroad when he was in Europe on the Geneva arbitration, and I saw him often in Boston afterward. He was very taciturn, joined but little in general conversation, but when I got an opportunity to talk with him he was as kind and pleasant as possible. He never, so far as I could see, talked about himself or his experiences or what he had done. His talk, always good, marked by an independence of opinion and by great lucidity both of thought and expression, was always impersonal, but was none the less interesting, although it was somewhat remote and detached. Yet it never lacked strength and was wholly free from anything like arrogance or conceit. I recall one little anecdote which Mr. Adams told me that interested me very much, for it was one of those stories which bring men long dead close to us, and make them live again for a moment. Stuart painted a portrait of John Adams in extreme old age when he was nearing his ninetieth year. It is a

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very fine portrait of the old man leaning on his cane. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, a boy of eighteen, used to keep his grandfather company during the sittings and watch the painter at work. He said that Stuart, who was old too and near the end of his career, was physically feeble. Both his hands shook violently. From a quivering palette he would take his color and with his brush shaking and trembling he would touch the picture. Mr. Adams said it looked as if he might dash the paint on anywhere, but the brush always touched the portrait, extraordinary as it seemed, in exactly the right spot and in the right way. Despite his shaking hands and trembling fingers the old artist never made a mistake.

Mr. Adams left with me not only a feeling of affection and a memory of kindness, but the assurance that he was a very strong, very able, very remarkable man. He was stanch and true and entirely fearless, an American in every fibre, a patriot of the highest type of patriotism. He was as providential in his place as minister to England during our Civil War as Lincoln was in the White House. The heir and representative of a line of statesmen, trained in history, diplomacy, and politics as very few men ever are, he met the public men of England on something more than an equality. He could not be awed or overridden, he was as highly trained as the best of them, abler and stronger than any whom he encountered, and much better informed. He was calm and quite incapable of bluster or violence, but when the right moment came he could strike harder than any one and with all the pent-up force of the strong man who knows how to wait. I have always thought that he went through those four terrible years of unparalleled difficulty, trial, and danger without making a single mistake and with the utmost degree of effectiveness. There could be no higher praise.

Another man distinguished in public life in the trying years which preceded the Civil War whom I came to know well at the time was Robert C. Winthrop. In politics he was the antipodes of the men I have thus far mentioned, and in the atmosphere in which I had been brought up I had imbibed the vague idea that he was little better than a pro-slavery Democrat and that like Webster he had made the great refusal and abandoned the cause of freedom and of the country. When I came to know him I changed my conception of him very materially, although I never thought that he was right in the political course which he adopted. He was president of the Historical Society when I became a member and I think that my election was largely due to him. He was nearly seventy when I first knew him and seemed to me much older, for he appeared to cultivate an appearance of age, although he was really strong and active and lived to be over eighty. To me he was kindness itself. His first wife, the mother of his children, was a cousin of my grandfather, and he took a great deal of interest in the work I was doing in collecting my great-grandfather's letters and preparing a memoir of him. A descendant of John Winthrop, the founder and first governor of Massachusetts, he was a gentleman in every sense and in the best sense. His manner was formal and very courteous, with the savor of an elder day. He was accomplished, a scholar in the old and generous acceptation of the word, widely read, widely travelled, and a most delightful companion. Early in life he had entered politics and had been highly successful. From the legislature he had gone to Congress and had been elected speaker when the Whigs had control. He was a Whig candidate for the Senate and had filled an unfinished term, but had lost his election owing to the rising antislavery tide and to the coalition which had swept Massachusetts from her Whig moorings. This was the end of Mr. Winthrop's political career. He could not bring himself to accept Republicanism. He fell out of the race and ended by opposing the Republican ticket and losing all hold upon the people of Massachusetts. He was embittered by his experience but he did not complain, behaving with dignity and turning to historical subjects for occupation. Only once did the old feeling flash up in all my talks with him. One day we were discussing Webster, with whom I had always placed him as an ally and follower, and to my great surprise he spoke of Webster with a bitterness and energy which revealed to me a vigor and intensity of feeling of which I had not thought him capable. I do not remember what the precise grievance was, but he felt that

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Webster had betrayed him and he had not forgiven him. The real man came to the surface through the gracious formal manner, and I was interested to see what a strong man of very human feelings the real man was. Mr. Winthrop was an orator of much power. His style was of his day, stately, careful, and dignified, and his addresses and orations on many notable occasions gave him a large reputation throughout the country. But what I think of chiefly as I recall him is the kindly, high-bred gentleman, thoughtful and well-mannered, who was always so helpful and encouraging to a young man who had no claim upon him except that we both loved books and history.

Let me turn now from the men of public affairs to the men of letters whom I remember from my boyhood and whom I knew or came to know in the years which followed my return from Europe. I was born just at the time when the remarkable group of writers who made New England and Massachusetts famous were at their zenith or rising to their highest achievement. In the fifties *The Atlantic Monthly* was started and the essays of the "Autocrat" begun. The first series of the "Biglow Papers" had been written, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Longfellow had already won their fame, and Prescott, Motley, and Bancroft had established their reputations as historians. Hawthorne I never saw, a misfortune I deeply regret, for I should have liked to possess at least a memory of his looks. All the others I saw frequently and in the process of the years came to know personally and well. Let me begin with the one whom I knew first and who is associated with my very earliest memories, John Lothrop Motley. Mr. and Mrs. Motley, although much younger, were intimate friends of my grandfather and grandmother Cabot, and this friendship was extended to my father and mother. Lady Harcourt, Mr. Motley's oldest daughter, was named Elizabeth Cabot for my aunt, a very beautiful girl who died when she was only nineteen years old. Whenever the Motleys were in the country, as I have already said, they stayed with us at Nahant; I was taught to call them uncle and aunt, and the friendship thus begun with their three daughters has lasted through life, undiminished and unchanged either by time or separation. Mrs. Motley, whom I loved much better than most of my blood relations, was a handsome woman of unusual charm, warm affections, and with an intensity of feeling and an energy of opinion, when she was moved, which made her only the more attractive.

It is not easy for me to describe Mr. Motley, for the very reason that he was so entirely a part of my childish world that I accepted him as a matter of course, just as I did my father and mother, and never thought of looking at him from the outside point of view. He was a very handsome man; that fact impressed me at a very early day. He had, as I realized later, a singularly high-spirited look, eager, sensitive, proud; he always made me think of a thoroughbred horse, with its brilliant eyes just touched with wildness, its quick response to every movement, its undaunted courage which holds until nature gives way and it drops, never to rise again. Mr. Motley's nature corresponded to his looks. He had great intensity of feeling coupled, of course, with an unusual power of expressing it. His opinions were strong, and calculating discretion never caused their concealment. As is common in such sensitive and emotional natures, he was full of fun and humor, which always lie near the sources of anger or of tears. He was deeply loyal to his friends and very bitter toward his enemies. He felt keenly and fiercely resented wrong, whether to himself, to his friends, or to the weak and oppressed; above all, he resented any wrong to his country, for despite his living so much in Europe he was an ardent American, intense in his patriotism as in all else.

The romantic movement in literature and art was in full strength as Mr. Motley came to manhood and like other men of imagination he was in entire sympathy with it and was a part of it. He began his literary life with two novels, "Merry Mount" and "Morton's Hope." The stories dealt with one of the episodes of the early settlement of New England, which was enveloped in an atmosphere of mystery and romance not too common in the history of the grim struggle to found a State on that bleak and rugged coast. These romances were by no means devoid of merit, but they had no great success, and were overshadowed by the genius which, going to the same field, produced "The Scarlet Let-

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ter," the "Twice Told Tales," and "The House of the Seven Gables." Mr. Motley was dissatisfied with them and never alluded to them. They were not republished and have been long out of print, a rarity for the collector of first editions. Leaving fiction to others, Mr. Motley turned to history and selected as his subject the struggle of the Dutch for liberty and independence. No part of modern history could have been better adapted to his talents and his temperament. His love of liberty, his gallant spirit, his hatred of oppression, were all appealed to by the heroic battle of the Dutch against the power of Spain, and the romantic episodes of that long fight against overwhelming odds touched the chords which vibrated so readily in those days of successful revolt against the dry, cold conventions of the eighteenth century. With a care and diligence remarkable in one of his quick mind and impatient temper he explored the archives and toiled through untouched and original authorities like the veriest antiquarian. The result was "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," which had an immediate and great success, both at home and abroad, and which made his fame secure. He carried into his books the same energy of enthusiasm which made him so inspiring and so fascinating in private life. Long before I had read his history or knew anything of the period I had become deeply interested in all his heroes, especially in William the Silent, just from hearing him talk about them. He made me feel as if they were all alive and fighting their great fight at that moment and boy-like I longed to be a "Beggar of the Sea," and hated Philip II with an energy which I confess a larger knowledge has not diminished. Mr. Motley comes back to me now, as I recall those early days, with his flashing eye, his high-spirited look, his head flung back, talking with eager eloquence about Egmont and Horn and William of Orange, or about American slavery and North and South, always with the same intensity when he was moved, and with the same hatred of wrong and oppression, whether among the dikes of Holland or on the plantations of the South. I wish that I could manage to give in words some idea of the effect of his presence and manner which in some ways were the most striking I have seen in any man. But my attempt at description seems to me painfully inadequate. He had something in his look, something in his manner, which arrested attention as soon as he entered a room and was in some indefinable way at once exciting and inspiring. In reading the pleasant reminiscences of Lady St. Helier I was much gratified to notice that Mr. Motley produced upon her the very effect which I have tried to describe. She says: "There are some figures and faces one can never forget, and Mr. Motley was one of the most striking people I have ever seen. At this moment the impression he made upon me is as vivid as on that evening when I first looked upon the author of one of the most entertaining books of history that it is possible to read." When I read this testimony of a disinterested and keen observer I felt that my own impression of Mr. Motley's striking looks and inspiriting manner had not gone astray through the influence of propinquity and affection. He was, as Lady St. Helier says, one of the rare people who are not only vivid but can never fall a prey to forgetfulness among those who have seen and known them. He had, and I am inclined to think that his books had, something of that "wrath and partiality" which Byron admired in a historian. But these qualities make his writings more and not less attractive, especially in these days of "scientific history" when it is the fashion of a certain school to hold that history is not literature, unmindful of the fact that it is only the history which is also literature which survives and is read and so serves to enlighten and convince the world.

The success of the Republican party found Mr. Motley in Europe, where he plunged into the fray in defence of the Union cause, outraged by the attitude of England and English opinion. He was soon appointed minister to Vienna, and there we found him late in the winter of 1867 and renewed the old friendship and intimacy. When he returned to the United States after Grant's election he was constantly at our house in Boston. That was, I think, the happiest time of his life. His place as a historian had been won, the Union cause in which his heart was bound up had triumphed, his party was successful, and he was on the eve of the recognition to which both his success in literature and his public services entitled him. I wish

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that I had known enough to make notes of his talks in those days, as they ranged from affairs at home over European politics and the history of the seventeenth century. I can only recall his description of Bismarck, then just assuming his great place in Europe and with whom Motley had been intimate as a fellow-student at Göttingen. Bismarck's greatest achievements were still in the future, but Mr. Motley had the utmost confidence in his powers and told us much of those qualities of force and intellect about which the world was then wondering and speculating.

Mr. Motley was appointed minister to England, and his ambition was gratified. Into the unhappy incidents which led to his quarrel with the administration and his removal from office this is not the place to enter. The blow was a cruel one. To a man of his sensitive nature and quick feelings it was wounding to the last degree. When we were abroad in 1871–2 we went to The Hague, whither he had gone to complete his life of John of Barneveldt, and there we saw him and all the family as full of kindness and affection for us as ever. A proud man, Mr. Motley kept a brave face to the world, but in his own house he could not and did not conceal his bitter resentment at the treatment which he had received. I could see how much he had changed under the wrongs which he felt had been inflicted upon him. The old enmities and the old friendships, the intense feeling, the deep interest in past and present were unaltered, but the high spirits, the fun and the laughter, always so engaging, were largely gone, and his talk was tinged with bitterness, while there was an air of depression about him when he was silent which had never been there before and which it was sad to see.

When I saw him next, three years later, it was still sadder. Mrs. Motley had died and the light of his life had gone out. He had been crushed under the blow, and had suffered a touch of paralysis from which he was rallying, but which affected his walk although not seriously. He came home in 1875, and passed the summer with my mother at her house in Nahant, his two daughters, the eldest, now Lady Harcourt, and the youngest (now Mrs. Mildmay), being with him. I saw him constantly during all that summer, was with him almost every day, and I think that I was of some comfort to him. His mind was as keen, as brilliant, as ever, and although he was broken in spirit he liked to talk of history, of the events of the world past and present, and of the men he had known. He also took the most affectionate interest in all that I was doing, in my hopes and ambitions, in my speculations about life and its meaning. How much I wish now that I had made some note or record of those long talks, but I enjoyed them and let them pass, as is the fashion of youth. I can only recall one little remark and why that should have struck me and remained in my memory I cannot tell, except that it seemed to body forth the sensitiveness of Mr. Motley's nature and the sadness which then pervaded him. We were on the Point one evening toward autumn and watched the moon rise out of the sea and slowly climb upward from the horizon. It was a fine, cool night and the moonlight was very clear and brilliant. He remarked upon it and I said: "Nothing could be more brilliant except our moonlight in winter glittering on the snow." He turned on me almost fiercely and said: "I cannot bear moonlight on the snow. I hate it. It is so cold, so cruel, so unfeeling." He had suffered so much in his pride and his affections that he quivered under the slightest touch, and even the thought of the cold radiance of a moonlit winter night pained him.

He returned to England that autumn. He wrote to me occasionally, delightful and affectionate letters, and I shall yield to the temptation of giving one or two of them here, for he died two years later and I never saw him again.

5 Seamore Place,
Mayfair
London, 11 *March*, '76.

My Dear Cabot:

I ought to have sooner acknowledged and thanked you for your kind and interesting letter of 25 Jan., together with the excellent centennial number of the *N. A. R.*

Unluckily writing is more difficult to me than ever as in addition to unsteadiness of right hand has come dimness of right eye —so that I am inclined to howl "solve senescentem" to all to whom I owe letters. At the same time with national recklessness I am all for contracting fresh obliga-

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tions while in a state of notorious bankruptcy.

So I beg you to write to me frequently, constantly, unremittedly. I should so much like to hear from you as often as you can find a spare quarter of an hour to enlighten me a little as to our political conditions.

You say in your letter "in politics, as you have probably seen, there is the most absolute calm. But it is only the treacherous stillness which precedes the storm."

Truly you are a prophet and the grandson of a prophet—for is not the gale blowing freshly enough now?

I only hope it may blow away some of the vile effluvia by which the political atmosphere has become almost too poisonous for human existence.

Certainly the daily telegrams from Washington to the London press make every patriotic and honest American hang his head.

But I believe in the American people nevertheless as I always have done and I trust that this very putrid administration will soon be buried out of sight with all its belongings.

I have had read to me two of the articles in the *N. A. R.* and shall have the others read also. I liked those on politics and on economic science very much.

Is your thesis on Anglo Saxon Law printed? If so would you send me a copy?

I should like to have the *N. A. R.* regularly sent to the above address. If you will kindly attend to it and send the bill to J. L. Stackpole. I hope future numbers will have many articles from your (and my) favorite author.

Give all our love to your wife and mother and believe me always

Affectionately yours,

J. L. Motley.

P. S.—When you see Professor Peirce I wish you would give my love to him and tell him how much I wish to thank him for his most kind and genial reference to myself at the Harvard Club dinner. It gratified and touched me very deeply. I need not say how interesting the whole speech was.

Kingston, Russell House,
Dorchester,
Dorset, 2 *June*, 76.

My Dear Cabot:

I received the letter you were kind enough just two months ago to write to me and had very great pleasure and I may add instruction in reading it—which I did several times—besides showing it to one or two persons able to comprehend and kindly enough to sympathize with the mental condition of honest men in the present shameful condition of our politics.

As I never despaired for one moment throughout our war with slavery from the beginning of it to the end, so I am able to hope now. I believe that the American people have not yet sold themselves to the devil. It looks very like it just now. It looked very like it during the long period of compromise and prevarication which preceded the war. But the people are better and braver than the politicians. They found out the issue then. I hope they will again. I trust they will smash paper money as they smashed slavery and at much less expense. I even hope to live long enough to see a beginning of purification in the Civil Service. As soon as the vile phrases "to the victors the spoils" and "rotation in office" can be expunged from the politicians' creed there may be a chance for decent government. Not till then.

I also received the invitation* which you sent to me thinking I might like to see it. Of course I understood that it was not addressed to me personally and so did not answer it. I trust it is hardly necessary for me to say how fully I am in sympathy with the object and the men. Only in this way can that most vulgar and dangerous tyrant King Caucus and his elaborate and skillful system be deposed and destroyed. Since your letter came I see by the papers that the movement in which you did such good service has proved a success even if you don't force either Bristow or Tilden this time. But I think you will. Probably the latter.

I hope you may find time to write me again. The sooner the better. I take great interest in you and I am likewise much interested in what you write. I wish I could send you something in return. But I am in the deepest retirement and I am also rather shaky so that writing is a great effort. Nothing however could be more insipid than English politics or more intensely respectable.

I shall look for your impending publica-

* This refers to the gathering known as "The Fifth Avenue Conference."

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tion with greatest interest. Meantime with much love to your Mother and your Wife I am

Always Affectionately yours,
J. L. Motley.

One other American historian of that time who was nearly ten years younger than Motley I knew well, and my remembrance of Francis Parkman, and of his friendship and unvarying kindness to me, is among the best of the possessions which are assured to me by the grim security of the past.

Some years ago Theodore Roosevelt and I published a little volume entitled "Hero Tales of American History," and I found a subject for one of the tales which I tried to tell in the life of Parkman. One does not look usually to the lives of historians and men of letters for examples of heroism and yet if there ever was a heroic life and a victory of will and courage over pain and infirmity, it was that of the man who wrote the books which tell the story of the great struggle between France and England for the control of the American continent. For many years practically blind, never able to use his eyes except in the most limited way, crippled at times physically by affections of the nerves, a constant sufferer from sleeplessness and intense pain in the head, he examined difficult manuscripts, toiled through dusty archives, amassed material for an almost untouched subject, and wrote a great history in many volumes. If he had simply cared for his health and borne without complaint that long disease, his life, those who knew him would justly have wondered at and admired such fortitude. But he trampled pain and infirmity under foot, performed an amount of labor which would have been heavy for the strongest, and if ever there was a high and victorious spirit it was his. As to his work, I agree with my friend Mr. Rhodes that it is the one achievement of an American historian which belongs to that small number of histories which never become obsolete and are never superseded. There is no room for the discovery of new material sufficient to supplant his story or seriously modify his conclusions. It will be no more possible for the future historians of the American continent to push Parkman aside than it is for new writers on the Roman Empire or the early middle ages to relegate Gibbon to obscurity or remove him from the lonely height which he occupies with Thucydides and Tacitus. So thorough was Parkman's work that but little new material exists untouched by him and his histories have, moreover, the enduring qualities of precision, fairness, and dignity, as well as a finished and simple style, usually somewhat cold but capable of rising to great heights, as in the chapter which describes the victory and death of Wolfe and the defeat and death of Montcalm, heroic figures both.

I remember well seeing Mr. Parkman when I was a boy, and he made an impression on my memory and imagination which is vivid to this day. A tall, slender figure in a long gray coat, with a fur cap, in winter, drawn down close over his head, he would come walking up Beacon Street moving with great rapidity, a heavy cane in each hand, on which he rested his weight and by which he propelled himself. Going at a tremendous pace, he would suddenly stop and lean against a house or a railing as if exhausted. Then in a few minutes he would resume his canes, and push away as if running a race. I learned afterward that he was at that time much crippled, and that only in this way could he get air and exercise, but he could not move deliberately and his intense nervous energy drove him forward with restless rapidity, although every exertion was a pain to him. I remember asking my mother who the gentleman was who thus arrested my wandering attention, and she explained to me that it was Mr. Frank Parkman and told me what a battle for life he was compelled to make.

When I came to know him after my return from Europe he was much better. He walked normally, he was one of the corporation of Harvard College, he was able to go about and see his friends, now and then he dined out, but not often, for his sleep was still insecure and his eyes required the most delicate and constant care. I found on nearer view that the striking figure of my boyhood was accompanied by a face and look even more striking. All Mr. Parkman's features were irregular. Under analysis I do not suppose one of them could have justly been praised as handsome. Yet I have seldom seen a finer face. Whatever the details the ef-

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fect was that of beauty; intellect, force, character, breeding, distinction, were all there in his strongly marked features, and, despite all he had passed through, so powerful had been his will that he had no expression of suffering nor in the least the look of an invalid. My acquaintance with Mr. Parkman began, as did that with Mr. Bancroft, and was continued in roses. Both were rose-growers and most successful. Mr. Parkman, however, carried his pursuit, taken up when he could not work at his history, to the perfection of a profession. He not only won prizes everywhere with his roses, but he wrote a most excellent book in regard to them and their cultivation. The manner in which he dealt with this amusement was most characteristic. He pursued the occupation with relentless energy until he had made himself complete master of his subject and attained the highest degree of excellence. Spurred by these illustrious examples, I, too, began to cultivate roses and, writing to Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Parkman for information, received the most cordial advice and help from both, which enabled me to succeed in growing the most beautiful of flowers sufficiently well to give myself much pleasure until absorption in other and more serious occupations compelled me to turn my bushes over to my gardener.

From that time forward I saw a great deal of Mr. Parkman and talked with him freely about politics and history and the affairs of the college. He dined with us occasionally, came to see us frequently, and was most kind to my children, who thought him the best of companions, for he had the qualities which attracted children, although I do not think that side of his character was generally appreciated, any more than his abundant humor, sometimes a little grim but always very real and true. He was a perfectly fearless man and would set forth unpopular opinions with an entire disregard of consequences. As he expressed all his views on any subject with a most incisive vigor, no one was ever in doubt as to what he thought. But the memory which dwells with me was of his constant kindness and sympathy freely given to a very young man, of the patience with which he would listen, the help and advice which he would give, and the freedom with which he would discuss all subjects, interesting me very much and teaching me more.

THE ETHICS OF THE PROFESSION

By Gerald Chittenden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"THAT'S all very well," said Seaforth, "but what becomes of the men who don't take honors at a medical school, and don't land in a first-class hospital, or get chosen to assist eminent surgeons?"

Clarendon waited till Wilkinson, the doctor of the *Durban*, had passed through the smoking-room, leaving behind him in the air a suggestion of iodoform with an undertone of scented soap.

"Generally," he answered then, a faint smile on his well-cut lips, "generally they go to sea—become doctors on passenger-boats."

Seaforth checked him with a raised hand. Wilkinson had paused on the threshold, and Clarendon did not seem to have the faintest idea of the carrying power of his very agreeable voice.

"Did he hear me?" he asked.

"I'm afraid so."

"I'm sorry." He was not in the least sorry. "But it's true, what I said. In my profession inefficiency seeks the high seas."

"Always?"

"Well, not always. There are soft berths ashore also—sanitariums for hypochondriacs, water-cures—that sort of thing. Soft berths for little men, and it's

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not a soft man's profession, or a little man's."

"No," assented Seaforth. He had a trick of rubbing the back of his neck when people irritated him. "By no means a soft profession. But I'd rather hear that from some one who wasn't a doctor."

Clarendon, slightly annoyed, groped after the graceful equivocation.

"It might come better from a layman," he admitted. "But one has to think of the ethics of the profession."

"There are such things, I have heard."

"Laugh if you like. One shouldn't go into it to make money, primarily. There are other factors."

"Many others," agreed Seaforth, almost enthusiastically. "I'm very far from decrying your work. But the less efficient man must do something for his bread and butter—lie in the bed he has made, whether it's soft or hard."

Clarendon shrugged his shoulders.

"True," he said, "and for that very reason the less efficient men, as you call them, are apt to run counter to the ethics of the profession."

"Always?" queried Seaforth again.

"Well—nearly always."

For the moment, Clarendon seemed to have said all that he had to say about doctoring, and Seaforth heaved a covert sigh of relief. Twice before in the early days of the voyage, Clarendon had enlarged upon the idealism of his profession; at least twice Seaforth had wondered if he really deserved his reputation as the coming man. Habitually he distrusted men who talked too much.

"You're going through to Capetown?" he asked. A man's destination is generally fairly far from the region of the ideal.

"No; Sierra Leone."

"That's an odd place to choose for a vacation."

"It's not a vacation. The Institute is sending me to investigate sleeping sickness."

"Don't stay too long. They call it the 'White Man's Grave,' you know."

"I know." Clarendon paused a moment, and then added, "I'm alone in the world—no one dependent on me. That's the reason they gave me the job."

Seaforth rubbed the back of his neck very violently indeed.

"Rum," he said, "kills more men than fever—even in Sierra Leone. Let's go on deck."

They strolled outside, and, with the abundant leisure of long voyages, stood an hour or so at the rail, talking of a thousand things, and of no one thing for any time together. Such desultory conversation showed Clarendon in a different and a pleasanter light; when he permitted himself to be less the doctor and more the man, there was in him not a little of that freshness of youth which Seaforth found eternally engaging. He was relieved to find it present even in the highly evolved and absurdly serious Clarendon. After a little the younger man went below, and left Seaforth gazing overside, half hypnotized by the incredible blue of the semi-tropical sea.

He turned at a step on the deck and faced Wilkinson.

"Good morning," he said, rather expecting that the ship's doctor would answer and pass on.

"Good morning, Mr. Seaforth." Wilkinson stopped and leaned on the rail. "A fine day."

"Been on these steamers long?" asked Seaforth.

"Four trips only. Before that I was on the Booth boats to South America."

"One gets tired of South America—the coast of it particularly."

"Quite so," responded Wilkinson. "And the world is a pretty large place. It's hardly worth while to keep going to the same countries over and over again. You've travelled a good deal, sir?"

"I've done little else for the last five or six years."

"Health?"

"Partly at first. But mostly inclination."

Wilkinson put a foot on the lower iron of the rail, found the position uncomfortable after a moment, and turned his back to the sea. Seaforth looked at him out of the corner of his eye; the man's face was baffling, full of contradictions, and therefore interesting. The eyes, deep-set and steady, with faint crow-foot markings at the corners, bony temples, and a heavy bush of brow, gave the lie to the incerti-

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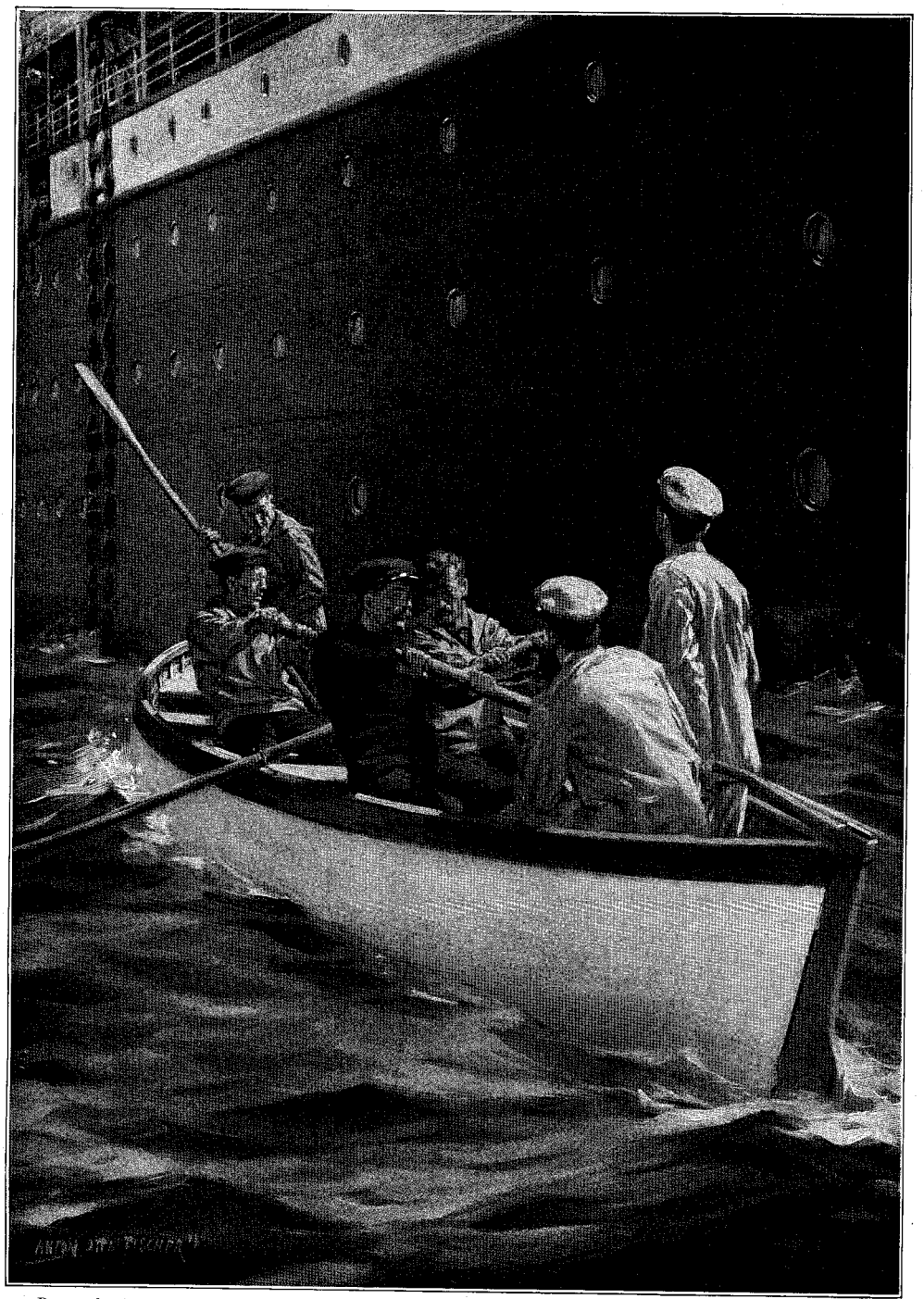

Drawn by Anton Otto Fischer.

The captain stepped to the rail. "Is it bad?" he called out to Shaw.—Page 738.

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tude and immaturity of the mouth. If the man's strength—and the flat muscles at the corner of the jaw bespoke strength—had altogether come into its own, the general effect of the face would have been one of fineness, despite the over-full chin and lower lip; as it was, there was something unsatisfying about it, something as evident and elusive as the difference between a man who knows how to wax his mustache ends and a man who doesn't. Refinement there was undoubtedly, but it was the sort that harmonized with the scented soap and not with the iodoform; Seaforth suspected that it might be the raw material of the man's character, and not the by-product of experience thoughtfully undergone. Observation had led him to believe that refinement without strength is womanish or worse; he was as yet loath to brand Wilkinson as effeminate, just as he was loath to admit that Clarendon was strong. Rather suddenly, as the live contrast between the two men leaped into focus, his interest in this voyage waxed as keen as though it were his first instead of his thirtieth. Far apart as they were in opportunity, in achievement, in point of view, yet both doctors lay under the scalpel of circumstance, and no man could tell what the scalpel would expose.

"Who is this man Clarendon?" suddenly asked Wilkinson.

"He's one of Webster's assistants, and the most able of them, I understand."

"Humph! Did he tell you so himself? On a vacation, I suppose?"

"He says not. He's on his way to Sierra Leone to carry on the investigation of sleeping sickness."

"The white man's grave, eh? I guess there's truth in that nickname, though I've only seen the place from the shore. A hell of a hole. Shouldn't care to stay there long myself."

"Not even for the sake of research?"

"Research isn't in my line. I wasn't first in my class at Johns Hopkins."

So many answers to that remark occurred to Seaforth that he made no answer at all. It was his usual way out of a conversational difficulty.

"Some men," went on Wilkinson, "have all the luck."

If there was one word Seaforth hated, it was "luck." He said so.

"That's not just what I mean." Wilkinson's manner changed suddenly, and lost all taint of peevishness. "It's this way. There's only one place at the head of a class—maybe ten or fifteen places that count in a big way. Then comes the ruck, and there are hundreds in that. They aren't all there because they're loafers, either. Perhaps they're in the wrong business, and it's too late to change, so they have to keep on and do the best they can in a harness that doesn't fit. Do you see what I mean by luck—fate—Kismet—whatever you care to call it?"

"Isn't what you say true of any occupation?" asked Seaforth. "There are only a few places at the top."

"You don't understand me yet. It isn't Clarendon's success that I'm kicking at. It's his confounded arrogance."

"It's not sporting," agreed Seaforth.

"No," said Wilkinson, rather vehemently, "it's not sporting." Then he laughed. "I suppose you think that's the pot calling the kettle black?"

"I wasn't thinking anything of the kind. Would you care if I did?"

"Not in the least."

That was a lie, Seaforth reflected, when Wilkinson had left him; exactly the sort of a lie one would expect from a man who cared too much. Clarendon would have countered differently; he cared too little for other people's opinions, and therefore treated them with apparent consideration. Seaforth's mind presently wandered from the two doctors, and drifted into the state of vague speculation that was usual with him at sea. Parenthetically, he thanked heaven that there were still routes and steamers where passengers were unconsidered trifles, where the apparatus of amusement did not obtrude and interfere with the proper study of mankind. It was a study for which he had ample opportunity on this voyage. It is impossible to avoid one's shipmates entirely, no matter how much one may wish to do so; Clarendon and Wilkinson met occasionally, and clashed once.

There was a boy aboard the *Durban* considerably more than half idiotic. Though nearly twenty years old, according to his keeper, he spent most of his time playing with paper dolls and snarling his clumsy fingers in inextricable and

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amorphous cat's cradles. His peanut-shaped head bore witness to the fact that all attempts to educate him were futile, and had been so since his birth; at times he slavered at the mouth, and almost always he talked and giggled to himself. Seaforth looked at him as little as possible; the abnormal sickened him. Clarendon regarded him coolly and scientifically; Wilkinson kept a guardian eye on him, untangled the intricacies of his string games, and even succeeded in teaching him a few knots. In consequence, the boy followed him like a dog, and obeyed like a well-trained dog when Wilkinson sent him away, as he always did when he wanted to talk with Seaforth. On one occasion Clarendon joined the other two.

"Interesting study, that idiot," he remarked.

"Yes," answered Wilkinson, speaking slowly. "Very interesting—if you regard the poor devil as a microscopic section."

"How else can you regard him? Not as a human being, certainly."

"I don't like to regard him at all," put in Seaforth.

"That's natural," said Wilkinson. "We doctors have to get used to abnormalities; even with us a little of them goes a long way."

"A very long way," agreed Clarendon, "though they're interesting scientifically, as I said." He turned and looked over at the boy, who was sitting not far off, every now and then casting a hopeful glance at Wilkinson's back. "He ought never to have been allowed to live," went on Clarendon. "No hope from the first—look at that cranium! A clear case; the doctor ought to have put him mercifully out of the way as soon as he was born. For that matter, a thing like that ought never to be born in a civilized community. Bah!" He turned again to the sea. "Eugenics is the coming science."

"Eugenics, perhaps," agreed Wilkinson. "But that's different from child-murder, isn't it?"

"Why not child-murder?" demanded Clarendon. "A little of it would be for the good of the race, and mere sentimentality shouldn't be allowed to block that."

"Sentimentality, no. But how about unscrupulous doctors? They must be blocked; there are too many unwelcome and perfectly normal children in the world as things stand. If you allow child-murder at all, how are you going to control it?"

"It could be controlled," retorted Clarendon positively. "And you're wrong about some of the unwelcome children being perfectly normal. Not one in a thousand is, and they'd all be better out of the way."

Wilkinson grunted.

"God help the race, then," he said. "That kind of thing has been tried."

"Oh, Sparta!" Clarendon dismissed the Spartans with the pettishness of pure intellect. "I'm not talking about Sparta. It's never been tried in a civilized state."

"How about the ethics of the profession?" interjected Seaforth.

"Change them," answered the now recklessly radical Clarendon.

"They're not so easy to change," said Wilkinson. "And didn't I hear you say once that you were a stickler for them, or something like that?"

"Maybe you did. The essentials of them are good, but there are things about them that haven't been changed since Galen. We've outgrown those clothes, and there's no sense in wearing them."

"How convenient that is!" said Wilkinson. "Then we should change them whenever they get a little uncomfortable?"

"Not at all!" Clarendon, disliking opposition from the unsuccessful, was losing his temper. "It's impractical to keep the same ideas till judgment day."

"Perhaps it is," assented Wilkinson, "but you've got to prove that a change is a change for the better. You're talking about human nature, and not a chemical formula."

"Control marriages, and births, and survivals, and you'd come precious near reducing human nature to a formula."

"Not all human nature," drawled Wilkinson.

"We disagree, clearly. A matter of point of view, I suppose. Good morning."

Clarendon's exit was dignified; almost too dignified. Wilkinson chuckled.

"What a fool!" he said to Seaforth.

Later that day Clarendon made the same remark about Wilkinson.

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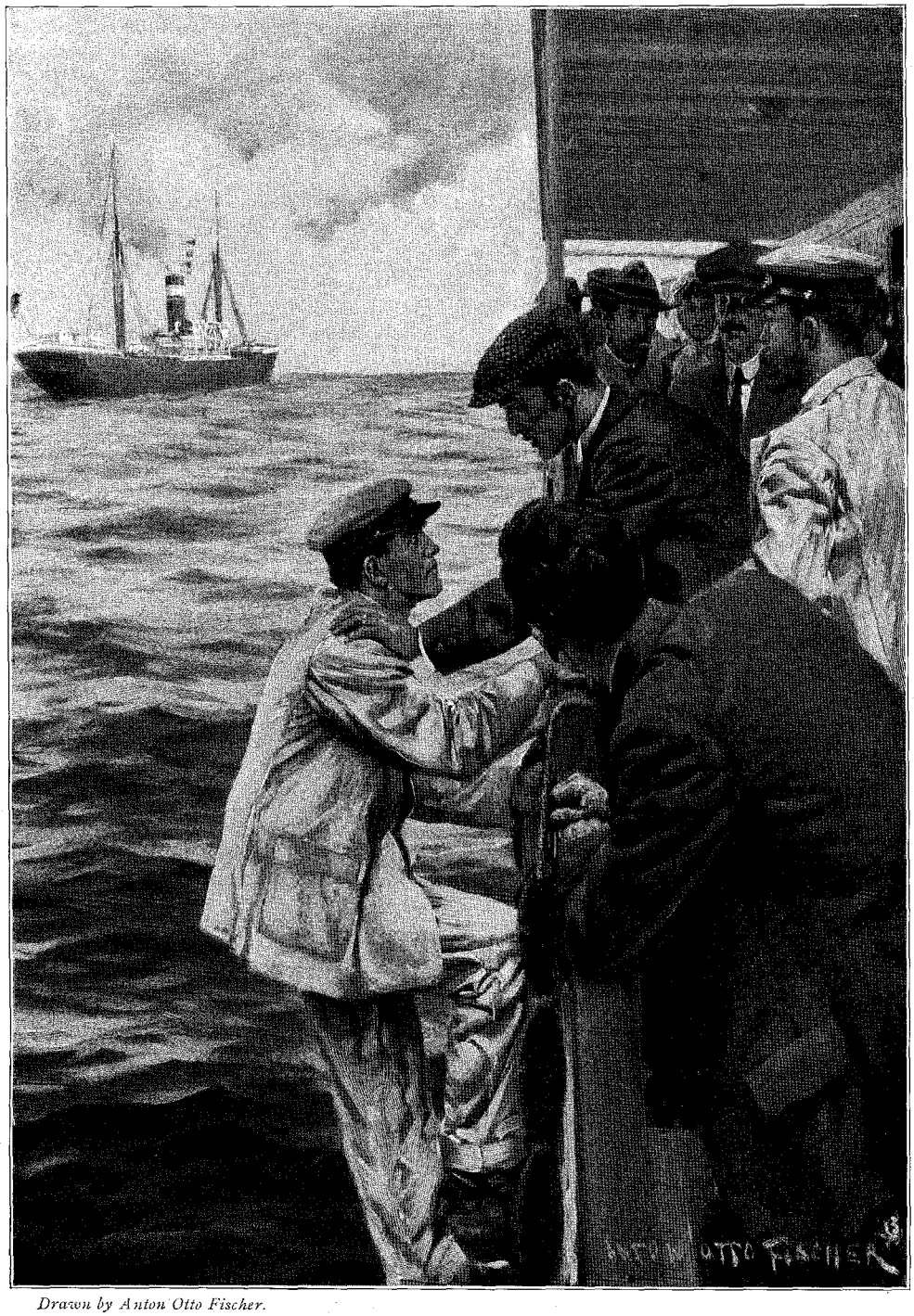

Drawn by Anton Otto Fischer.

Clarendon leaped forward and laid a shaking hand on his shoulder.—Page 738.

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From that time on, though Seaforth played picquet almost every day with Clarendon, he found more pleasure in Wilkinson's company, and sought it frequently. There was more in common between them, it seemed; besides, as the voyage slipped into the second lazy week, Clarendon, cut off from his usual resources, began to yield to what he called monotony, and became every day more irritable and opinionated.

"How do you stand it?" he asked Seaforth on the tenth day out, as the two were watching a tramp steamer some five miles away. "That's the first living thing we've seen for a week."

"Stand it?" replied Seaforth. "Why, I enjoy it more than anything else in the world."

"I don't. I wish something would happen—anything. Another ten days like these last would reduce me to the condition of that idiot of Wilkinson's."

"And then what about your eugenics?" murmured Seaforth from under his binoculars. "I think you'll have your wish," he added, lowering the glasses. "That tramp is flying the British ensign upside down, and there are signal flags in her fore-rigging."

He handed the glasses to Clarendon, and looked astern.

"We're changing our course," he remarked. "Wonder what those signals mean?"

The two ships crept nearer to each other, and details of the tramp's gear took on definition. An officer's whistle shrilled from the bridge of the *Durban*, and the boatswain's pipe forward wailed in answer.

"Swing out the starboard quarter boat!" a voice commanded. "Look sharp, now!"

A dozen or so sailors hurried past Seaforth and Clarendon, and the first officer slipped down the bridge gangway on his way aft to take command.

"Wait for the doctor, Mr. Shaw," the captain called after him.

"Very well, sir."

"Sickness, eh?" commented Clarendon.

"Looks that way," returned Seaforth.

"I'd like to offer my services." Clarendon moved toward the bridge, but Seaforth restrained him.

"Better wait," he said. "They're busy top side just now. There'll be time enough."

The tramp, not half a mile away, had stopped her engines, and was rolling in the trough, while on her forward deck two or three men listlessly lowered a ladder. The *Durban's* telegraph rattled overhead, and the ship began to lose way. Seaforth and Clarendon moved astern to watch operations.

"Lower away!" ordered the first officer. The ropes creaked through the falls, and the boat dropped handily into the water, looking small and frail as she trailed to her painter alongside. The oars fell into the rowlocks, and she spraddled away, the first officer standing in the stern, and the doctor sitting close beside him. The *Durban* got under way again and steamed to leeward of the other ship so that the men would not have to row up-wind on their return. Seaforth and Clarendon saw Mr. Shaw hail; the answer apparently caused some consternation in the boat, and there seemed to be a dispute between the doctor and the first officer, while a man in shirt-sleeves gesticulated at them from the deck. Then Shaw waved his hand, and the spidery oars began to dip and rise again as the boat turned back to the *Durban*.

"Nothing serious, I guess," said Clarendon in his best bedside manner.

"I'm not so sure," replied Seaforth. "Look at the decks of that steamer."

"They're not ship-shape, certainly," agreed Clarendon. "But then she's a tramp."

"Even a tramp's generally ship-shape. That ship looks sick, somehow. I can't tell just why."

"And no one but Wilkinson to kiss her and make her well. I hope he's a better shipwright than doctor."

"Wait before you get flippant. Perhaps you'll have a chance to volunteer—for research work—and show Wilkinson what the ethics of your profession really means."

"You think it's bad, then?"

"Sure to be. One ship doesn't stop another on the high seas because the captain's cat has singed his whiskers. They may need you."

"But I've got my work at Sierra Leone. The work I was sent to do."

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"Yes," said Seaforth slowly. "You've got the work you were sent to do."

Unable to endure the man any longer just then, he stepped down to the main deck. Clarendon, uncertain and a little wilted, followed. The quarter boat was close alongside now; the bow man took in his oar and caught the line.

"What's the trouble?" asked the captain. The doctor answered.

"Bubonic plague. Lower a ladder; I want some stores and my kit."

"The lunatic says he's going back," explained Mr. Shaw.

"Going back? He can't!" answered the captain. He turned to Wilkinson, who had reached the deck. "You can't go back."

"I can, and I'm going. You've got Dr. Clarendon if any of the passengers should fall ill here."

"I won't allow it."

"You've got to. You must give aid to ships in distress, and if I want to go you can't stop me."

"But plague! Have you any idea what a plague ship is?"

"That's one to windward. Let me get my stores."

"Go, then, you young fool!"

But the word as the captain pronounced it was a sort of accolade. He stepped to the rail.

"Is it bad?" he called out to Shaw.

"Four deaths in the last two days, and five more men down," was the answer. "They cleared from Antilla eleven days ago. Wilkinson," Shaw spat into the sea, "Wilkinson is a damned fool."

In Shaw's mouth also the curse was no curse.

"Why don't you go?" Seaforth asked Clarendon.

Clarendon did not answer. Since Wilkinson had gone below, he had not taken his eyes from the tramp; the arrogance was all gone from his face, leaving it oddly expressionless.

Wilkinson, followed by a laden steward, presently appeared. The idiot boy, who long since had sensed that something concerning his friend was toward, twisted free from his keeper and ran to him.

"Well, Frank?" asked Wilkinson kindly.

"You are going away in that little boat?" The boy giggled as he spoke.

"Yes, Frank. But only for a little row."

"Take me with you?"

"No, Frank."

The boy held out his huge soft hand, and let drop into Wilkinson's palm a tangle of string and torn paper dolls. Then he shrank back into the crowd; Wilkinson gulped and walked on.

"For the last time," urged the captain, blocking the doctor from the ladder, "don't go. Send the stores, if you like, but don't go."

"I am going."

The seaman's red fist closed over the doctor's fingers.

"By God, sir," he said, not explosively, "you're a brave man."

With that he stepped aside. Wilkinson swung himself onto the ladder; he paused when his shoulders were at the level of the rail, and for the first time saw Seaforth. He took one hand from the rung and waved it.

"So long, Mr. Seaforth," he said, and at once began to go down again.

Clarendon leaped forward and laid a shaking hand on his shoulder.

"Man, you're crazy!" he chattered. "You don't stand a dog's chance! Cooped up with them on that ship! You mustn't go! You mustn't!"

Wilkinson looked coolly into Clarendon's eyes. Then he smiled.

"The ethics of the profession, Dr. Clarendon," he said.

His head disappeared below the level of the bulwark; he dropped into the boat as it rose on a swell.

"Let go!" called the first officer. "Give way!"

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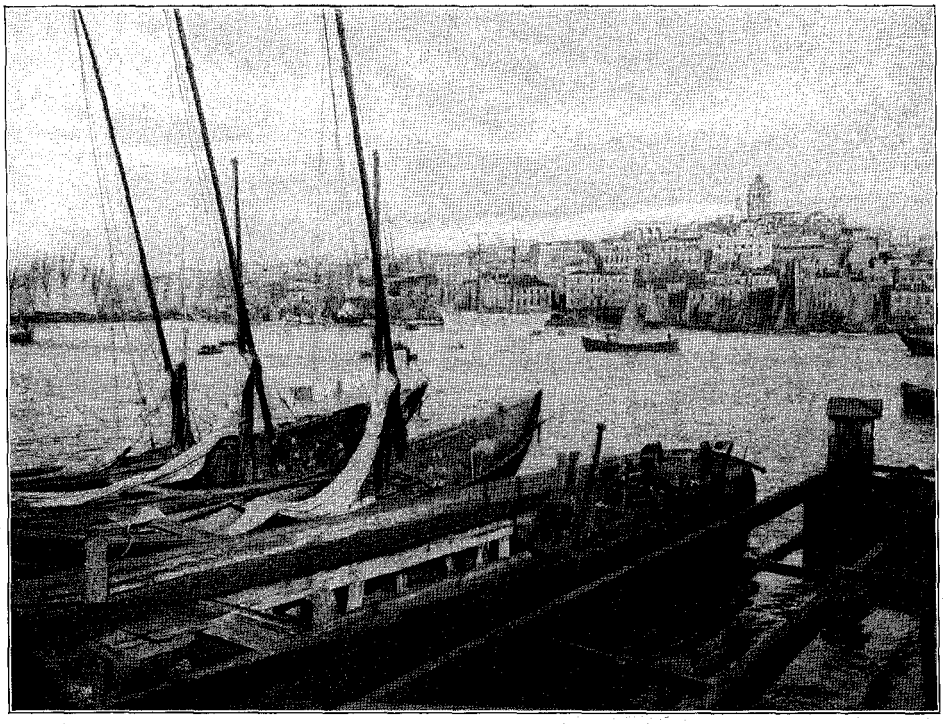

The Galata Tower marks the highest point of the walls.—Page 742.

THE MAGNIFICENT COMMUNITY

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"*Galata, que mes yeux désiraient dès longtemps . . .*"—ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

"*In Pera sono tre malanni:*
Peste, fuoco, dragomanni."
—LOCAL PROVERB.

IT is not the fashion to speak well of Pera and Galata. A good Turk will sigh of another that he has gone to Pera, by way of saying that he has gone to the dogs. A foreign resident will scarcely admit that so much as the view is good. Even a Perote born pretends not to love his Grande Rue if he happens to have read Loti or Claude Farrère. And tourists are supposed to have done the left bank of the Golden Horn when they have watched the Sultan drive to mosque and have giggled at the whirling dervishes. A few of the more thorough-going will perhaps take the trouble to climb Galata Tower or to row up the Sweet Waters of Europe. For my part, however, who belong to none of these categories, I am perverse enough to find Pera and Galata a highly superior place of habitation. They merely suffer from lying under the shadow of Stamboul—though that gives them one inestimable advantage which Stamboul herself lacks, namely the view of the dark old city crowned by her imperial mosques. Pera occupies a really magnificent site, it has a history of its own, and it fairly drips with that modern pigment known as local color. Moreover, it seems destined to inherit the renown of the older city. Stamboul tends to diminish, whereas Pera grows, and has unlimited room for growing. The left bank is already the seat of the Sultan, of Parliament,

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and of the bulk of the commerce and finance of the capital. And the battles of the revolution fought there in 1909 give the place a peculiar interest in the eyes of the Young Turks. On that soil, less encumbered than Stamboul with the débris of history, they may find conditions more favorable for the city of their future.

The birthplace of André Chénier.

If her story cannot compare with that of the gray mother city, Pera nevertheless can boast associations of which communities more self-important might be proud. Jason stopped there on his way to Colchis, and after him Beshiktash was known in antiquity as Iasonion. In the valley behind that picturesque suburb there later existed a famous laurel grove, sacred of course to Apollo, who with Poseidon was patron of Byzantium. The sun-god was also worshipped at a sacred fount which still exists in Galata, within the enclosure of the Latin church of St. George. Legend makes this spring the scene of the martyrdom of St. Irene, daughter of a Roman ruler, who was put to death for refusing to sacrifice to Apollo, and who became herself the patron saint of the new Christian city of Constantinople. Christianity is said to have been brought there by no less a person than the apostle Andrew. He is reputed to have preached at Funduklu, where the Turkish Parliament sits today, and to have died in Galata. As for Apollo, his cult was divided between the two new saints, George and Elias. The dragon of the one and the other's fiery ascent to heaven recall the python and the sun-chariot of the Far Darter, and their feast days are doubtless reminiscences of ancient festivals of spring and summer.

Among the antiquities of the town its names have been the subject of much research and confusion. Pera is a Romaic word meaning opposite or beyond, and first applied to the whole rural suburb on the

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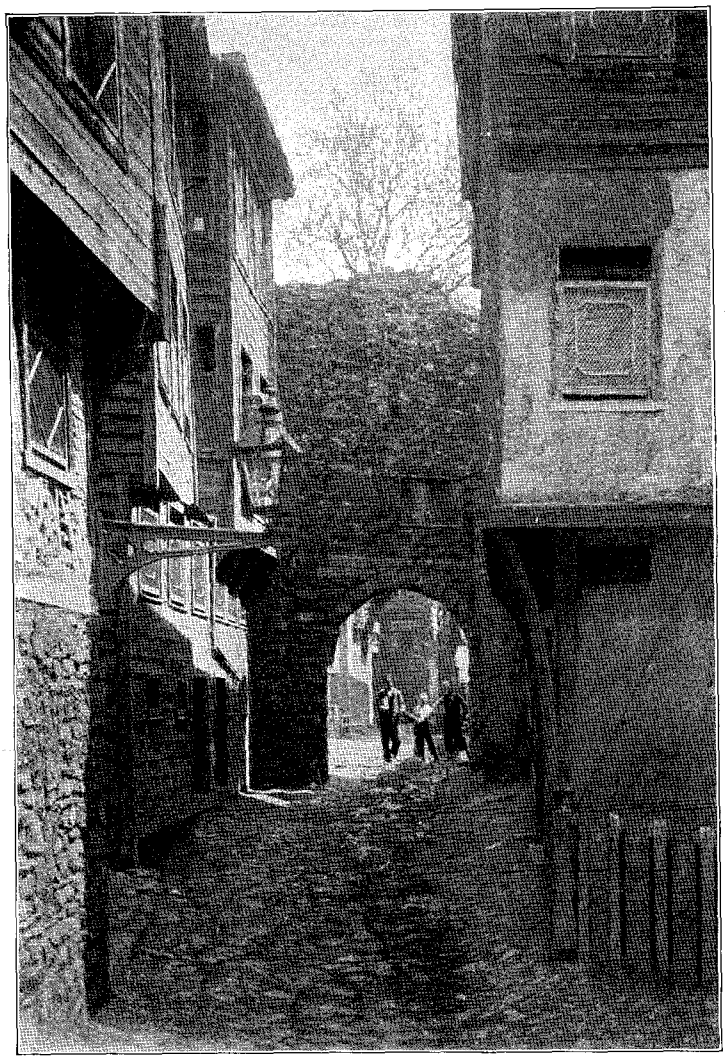
north shore of the Golden Horn. This hill was also called Sykia, from the fig trees that abounded there; and when the mortar-loving Justinian rebuilt and fortified the suburb in the sixth century he renamed it after himself. With regard to the word Galata there has been infinite dispute. I myself thought I had solved the question when I went to Genoa and saw steep little alleys, for all the world like those I knew in Genoese Galata, which were named Calata—a descent to the sea—and of which the local dialect made the C a G. But I lived to learn that the name, as that of a castle on the water's edge, has been found in Byzantine MSS. dating from two hundred years earlier than the time Genoa founded her colony there. I therefore pin my faith at present, still despising the favorite derivation from the Greek word for milk, to the legend that the name comes from Brennus and his Gauls, or Galatians, who passed this way with fire and sword in the third century B. C. In any case it is known that Franks were settled there long before the Genoese period. By the Latins the two names were used interchangeably; but Galata now means the lower part of the hill formerly enclosed by the Genoese walls, while Pera is the newer town "beyond" the old, on top of the hill.



The most charming fragment of all, and probably the oldest . . . a little Turkish street passes through an archway, with Genoese escutcheons above the arch.—Page 743.

The history of the town we know begins in 1261, when the Greeks retook Constantinople from the Latins of the Fourth Crusade. Before the Franco-Venetian conquest the Genoese, with the other Latin colonists, had been established along the southern shore of the Golden Horn. But with the Greek restoration and the temporary eclipse of Venice the Genoese were given the opposite suburb for their own. The conditions were that they should not fortify it and that they should respect the Emperor as their suzerain. But the old rivalry with Venice and the decadence of the

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Greeks brought it about that Galata presently built walls, captured the ancient Byzantine fortress which stood in the vicinity of the present custom-house, and otherwise conducted herself as an independent city. The existing Galata Tower marks the highest point of the walls, which were twice enlarged, and which in their greatest extent ran down on the east to Top Haneh and on the west to Azap Kapou. The colony was governed by a podestà, sent every year from Genoa, who was also accredited as minister resident to the Emperor.

Galata existed as a flourishing Italian city for nearly two hundred years. The coming of the Turks in 1453 put an end to the conditions which had made her independence possible. Although cut off from Genoa, however, she did not immediately cease to be an Italian city. Indeed, the conqueror might have been expected to deal more hardly with the Latin suburb than he did. For while the Galatiotes had entered into amicable relations with the invaders and had in the end voluntarily surrendered, they had also been the backbone of the Greek defence. But in accepting the keys of Galata Mohammed II assured the colonists the enjoyment of their goods and their faith, merely enjoining them to build no more churches, to forego the use of bells, and to throw down their land fortifications. This last condition seems never to have been carried out. If the conqueror had followed the less humane course of getting rid of the embarrassing Christian population of the two cities, instead of confirming their religious liberty and organizing them into those separate "nations" which are so peculiar a feature of Turkish polity, he would have spared his successors many a painful problem.

Under the new régime Galata proceeded to reorganize herself as the *Magnifica Communità di Pera*. The head of this Magnificent Community was a *Magnifico*, prior of the Brotherhood of St. Anne, who was aided by a sub-prior and twelve councillors. Their deliberations chiefly concerned the churches, since in civil affairs they were naturally subject to the Porte. The Rue Voivoda, the Wall Street of Galata, perpetuates the title of the Turkish functionary who was the superior temporal power of the Magnificent Community. The churches diminished in number, however, as the Latin population dwindled, and by 1682 their administration had passed into the hands of the orders occupying them or of the Patriarchal Vicar. This dignitary represented that member of the papal court whose title of Patriarch of Constantinople was the last shadow of the Latin conquest. On the other hand, the ambassadors of the Catholic powers, and particularly of France, gradually assumed protection of the Latin colony. The Magnificent Community accordingly ceased to exist. But the Latin "nation" still forms one of the constituent elements of the Ottoman empire. And while the population of Galata is now more Greek, even more Turkish and Hebrew, than European, it is only within a generation or two that French has begun to supersede Italian as the *lingua franca* of the town, and it still retains an indefinable Italian air.

Of that old Italian town modern Galata contains little enough, except for the fanatic in things of other times. The tower, of course, the whilom *Torre del Cristo*, is the most visible memorial of the Genoese period. The top, however, has been repeatedly remodelled. This great round keep was built in 1348, during the first enlargement of the walls, which first extended no farther than the Rue Voivoda. It has now degenerated to the peaceful uses of fire watchers and of those who love a view, the small square at its base being also visited once a year by a Birnam Wood of Christmas-trees. Of the fortifications that extended from it, there remains here only a reminiscence in the name of the Rue Hendek—Moat Street. The greater part of the walls were torn down in 1864, the inscriptions and coats of arms they contained being ultimately removed to the Seraglio Museum. Farther down the hill remnants of masonry still exist and a few turrets. The garden of the monastery of St. Pierre is bounded by a fragment of the turreted city wall of 1348, while in the monastery wall of St. Benoît is another turret, probably of the wall of 1352. A square tower of that wall existed until very recently at Bit Bazaar—otherwise Louse Market, the resort of second-hand men! I had long intended to photograph this picturesque ruin, but learned that procrastination is the thief of more than time when I finally went there one day with my camera and found workmen pulling down the last stones of the

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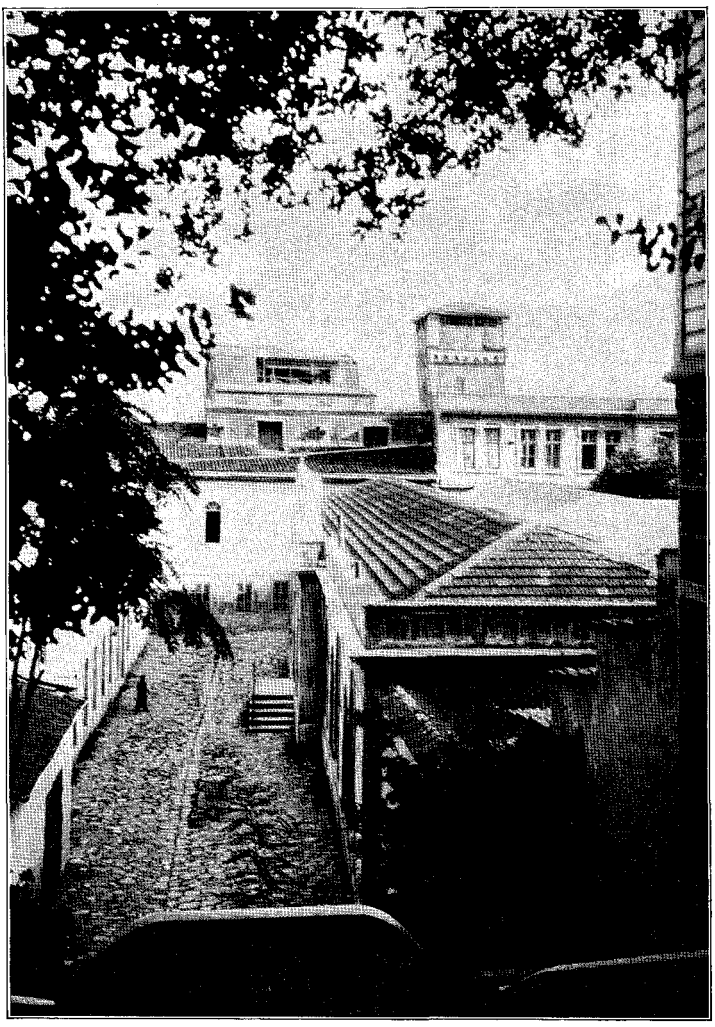
tower. The municipality ought to see to it that no man ever pulls down the most charming fragment of all, and probably the Voivoda are a number of stout stone buildings with corbelled upper stories and heavily grated windows which are popularly



The bell tower of St. Benoît.

oldest, not far from the inner bridge, where a little Turkish street passes through an archway, with Genoese escutcheons above the arch and an olive-tree waving on top of the wall.

Galata has always been famous for its fires, to say nothing of its earthquakes. These, and changes of population, with the street-widening and rebuilding of our day, have left us very little idea of the domestic architecture of the Genoese colony. In the steep alleys on either side of the Rue called Genoese. They bear too close a resemblance to Turkish structures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to be so named without more study than any one has taken the trouble to give them. But they are certainly mediæval and they suggest how Galata may once have looked. The façade of one of them, in the Rue Pershembeh Bazaar, is decorated with a Byzantine marble panel. This was the fashionable quarter of Genoese Galata. The palace of the podestà was there, at the corner of

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the Rue Pershembeh Bazaar and the Rue Chinar, and until recently survived as an office building.

Such slender honors of antiquity as Galata may boast cluster chiefly about certain churches and missions. The story of these is a picturesque chapter in the history of the mediæval orders. The Franciscans were the first to come to Constantinople, opening a mission in Stamboul during the lifetime of St. Francis and establishing themselves in Galata as early as 1227. No trace of them now remains there, each of the various branches into which the order divided having eventually removed to Pera. The church of San Francesco d'Assisi, belonging to the Conventuals, was the cathedral of the colony, and one worthy of Genoa the Superb. Partially destroyed by fire in 1696, it was seized by the mother of Sultan Mustafa II, who built on its site—below the Imperial Ottoman Bank—the existing Yeni Valideh Mosque. The church of Sant' Antonio, on the Grande Rue de Pera, is the direct descendant of the cathedral of San Francesco and of the missionaries of 1219.

The Dominicans were also settled at an early date on both sides of the Golden Horn. Arab Jami, the mosque whose campanile-like minaret is so conspicuous from the water, was formerly their church of San Paolo. Tradition ascribes its foundation to St. Hyacinth, the great Dominican missionary of the Levant. The fathers were dispossessed about 1535 in favor of the Moorish refugees from Spain, who also invaded the surrounding quarter. The quarter is still Mohammedan, though the Albanian costume now gives it most color. Refugees of a less turbulent character had come from Spain a few years earlier and were given land outside the walls of Galata at the point now called Hasskeui. These were the Jews driven out by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492. Their descendants live there to this day.

The Dominican fathers took refuge in what is now the monastery of St. Pierre, diagonally across the Rue Pershembeh Bazaar from the palace of the podestà. The building had originally been a convent of nuns of St. Catherine, and gardens were added to it by a generous Venetian, in whose honor a mass is still performed once a year. This monastery has been burned and remodelled so many times that little can be left of its original appearance. The church, however, contains an ancient Byzantine icon ascribed to the prolific brush of St. Luke, supposed to have been acquired in Jerusalem by the Empress Eudoxia in 450 and by the Latins in the sack of 1204.

In the court of the church and on the façade of the monastery toward the Rue Chinar—the Street of the Plane Tree—are stone escutcheons bearing the lilies of France and the arms of a Comte de St. Priest. He was the French ambassador at the time of our Revolutionary War. The building, being under French protection and on a desirable street, was occupied in part at different times by the notables of the colony. Among these, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was a merchant named Louis de Chénier. Coming as a young man to Galata, he had become Deputy of the Nation—an office peculiar to the French colony from the time of Colbert—right-hand man to the ambassador, and husband—like many a European before and after him—of a Levantine lady. Her family, that is to say, were of European origin, but by long residence in the Levant and by intermarriage with Greeks had lost their own language. The seventh child of this couple was André Chénier, the poet of the French Revolution. His birthplace is marked by a marble tablet above the Rue Chinar. The poet never saw the Street of the Plane Tree, however, after he was three years old. He grew up in Paris, where he lost his life during the Terror.

The largest mission left in Galata is St. Benoît, whose walls now overshadow the least monastic quarter of the town. Its history is even more varied than that of St. Pierre, having been occupied and reoccupied at different times by the Benedictines, the Observants, the Capuchins, and the Jesuits. The last were the longest tenants, carrying on a devoted work for nearly two hundred years. After the secularization of their order in 1773 they were succeeded by the Lazarists, who have not fallen behind in the high traditions of the mission. The place has a distinctly mediæval air, with its high walls, its Gothic gateway, and its machicolated campanile. Nothing is left, alas, of the mosaics which used to decorate the church. After so many fires I fear there is no chance of their being dis-

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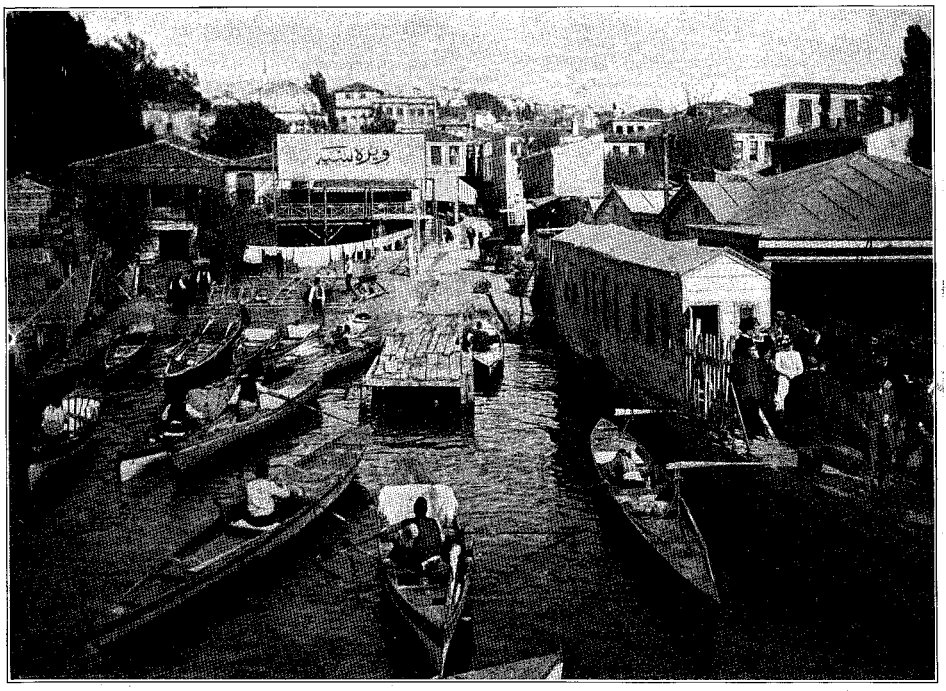
covered under modern plaster, as has sometimes happened in the case of mosques. But the pillars of the porch are doubtless those which a diplomatic father obtained by gift from the Sheikh-ul-Islam in 1686. And there are a number of interesting tablets about the building. One of them, above the main entrance, records not too truthfully the rebuilding of the church by Louis XIV. The most notable is the tombstone of Rakoczy, Prince of Transylvania and pretender to the throne of Hungary, who lived twenty years in exile at Rodosto, on the Sea of Marmora. When he died there in 1738 his friends asked permission to bury him in Galata, but were refused. They accordingly pretended to inter him at Rodosto. As a matter of fact, his coffin was sent in one of the many boxes containing his effects to St. Benoît. There the royal exile was secretly buried in the church, his grave long remaining unmarked.



The imperial suburb of Beshiktash.

The stones of Galata have more to tell than those who ungratefully tread them are wont to imagine. But they are by no means Christian stones alone. Although the Latins naturally diminished in number after the Turkish conquest, the city quickly outgrew its walls. While part of this growth was due to the influx of Venetians and later of Greeks from the opposite side of the Horn, a good deal of it came about through Turkish colonization. This was chiefly without the walls. You can almost trace the line of them to-day by the boundary between populations. The Turkish settlements grew up around mosques, palaces, and military establishments built by different sultans in the country about Galata, but mainly on the water-front. Detached at first, in sheltered bays and valleys, they now form a continuous city from the inner waters of the Golden Horn to the imperial suburb of Beshiktash on the Bosphorus.

The oldest of these settlements must be Kassim Pasha, in the deep ravine which gives Pera so enviable a western view over the Golden Horn. The name was that of a vizier of Suleiman the Magnificent, twice governor of Egypt. He was known as Handsome Kassim, but he ended his days in bad odor. His quarter takes after

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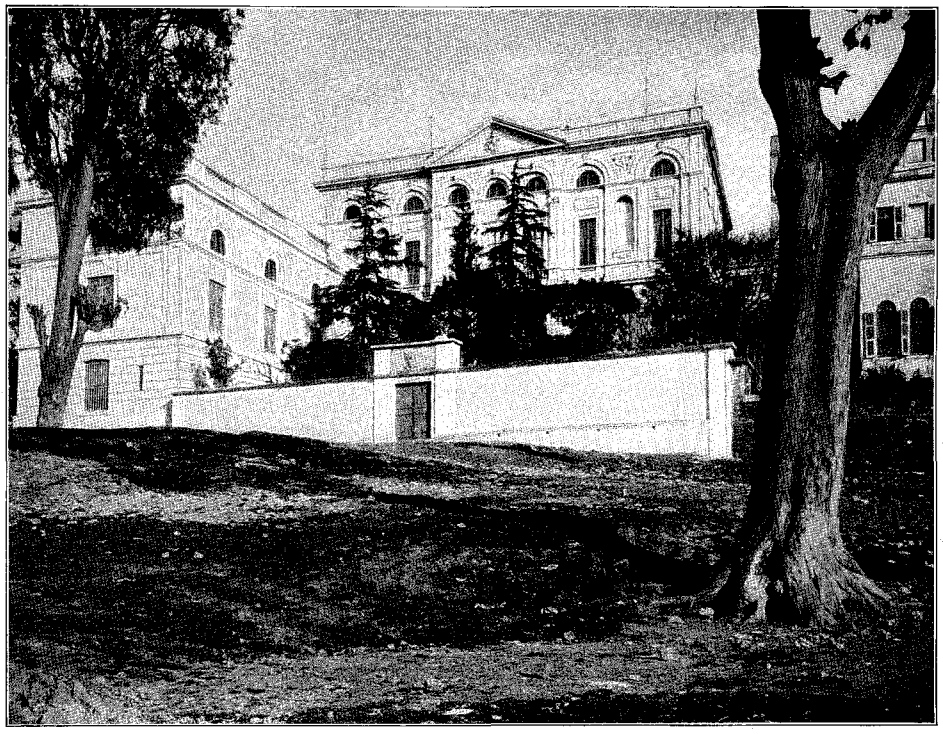

The American embassy (rear).

him in the latter rather than in the former particular. It is traversed by a doubtful watercourse whose enemies call it an open drain. I myself shall be sorry to see it disappear—as it is destined to do—because of its picturesque wooden bridges and its bordering coffee-houses. I shall be sorrier, however, to see the last of the cypresses that darken the eastern slope of the ravine. They are all that is left of the great grove of the *Petits Champs des Morts*, the old burial-ground of Galata. As the city grew the cemeteries, both Christian and Mohammedan, were removed to the *Grands Champs des Morts*, at the Taxim. They, too, have now been overtaken by the streets and turned in great part to other uses. But a field of the dead was there again when the Young Turks took Pera from Abdul Hamid in 1909.

The true honor of Kassim Pasha rests on its associations with the naval glory of the Turks. That valley is supposed to have been the final scene of the celebrated exploit of Mohammed II when he hauled a squadron of eighty galleys out of the Bosphorus, dragged them over the hills in a night, and launched them into the Golden Horn. There is no doubt, however, about the famous arsenal that sits solidly at the mouth of the valley to this day. It was first built by Selim I, father of Suleiman the Magnificent. The galleys of the great admirals of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were laid down there, and there some of the spoils they brought home from the Mediterranean are still to be seen. One of those admirals is buried outside the arsenal, near his own mosque of Pialeh Pasha. The son of a Croat shoemaker, captured as a boy by the Janissaries, he grew up to command the fleets of his captors, to conquer sixty-seven islands, and to marry the daughter of a sultan. But his highest achievement was to defeat the renowned Genoese admiral, Andrea Doria, off Jerbeh, the African island of the Lotus-eaters.

A detail of history connected with this old ship-yard is that we probably get our word arsenal from it, through the Italian *darsena*. The accepted derivation is from the Arabic *dar es sanaat*, house of construction—from an ancient ship-yard in Egypt

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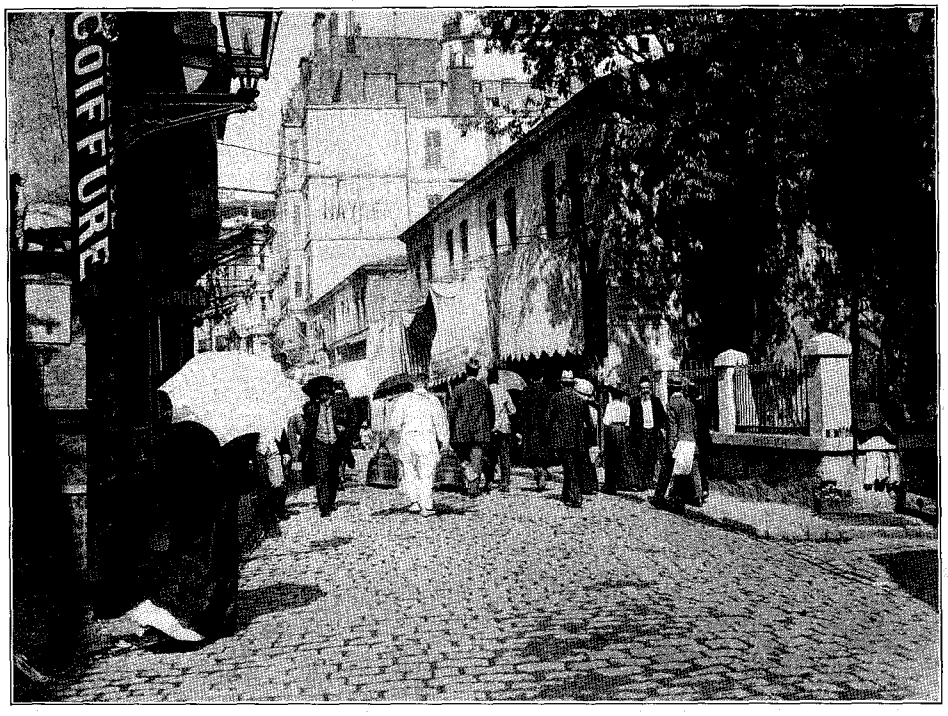

Grande Rue de Pera. It mounts through a commerce of stalls and small shops.—Page 753.

captured by the founder of this arsenal. But a likelier origin is the Turkish word —from the Persian, I believe—*Terssaneh*, the house of slaves. At all events this is where the great bagnio of the galley-slaves used to be. These were Christians, captured in war, and did the work of the arsenal. At all times during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries there were from three to four thousand slaves in the bagnio, while four or five thousand more were chained to the oars of the imperial galleys. No less than fifteen thousand were freed at the battle of Lepanto in 1571. As the Turks became less warlike the number naturally declined, and came to an end with the abolition of slavery in 1846. One of the principal activities of the Catholic missions was among the inmates of this and other bagnios. The fathers were allowed access to the arsenals and even maintained chapels at Kassim Pasha, confessing the slaves, arranging when they could for their ransom, and heroically caring for them through dreadful epidemics. St. Joseph of Leonissa, one of the pioneer Capuchins, caught the plague himself from the slaves, but recovered to labor again in the bagnio—so zealously that he even aspired to reach the ear of the Sultan. He was accordingly arrested and condemned to death. The sentence was already supposed to have been executed when he was miraculously rescued by an angel and borne away to his native Italy, living there to a ripe old age. If the angel might have been discovered to bear some resemblance to an emissary of the Venetian Balio, his intervention doubtless seemed no less angelic to the good missionary.

Another Turkish settlement grew up on the east side of Galata wall, at Top Haneh —Cannon House. The place has been the seat of artillery shops and barracks from early in the Turkish era, for it must be remembered that Mohammed II, in the siege of Constantinople, was the first general to prove the practicability of cannon, and that during the whole of their martial period the Turks had no superiors in this branch of warfare. There was also another ship-yard at Top Haneh, and another famous admiral is buried there near the mosque he built. He was also of Christian

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origin, a Calabrian by the name of Ochiali, who, like many an adventurous spirit of the later middle ages, forsook his country and religion and became known as Big Ali. At the battle of Lepanto he succeeded in turning the squadron of Doria and escaping. His forty galleys were the only ones out of three hundred to get back to Constantinople. For this exploit he was made Kaptan Pasha and his name was turned into Sword Ali—Kilij Ali.

The greatest captain of them all lies farther up the Bosphorus, at Beshiktash. The name is merely a corruption of *Besh Tash*, —Five Stones—from the row of pillars on the shore to which he used to moor his galleys. Known to Europe by the nickname Barbarossa, from his great red beard, his true name was Haïreddin. He began life as a pirate of Mitylene, entered the service of the Sultan of Tunis, captured Algiers on his own account, and had the diplomacy to offer his prize to Selim I. Under Suleiman the Magnificent he became the terror of the Mediterranean and his master's chief instrument in a life-long rivalry with Charles V. He died in 1546, full of years and honors, leaving a fortune of 60,000 ducats and 3,000 slaves. He wished to be buried by the sea, at the spot where he moored so often in his lifetime; but shanties and boat-yards now shut him off from the water. Nothing could be quainter or quieter than the little railed garden near the steamer landing, where a vine-covered pergola leads to the *türbeh* of that turbulent man of blood. A great brass ship-lamp swings over his turbaned coffin, and a green-and-white swallow-tailed pennant of crossed scimitars, while another lamp and a brass ornament from the top of a mast hang in niches on either side of the simple mausoleum.

The harbor of Jason and Barbarossa is also the place where Mohammed II started his ships on their overland voyage. At least I never can see the valley of Dolma Baghcheh—the Filled-in Garden—into which the sea formerly entered, without convincing myself that it must have been the channel of that celebrated cruise, and not the steeper hill of Top Haneh. A Turk told me once that Nishan Tash—the Stone of the Sign—the fashionable Turkish quarter that grew up on top of the hill during Abdul Hamid's time, was so named from a pillar that once commemorated the event in question. He was not a lettered man, however, and I only give the statement as hinting at the existence of a tradition. The descendants of Mohammed II, in any case, have long shown a partiality for Beshiktash. Mohammed IV built a summer palace there in 1679, his son Ahmet III constructed the first Chiragan, while for the last hundred years the sultans have lived there altogether. The existing palace of Dolma Baghcheh dates only from 1853. The abandoned buildings of Yildiz are more recent still. The ceremony of Selamlik—Salutation—when the Sultan drives in state to Friday prayer, is the weekly spectacle of the imperial suburb, though less dazzling under Mohammed V than it used to be under Abdul Hamid II. After his prayer the Sultan gives audience to ambassadors and visitors of mark. This custom goes back to the time of Albert de Wyss, ambassador of the Holy Roman Empire in 1566, who used to turn out his embassy when Selim II rode by to mosque.

The water-side quarters outside the walls of Galata were and are prevailingly Turkish. The Christian expansion followed the crest of the hill, founding the modern Pera which has superseded Galata as a residential section. But there is a leaven of Islam even in Pera. Bayezid II, son of the Conqueror, built a mosque in the quarter of Asmali Mezjid—Vine Chapel—and a palace at Galata Seraï. This palace finally became a school for the imperial pages, recruited from among the Christian boys captured by the Janissaries, and existed intermittently as such until it was turned into the Imperial Lyceum. Galata Seraï means Galata palace, which is interesting as showing the old application of the name. The word Pera the Turks have never adopted. They call the place Bey Olou—the Son of the bey. There is dispute as to the identity of this bey. Some say he was Demetrius Comnenus, last Emperor of Trebizond, whose youngest son turned Turk and was given lands in the vicinity of the Russian embassy. Others identify the son of the bey with a certain Aloisio Gritti, natural son of a doge of Venice, who became dragoman of the Porte during the reign of Suleiman the Magnificent and exercised much influence in the foreign relations of that monarch. Suleiman himself

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built in Pera, or on that steep eastward slope of it which is called Funduklu—the Place of Filberts—and which is as Turkish as

Fountain of Mohammed II, at Top Haneh.

Some of the drinking fountains scattered all over the city are extremely beautiful.—Page 754.

afternoons to visit their *Tekkeh;* and a classic contrast do the noise and smiles of the superior children of the West make with Stamboul. The view from the terrace of the mosque he erected there in memory of his humpbacked son Jihanguir is one of the finest in Constantinople. It was his father Selim who established the Mevlevi, popularly called the whirling dervishes, in Pera. There they remain to this day, though they have sold the greater part of the estates they once owned—a little island of peace and mysticism in the unbelieving town that has overtaken them. It is the classic amusement of tourists on Friday the plaintive piping, the silent turning, the symbolism and ecstasy of that ritual octagon. Among the roses and ivy of the courtyard is buried a child of the West who also makes a contrast of a kind. He was a Frenchman, the Comte de Bonneval, who, after serving in the French and Austrian armies and quarrelling with the famous Prince Eugene, came to Constantinople, became general of bombardiers, governor of Karamania, and pasha of three tails. He negotiated the first treaty of alliance made

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by Turkey with a foreign country, namely, with Sweden in 1740.

There are many other Turkish buildings in Pera, but the suburb is essentially Christian and was built up by the Galatiotes. It began to exist as a distinct settlement during the seventeenth century—about the time, that is, when the Dutch were starting the city of New York. The French and Venetian embassies and the Franciscan missions clustered around them were the nucleus of the settlement, on a hill-side then known as The Vineyards and now by the ingratiating name of Tomtom Quarter. Were the tomtoms the bells or beating-boards of the missions? We have already seen how the Conventuals moved to Pera after the loss of San Francesco. Their grounds for two hundred years adjoined those of the French embassy, but have gradually been absorbed by the latter until the fathers have lately built on another site. The oldest Latin church in Pera, however, is St. Louis, of the Capuchins, who have been chaplains for the French embassy since 1628. Ste. Marie Draperis is also older in Pera than Sant' Antonio. The church is so called after a philanthropic lady who gave land in Galata to the Observants in 1584. It passed to the Riformati because of the scandal which arose through two of the brothers turning Turk, and in 1678 moved to The Vineyards for the same reason as the Conventuals. It is now under Austrian protection and serves as chapel for that embassy, though the fathers are still Italians. The Observants, also known as Padri di Terra Santa, preceded them by a few years in Pera, where they acted as chaplains for the Venetian Balio. Their hospice, marked by the cross of Jerusalem, is between Ste. Marie and the Austrian embassy.

The first European ambassadors were not many in number nor did they regularly follow each other, and they were usually quartered in a *khan* detailed for that use in Stamboul, facing the Burnt Column. The Venetian Balio, who had been a sort of viceroy in Byzantine days, had a residence of his own. The French, however, set up a country-seat at The Vineyards as early as the time of Henri IV. And during the reign of Ibrahim I (1640–49), who in his rage at the Venetians over the Cretan war threatened to kill every Christian in the empire, beginning with the Balio, the ambassadors moved to the other side for good. The Venetians built on the site now occupied by the Austrian embassy. The Dutch, the Russians, and the Swedes later acquired fine properties in the same neighborhood, while the Rue de Pologne is perhaps a reminiscence of the diplomatic relations which once existed between Turkey and Poland. This oldest part of Pera has changed the least; and I must say that I am low enough in my tastes to find some of the small streets dropping off the Grande Rue between garden walls and seigneurial gateways extremely picturesque.

Our embassy, in another quarter, is the youngest member of this venerable diplomatic colony, although the first in Europe to be owned by the American government. Commodore Porter, after difficulties that would make an interesting and amusing history, signed the first Turco-American treaty in 1830 and was our first minister. In 1906 the legation was raised to an embassy, the house occupied by the ambassador being bought a year later. This marble mansion, built and decorated at immense expense by an Italian merchant, was a great bargain and it occupies a desirable enough position. But it is too small for the social requirements of an embassy, while even after a good-sized wing had been added in order to accommodate the chancery there yet could be found space for no more than two masters' bedrooms. The inhabitants of the country, looking at the place from the outside, tell themselves that America must be such a country as Belgium or Bulgaria, whose ministers occupy similar houses. The chief advantage of the embassy is the charming view it enjoys from the back, over the *Petits Champs des Morts* to the Golden Horn and Stamboul. It is only a matter of time, however, before the Little Field of the Dead and the view will disappear behind bricks and mortar. The good old days are gone, when we can do like Sir Stratford Canning, afterward Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—who did pretty much as he chose in Turkey not quite a hundred years ago. His embassy, though not the one where Lady Mary Montague wrote her lively letters, was situated on the same street as ours, with its back on the same cemetery. Deciding that his grounds

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Of this bridge one could make a chapter by itself. . . . It is no longer what it was. . . . But the crowd that streams across it is as heterogeneous as ever.—Page 755.

were too small, and assuring himself, no doubt, of acquiescence in high quarters, he annexed a goodly portion of that cemetery to the British empire, digging his trenches and starting his wall in a night in order to confound pious objectors by the *fait accompli*.

The town that grew up around these embassies is one of the most extraordinary towns in creation. First composed of Galatiotes and a few Turks, who followed their several protectors into the wilderness, it has continued ever since to receive accretions from the various nationalities of Europe and Turkey until it has become a perfect Babel, faintly Italian in appearance but no more Italian than Turkish, no more Turkish than Greek, no more Greek than anything else you please. Five larger worlds and nobody knows how many lesser ones live there, inextricably intermingled yet somehow remaining miraculously distinct. There is, to be sure, a considerable body of Levantines, of those, namely, who have mixed; but even they are a peculiar people. The fact gives Pera society, so far as it exists, a bewildering hydra-headedness. The court is not the centre of things in the sense that European courts are. The palace ladies do not receive men, while in other ways there are profound causes of separation between the ruling race and the numerous non-Moslem elements of the empire. By the very constitution of the country the Armenians, the Greeks, the Hebrews, and the smaller fractions of the population form communities apart. Even the surprisingly large European colony has historic reasons for tending to divide into so many "nations." These have little in common, save for the ubiquitous adventurer, with the foreign colonies of Paris, Rome, or Berlin. Not students and people of leisure but merchants and missionaries make up the better part of the family that each embassy presides over in a sense unknown in Western cities. The days are gone by when the protection of the embassies has the literal meaning that once attached to many a garden wall. But the ambassadors cling —not always with dignity—to the privileges and exemptions granted them by early treaties, and through the quarter which grew up around their gates the Sultan himself passes almost as a foreigner.

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This diversity of traditions and interests has, of course, influenced the development of Pera. Not the least remarkable feature of this remarkable town is its lack of almost every modern convenience. Though a generation before New York thought of a subway Pera had one—a mile long. It has no electric lights, no trolley cars, no telephones. Abdul Hamid objected on principle to those modernities, it is true, and always suspected that a dynamo had something to do with dynamite. I should not suppose that there are fifteen lifts in the place. There are no boulevards, no racecourses, no parks other than two dusty little municipal gardens laid out in old cemeteries and the inaccessible grounds of Yildiz, which are closed in summer. Pictures, libraries, collections ancient or modern, there are none. I had almost said there is neither music nor drama. There are, to be sure, a few modest places of assembly where an intelligent Turkish actor is trying to start a national theatre, where excellent companies from Athens may be heard, and where Bernhardt or Réjane occasionally give half a dozen performances. On these boards you may oftener behold a peripatetic Aïda welcome Rhadames and a conquering host of five Greek supers; but Brünnhilde and the Rhine maidens have yet to see the Bosphorus. Not so, however, a translated "Tante de Charles." The Merry Widow tried to make her début a winter or two ago, but met with an unexpected rebuff. Every Perote who respects himself has a big Croat or Montenegrin, who are the same rose under different names, to decorate his front door with a display of hanging sleeves and gold embroidery. It having been whispered among these magnificent creatures that the "Lustige Witwe" was a slander on the principality—as it was then—of Nicholas I, they assembled in force in the gallery of the theatre and proceeded to bombard the stage with chairs and other detachable objects until the company withdrew the piece.

Hence it is that Pera is sniffed at by those who should know her best, while the tarriers for a night console themselves with imagining that there is nothing to see. I have never been able to understand why it should be thought necessary nowadays for one town to be exactly like another. I therefore applaud Pera for having the originality to be herself. In despite, moreover, of the general contempt for her want of intellectual resources, I submit that merely to live in Pera is better than many universities. No one can hope to entertain relations with the good people of that municipality without speaking at least one language besides his own. It is by no means uncommon for a Perote to have five or six at his tongue's end. Turkish and French are the official languages, but Greek is more common in Pera and Galata proper, while you must have acquaintance with two or three alphabets more if you wish to read the daily papers or the signs in the streets. And then there remain an indeterminate number of dialects used by large bodies of citizens.

A town so varied in its discourse is not less liberal in other particulars. Pera observes three holy days: Friday for the Turks, Saturday for the Jews, Sunday for the Christians. How many holidays she keeps I would be afraid to guess. She follows four separate calendars. Two of these, the Julian and the Gregorian, followed by Eastern and Western Christians respectively, are practically identical save that they are thirteen days apart. There are, however, three Christmases in Pera, because the Armenians celebrate Epiphany (Old Style), and sometimes only one Easter. As for the Turks, they have adopted for certain official purposes an adaptation of the Julian calendar; but their religious observances are determined by the inconstant moon and fall eleven days earlier every year. Their years begin from the Hegira. The Jews also follow a lunar calendar, not quite the same, which is supposed to start from the creation of the world. Thus the Christian year 1911 is 1329 for the Mohammedans and 5671 for the Jews. There are also two ways of counting the hours of Pera, the most popular one considering twelve o'clock to fall at sunset. Watches partial to this ancient mode of keeping time therefore lose or gain a minute or two a day. These independences cause less confusion than might be supposed. They interfere very little, unless with the happiness of employers. But where the liberty of Pera runs to license is in the matter of post-offices. Of these there are no less than seven. The six powers of Europe have an unworthy right to maintain post-offices of their own, which they exercise

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to the general grief. For they do not deliver letters, and to be certain of getting all your mail—there is not too much certainty even then—you have to go or send every day to every one of those six post-offices.

Caïque station on the Golden Horn.

For those branches of learning of which Pera is so superior a mistress, an inimitable hall of study is her much-scoffed Grande Rue. It begins under another name in Galata, in a long flight of steps from which you see a blue slice of the harbor neatly surmounted by the four minarets of St. Sophia. It mounts through a commerce of stalls and small shops, gaining in decorum as it rises in altitude, reaches its climax of importance in the vicinity of Galata Seraï, and keeping ever to the crest of the hill passes out into the country like another Broadway between apartment houses and vacant lots. Other Grandes Rues are broader, give access to larger and finer shops, are adorned by more splendid or more historic architecture. Some Grandes Rues are more bizarre and sketchable. Not that this one is barren of possibilities—where a motor-car will turn out for an ox-cart or a sedan-chair, and where pedestrians are stopped by an Anatolian peasant carrying a piano on his back, by a flock of sheep pattering between two gaunt Albanians, or by a troop of firemen hooting half-naked through the street with a gaudy little hand-pump on their shoulders. But few Grandes Rues are so full of contrasts more profound. They unconsciously teach tolerance to a watcher of them, if they do not suggest disconcerting questions. I do not suppose that a procession moving with crosses and banners has ever encountered that strange pageant of camels and sword-play that gives the Sacred Caravan godspeed to Mecca. There are nights, though, that are noisy with the selling of candles for midnight mass and with the wakeful drums of Ramazan. There is also New Year's eve, when Greek boys go about with lights in cages—in pursuance of what ancient superstition I have never known. And there are festal days like Baïram, beloved of Turkish children; like Easter Monday, when the open places about the Taxim are full of dancing and drumming; like

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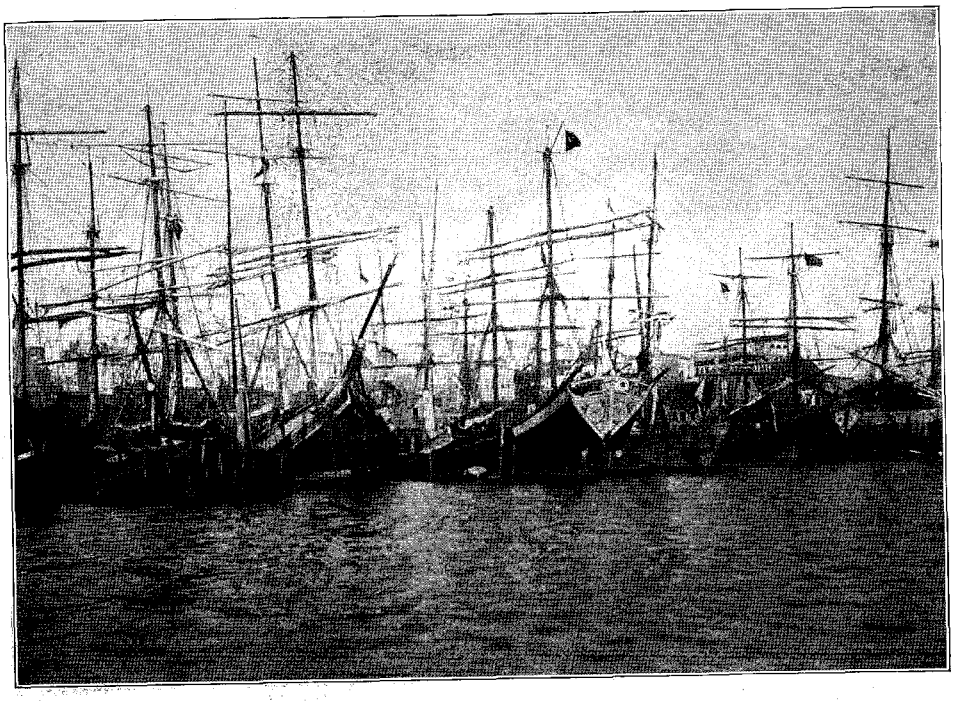
the Feast of Tabernacles, solemnized under cut boughs on high balconies; and the day in May when Christians and Mohammedans alike, filling the valleys of Beshiktash and the meadows of Kiat Haneh with the sound of pipes and the smell of roast lamb,



That anchored armada that is incredibly crowded in winter.—Page 755.

celebrate under different names the antique festival of the return of the sun.

There are other streets in Pera, and streets that are visibly as well as philosophically picturesque. They are likeliest to be in the Turkish quarters, which contain almost all that Pera and Galata may boast of architectural charm. The old Turkish houses are always simple and dignified, while some of the drinking fountains scattered all over the city by imperial and private generosity are extremely beautiful. The *saka*, the carrier of water from these fountains, with his dripping goat-skin, or more often in these degenerate days with his kerosene tin, is still a familiar figure. But for the sketchable, for the pre-eminently etchable, Galata is the place—humble, despised, dirty, abandoned Galata, with its outlying suburbs. If the Grande Rue de Pera is Broadway, the main street of Galata is the Bowery. It runs along the curve of the shore from Azap Kapou, at the inner bridge, to the outer bridge and the Bosphorus. The purlieus of this street are inhabited, says Mr. Murray's guide-book, by the most depraved population in Europe. Of depravity I am not connoisseur enough to pass judgment on this dictum. I can only say that if the Galatiotes are the worst people in Europe the world is not in so parlous a state as some persons have feared. I presume it must be to the regions called Kemer Alti—Under the Arch—lying between Step Street and the pious walls of St. Benoît, that the critic refers. Here the primrose path of Galata winds among dark and dismal alleys, Neapolitan save for the fezes, the odor of mastic, and the jingling *lanterna*, the beloved hand-piano of Galata. Yet even here *naïveté* would be a truer word than depravity. Among primrose paths this is at once the least disguised and the least seductive—except for its ingenuous openness—which I have happened to tread. There is so little mystery about it, its fantastic inhabitants make so little attempt to conceal their numerous disadvantages, that

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no Ulysses should be compelled to stop his ears against such sirens.

But Galata is by no means all primrose path. Other, more laborious paths abound there, of drudgery manifold, but chiefly of those who go down to the sea in ships. And is there not the famous path that crosses the Golden Horn? Of this bridge one could make a chapter by itself, if De Amicis had not done so already. It is no longer what it was, though, in the day of De Amicis, when it was commanded like a ship by a captain and crew, and when its tolls went into the ingenious pockets of the minister of marine. The dogs, the beggars, the shops that adorned it then are gone. The bridge itself is presently to go, to make way for a bigger one made in Germany. But the crowd that streams across it is as heterogeneous as ever. If it is somewhat less gayly colored it has merely followed the same law as the modern stage and the modern novel, being less striking in incident than in implication. And the view is always there—of the windy blue harbor and the superb silhouette of Stamboul.

The tangle of narrow streets between the "Bowery" and the water is given up almost entirely to sailors and watermen, their lodging, their outfitting, and their amusement. Between Top Haneh and the bridge a modern quay stretches, where all the flags of Europe fly. This is the quarter of custom and warehouses, of international coffee-shops, and of many a device for parting the sailor and his money. But its latter-day activities are given a local color by the variety of languages and costumes swarming here. The swarthy longshoremen, especially those who stagger through the streets in pairs carrying bales slung from long poles, are Kourds. Wolves, that is; and wolves these half-tamed tribesmen from the borders of Persia used to be whenever Abdul Hamid needed any killing.

The true Galata, the Galata which the Genoese first walled in, lies between the two bridges. How can I have wasted so many pages over Latin monks and humdrum Pera, when so many perfections are here? The Grande Rue is as nothing to the purlieus of Pershembeh Bazaar, which you may know by the prodigious wistaria making an arbor of the street. Pershembeh Bazaar means Thursday Market, and Thursday is the day to come here. Then awnings shade the little streets around Arab Jami, then venders of dreadful Manchester prints, of astonishing foot-wear, of sweets, of perfumes, of variegated girdles, leave no more than a narrow lane, and then is there infinite bargaining from sunrise to sunset. The next morning there will be not a sign of all this commerce. It has gone elsewhere—to be precise, to Kassim Pasha; for these merchants have a market for every day in the week. On Tuesdays you will find them at Top Haneh.

If the Thursday Market goes, the rest of Galata remains, and the best of it: the alleys of jutting upper stories that know so well the value of a grape-vine, the quaint shops and coffee-houses, the cavernous bakeries, the place of broken lights where the oar-makers ply the local variation of their trade, the ferries and caïque stations along the water-front. The boatmen of the inner harbor are another tribe by themselves, coming from Trebizond and the country of the Laz. Another picturesque spot on the water-front is the crazy floating wharf where the Greek sail-boats that bring oil and wine from the Marmora and the Ægean make a bobbing street. But best of all, supreme among the resources of Galata, is the nobler mass of shipping which is so striking a detail of the view from the bridge. A few steamers are in that anchored armada that is incredibly crowded in winter. But most of them are sailing-vessels that look as if they too had come down from mediæval times. There are heaven-piercing prows, there are poops of fantastic carving, there are systems of rigging that could scarcely serve an end other than to compose the most decorative lattice-work through which to look at the somewhat bald outline of Galata—and all waiting to make the fortune of the man who will etch them. Where were Mr. Murray's eyes when he came to the Golden Horn? Surely he would have forgiven Galata if he had taken in the virtue of her contribution to the pictorial.

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THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK III

XXI

THE spring in New York proceeded through more than its usual alternating extremes of temperature to the threshold of a sultry June. Ralph Marvell, wearily bent to his task, felt the fantastic humours of the weather as only one more incoherence in the general chaos of his case. It was strange enough, after four years of marriage, to find himself again in his old brown room in Washington Square. It was hardly there that he had expected Pegasus to land him; and, like a man returning to the scenes of his childhood, he found everything on a much smaller scale than he had imagined. Had the Dagonet boundaries really narrowed, or had the breach in the walls of his own life let in a wider vision?

Certainly there had come to be other differences between his present and his former self than that embodied in the presence of little Paul in the next room. Paul, in fact, was now the chief link between Ralph and his past. Concerning his son he still felt and thought, in a general way, in the terms of the Dagonet tradition; he still wanted to implant in Paul some of the reserves and discriminations which divided that tradition from the new spirit of limitless concession.

For himself it was different. Since his transaction with Moffatt he had had the sense of living under a new dispensation. He was not sure that it was any worse than the other; but then he was no longer very sure about anything. Perhaps this growing indifference was merely the reaction from a long nervous strain: that his mother and sister thought it so was shown by the way in which they mutely watched and hovered. Their discretion was like the hushed tread about a sick-bed. They permitted themselves no criticism of Undine; he was asked no awkward questions, subjected to no ill-timed sympathy. They simply took him back, on his own terms, into the life he had left them to; and their silence was free from those subtle implications of disapproval which may be so much more vexing than speech.

For a while he had a weekly letter from Undine. These missives, vague and disappointing though they were, helped him through the days; but it was rather as a pretext for replies than for their actual contents that he looked forward to them. Undine was never at a loss for the spoken word: Ralph had often wondered at her verbal range and her fluent use of terms outside the current vocabulary. She had certainly not picked these up in books, since she never opened one: they seemed rather like some odd transmission of her preaching grandparent's oratory. But in her brief and colourless letters the same bald statements were reiterated in the same few terms. She was well, she had been "round" with Bertha Shallum, she had dined with the Jim Driscolls or May Beringer or Dicky Bowles, the weather was too lovely or too awful: such was the gist of her news. On the last page she hoped Paul was well and sent him a kiss; but she never made a suggestion concerning his care or asked a question about his pursuits. One could only infer that, knowing in what good hands he was, she judged such solicitude superfluous; and it was thus that Ralph put the matter to his mother.

"Of course she's not worrying about the boy—why should she? She knows that with you and Laura he's as happy as a king."

To which Mrs. Marvell would answer gravely: "When you write be sure to say I sha'n't put on his thinner flannels as long as this east wind lasts."

As for her husband's welfare, Undine's sole allusion to it consisted in the invariable expression of the hope that he was getting along all right: the phrase was always the same, and Ralph learned to know just how far down the third page to look for it. In a postscript she sometimes

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asked him to tell her mother about a new way of doing hair or cutting a skirt; and this was usually the most eloquent passage of the letter.

What satisfaction he extracted from these communications he would have found it hard to say; yet when they did not come he missed them hardly less than if they had given him all he craved. Sometimes the mere act of holding the blue or mauve sheet and breathing its scent was like holding his wife's hand and being enveloped in her fresh young fragrance: the sentimental disappointment vanished in the penetrating physical sensation. In other moods it was enough to trace the letters of the first line and the last for the desert of perfunctory phrases between the two to vanish, leaving him only the vision of interlaced names, as of a mystic bond which her own hand had tied. Or else he saw her, closely, palpably before him, as she sat at her writing-table, frowning, and a little flushed, her bent nape showing the light on her hair, her short lip pulled up by the effort of composition; and this vision had the violent reality, the haunting precision of dream-images on the verge of waking. At other times, as he read her letter, he felt simply that at least in the moment of writing it she had been with him. But in one of the last she had said (to excuse a bad blot and an incoherent sentence): "Everybody's talking to me at once, and I don't know what I'm writing." That letter he had thrown into the fire. . .

The letters, after the first few weeks, came less and less regularly: at the end of two months they ceased. Ralph had got into the habit of watching for them on the days when a foreign post was due, and as the weeks went by without a sign he began to invent excuses for leaving the office earlier and hurrying back to Washington Square to search the letter-box for a big tinted envelope with a straggling blotted superscription. Undine's departure had given him a momentary sense of liberation: at that stage in their relations any change would have brought relief. But now that she was gone he knew she could never really go. His feeling for her had changed, but it still ruled his life. If he saw her in her weakness he felt her in her power: the power of youth and physical radiance that clung to his disenchanted memories as the scent she used clung to her letters. Looking back at their four years of marriage he began to ask himself if he had done all he could to draw her half-formed spirit from its sleep. Had he not expected too much at first, and grown too indifferent in the sequel? After all, she was still in the toy age; and perhaps the very extravagance of his love had retarded her growth, helped to imprison her in a little circle of frivolous illusions. But the last months had made a man of him, and when she came back he would know how to lift her to the height of his experience.

So he would reason, day after day, as he hastened back to Washington Square; but when he opened the door, and his first glance at the hall table showed him there was no letter there, his illusions shrivelled down to their weak roots. She had not written: she did not mean to write. He and the boy were no longer a part of her life. When she came back everything would be as it had been before, with the dreary difference that she had tasted new pleasures and that their absence would take the savour from all he had to give her. Then the coming of another foreign mail would lift his hopes, and as he hurried home he would imagine new reasons for expecting a letter. . .

Week after week he swung between these extremes of hope and dejection, and at last, when the strain had become unbearable, he cabled to ask the cause of her silence. The answer ran: "Very well best love writing"; but the promised letter never came. . .

He went on steadily with his work: he even passed through a phase of exaggerated energy. But his baffled youth fought in him for air. Was this to be the end of all his visions? Was he to wear his life out in purposeless drudgery? The plain prose of it, of course, was that the economic situation remained unchanged by the sentimental catastrophe and that he must go on working for his wife and child. But at any rate, as it was mainly for Paul that he would henceforth work, it should be on his own terms and according to his inherited notions of "straightness." He would never again engage in any transaction resembling his compact with Moffatt.

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Even now he was not sure that there had been anything crooked in that; but the fact of his having instinctively referred the point to Mr. Spragg rather than to his grandfather implied a presumption against it.

His partners were quick to profit by his sudden spurt of energy, and his work grew no lighter. He was not only the youngest and most recent member of the firm but the one who had so far added least to the volume of its business. He knew that his partners were making him pay for this and that for the time he must take his place as the office drudge. His hours were the longest, his absences, as summer approached, the least frequent and the most grudgingly accorded. No doubt his associates knew that he was pressed for money and could not risk a break. They "worked" him, and he was aware of it, and submitted because he dared not lose his job. But the long hours of mechanical drudgery were telling on his active body and undisciplined nerves. He had begun too late to subject himself to the persistent mortification of spirit and flesh which is a condition of the average business life; and after the long dull days in the office the evenings at his grandfather's whist-table did not give him the counter-stimulus he needed.

Almost every one had left town; but now and then Miss Ray came in to dine, and Ralph, seated beneath the family portraits and opposite the desiccated Harriet, who had already faded to the semblance of one of her own great-aunts, listened languidly to the kind of talk that the originals might have exchanged about the same table when New York gentility centred in the Battery and the Bowling Green. Mr. Dagonet was always pleasant to see and hear, but his sarcasms were growing faint and recondite: they had as little bearing on life as the humours of a Restoration comedy. As for Mrs. Marvell and Miss Ray, they seemed to the young man even more spectrally remote: hardly anything that mattered to him existed for them, and their prejudices reminded him of sign-posts warning off trespassers who have long since ceased to intrude.

Now and then he dined at his club and went on to the theatre with some young men of his own age; but he left them afterward, half vexed with himself for not being in the humour to prolong the adventure. There were moments when he would have liked to affirm his freedom in however commonplace a way: moments when the vulgarest way would have seemed the most satisfying. But he always ended by walking home alone, and tip-toeing upstairs through the sleeping house lest he should wake his boy. . .

On Saturday afternoons, when the business world was hurrying to the country for golf and tennis, he stayed in town and took Paul to see his maternal grandparents. Several times since his wife's departure he had tried to bring about closer relations between his own family and Undine's; and the ladies of Washington Square, in their eagerness to meet his wishes, had made various tentative advances to Mrs. Spragg. But they were met by a mute resistance which made Ralph suspect that Undine's frequent strictures on his family had lingered in her mother's brooding mind; and he gave up the struggle to bring together what had been so effectually put asunder.

If he regretted his lack of success it was chiefly because he was so sorry for the Spraggs. Soon after Undine's marriage they had abandoned their polychrome suite at the Stentorian, and since then their restless peregrinations had carried them through half the hotels of the metropolis. Undine, who had early discovered her mistake in thinking hotel life fashionable, had tried to persuade her parents to take a house of their own; but though they refrained from taxing her with inconsistency they did not act on her suggestion. Mrs. Spragg shrank from the thought of "going back to house-keeping," and Ralph suspected that she depended on the transit from hotel to hotel as the one element of variety in her monotonous days. As for Mr. Spragg, it was impossible to imagine any one in whom the domestic sentiments were more completely unlocalized and disconnected from any fixed habits of life; and he was probably aware of his changes of abode chiefly as they obliged him to ascend from the Subway, or descend from the "Elevated," a few blocks higher up or lower down.

Neither husband nor wife complained of

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their frequent displacements, or assigned to them any cause save the vague one of "guessing they could do better"; but Ralph had already noticed that the decreasing luxury of their habitations synchronized with Undine's growing demands for money. During the last few months they had transferred themselves to the "Malibran," a joyless structure resembling a grain-elevator divided into cells, where dingy linoleum and lincrusta simulated the stucco and marble of the Stentorian, and fagged business men and their families consumed the watery stews dispensed by "coloured help" in the grey twilight of a basement dining-room.

Mrs. Spragg had no sitting-room, and Paul and his father had to be received in one of the long public parlours, between ladies in the throes of correspondence and groups of listlessly conversing residents and callers.

The Spraggs were intensely proud of their grandson, and Ralph perceived that they would have liked to see Paul charging uproariously from group to group and thrusting his bright curls and cherubic smile upon the general attention. The fact that the boy preferred to stand between his grandfather's knees and play with Mr. Spragg's Masonic emblem, or dangle his legs from the arm of Mrs. Spragg's chair, seemed to his grandparents evidence of ill-health or undue repression, and he was subjected by Mrs. Spragg to searching enquiries as to how his food set, and whether he didn't think his popper was too severe with him. A more embarrassing problem was raised by the "surprise" (in the shape of peanut candy or chocolate creams) which he was invited to hunt for in gran'ma's pockets, and which Ralph had to confiscate on the way home, lest the dietary rules of Washington Square should be too visibly infringed.

Sometimes Ralph found Mrs. Heeny, ruddy and jovial, seated in the armchair opposite Mrs. Spragg, and regaling her friends with selections from her last batch of clippings. During Undine's illness of the previous winter Mrs. Heeny had become a familiar figure to Paul, who had learned to expect almost as much from her bag as from his grandmother's pockets; so that the intemperate Saturdays at the Malibran were usually followed by languid and abstemious Sundays in Washington Square.

Mrs. Heeny, unaware of this sequel to her bounties, formed the habit of appearing regularly on Saturdays, and encouraging the little boy to scatter the grimy carpet with face-creams and bunches of clippings in his thrilling quest for the sugar-plums at the bottom of her bag.

"I declare, if he ain't in just as much of a hurry f'r everything as his mother!" she exclaimed one day in her rich rolling voice; and stooping to pick up a long strip of newspaper which Paul had flung aside she added, as she smoothed it out: "I guess 'f he was a little mite older he'd be better pleased with this 'n with the candy. It's the very thing I was trying to find for you the other day, Mrs. Spragg," she went on, holding the bit of paper at arm's length; and she began to read out, with a loudness proportioned to the distance between her eyes and the text:

"With two such sprinters as 'Pete' Van Degen and Dicky Bowles to set the pace, it's no wonder the New York set in Paris has struck a livelier gait than ever this spring. It's a high pressure season and no mistake, and no one lags behind less than the ever-bewitching Mrs. Ralph Marvell, who is to be seen daily and nightly in all the smartest restaurants and naughtiest theatres, with so many devoted swains in attendance that the rival beauties of both worlds are said to be making catty comments. But then Mrs. Marvell's gowns are almost as good as her looks—and how can you expect the other women to stand for such a monopoly?"

Ralph, to escape the strain of these visits, finally tried the experiment of leaving Paul with his grandparents and returning to fetch him in the late afternoon; but one day on re-entering the hotel he was confronted by a small abashed figure clad in a kaleidoscopic tartan and a green velvet cap clasped with a silver thistle. This experience of the "surprises" of which gran'ma was capable when she had a chance to take Paul shopping, showed Ralph the imprudence of abandoning his son, and their subsequent Saturday afternoons were passed together in the sultry gloom of the Malibran.

Conversation with the Spraggs was almost impossible. Ralph could talk to Mr.

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Spragg in his office, but in the hotel parlour he sat in a ruminating silence broken only by the emission of an occasional "Well—well" addressed to his grandson. As for Mrs. Spragg, her son-in-law could not remember having had a sustained conversation with her since the distant day when he had first called at the Stentorian, and had been "entertained," in Undine's absence, by her astonished mother. The shock of that encounter had moved Mrs. Spragg to eloquence; but Ralph's entrance into the family, without making him seem less of a stranger, seemed once for all to have relieved her of the obligation of finding something to say to him.

The one question she invariably asked: "You heard from Undie?" had been relatively easy to answer while his wife's infrequent letters continued to arrive; but a Saturday came when he felt the blood rise to his temples as, for the fourth consecutive week, he stammered out, under the snapping eyes of Mrs. Heeny: "No, not by this post either—I begin to think I must have lost a letter;" and it was then that Mr. Spragg, who had sat silently looking up at the ceiling, cut short his wife's exclamation by an abrupt enquiry about real estate in the Bronx. After that, Ralph noticed, Mrs. Spragg never again renewed her enquiries; and he understood that his father-in-law had divined his embarrassment and wished to spare it.

Ralph had never thought of looking for much delicacy of feeling under Mr. Spragg's large lazy irony, and the incident drew the two men nearer together than they had ever been before. Mrs. Spragg, for her part, was certainly not delicate; but she was simple and without malice, and Ralph liked her for her silent acceptance of her diminished state. Sometimes, as he sat between the lonely primitive old couple, he wondered from what source Undine's voracious ambitions had been drawn: all she cared for, and attached importance to, was as remote from her parents' conception of life as her impatient greed from their passive stoicism.

One hot afternoon toward the end of June Ralph suddenly wondered if Clare Van Degen were still in town. She had dined in Washington Square some ten days earlier, and he remembered her saying that she had sent the children down to Long Island, but that she herself meant to linger on till the heat grew unbearable. She hated her big showy place on Long Island, she was tired of the spring trip to London and Paris, where one met at every turn the faces one had grown sick of seeing all winter, and she declared that in the early summer, New York was the only place in which one could escape from New Yorkers. . . She had put the case amusingly, and it was like her to take up any attitude that went against the habits of her set. But she lived at the mercy of her moods, and one could never tell how long any one of them would rule her.

As he sat in his office, with the noise and glare of the endless afternoon rising up in hot waves from the street, there wandered into Ralph's mind a vision of his cousin's cool shady drawing-room. All day it hung before him like the mirage of a spring before a dusty traveller: he felt a positive thirst for her presence, for the sound of her voice, the wide spaces and luxurious silences surrounding her.

It was perhaps because, on that particular day, a spiral pain was twisting around in the back of his head, and digging in a little deeper with each twist, and because the figures on the balance sheet before him were hopping about like black imps in an infernal forward-and-back, that the picture hung there so persistently. It was a long time since he had wanted anything as much as, at that particular moment, he wanted to be with Clare and hear her voice; and as soon as he had ground out the day's measure of work he rang up the Van Degen palace and learned that she was still in town.

The lowered awnings of the inner drawing-room cast a luminous shadow on old cabinets and consoles, and on the pale flowers scattered here and there in vases of bronze and porcelain. Clare's taste was as capricious as her moods, and the rest of the house was not in harmony with this room. There was, in particular, another drawing-room, which she now described as Peter's creation, but which Ralph knew to be partly hers: a heavily tapestried apartment, where Popple's portrait of her throned over a wilderness of gilt furniture. It was characteristic that to-day she had had Ralph shown in by another way; and

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that as she had spared him the polyphonic drawing-room, so she had skilfully adapted her own appearance to her soberer background. She sat near the window, reading, in a clear cool dress: and at his entrance she merely slipped a finger between the pages of her book and held out her hand to him.

Her way of receiving him made him feel that her restlessness and stridency were as unlike her genuine self as the gilded drawing-room, and that the quiet creature smiling up at him was the only real Clare, the Clare who had once so nearly been his, and who seemed to want him to know that she had never wholly been any one else's.

"Why didn't you let me know you were still in town?" he asked, sitting down in the sofa-corner near her chair.

Her dark smile deepened. "I hoped you'd come and see."

"One never knows, with you."

He was looking about the room with a kind of confused pleasure in its pale shadows and spots of dark rich colour. The old lacquer screen behind her head looked like a lustreless black pool with gold leaves afloat on it; and another piece, a little table at her elbow, had the brown bloom and the pear-like curves of an old violin.

"I like to be here," Ralph said.

She did not make the mistake of answering: "Then why do you never come?" Instead, she turned away, and drew an inner curtain across the window to shut out the sunlight which was beginning to slant in under the awning.

The mere fact of her not answering, and the final touch of well-being which her gesture gave, reminded him of other summer days they had spent together, long rambling boy-and-girl days in the hot woods and sunny fields, when they had never thought of talking to each other unless there was something they particularly wanted to say. The remembrance made his tired fancy stray off for a second to the thought of what it would have been like to come back, at the end of the day, to such a sweet community of silence. . . But his mind was too crowded with importunate facts for any lasting view of visionary distances. The thought faded, and he merely felt her nearness as a great rest. . .

"I'm glad you stayed in town: you must let me come again," he said.

"I suppose you can't always get away," she answered; and she began to listen, with grave intelligent eyes, to the account of his tedious toil.

With her eyes on him he felt the sudden exquisite relief of talking about himself as he had not dared to talk to any one since his marriage. To Undine he would not for the world have confessed his discouragement, his consciousness of incapacity; and since his return to Washington Square he had been conscious that any hint of failure would have been taken as a tacit criticism of what his wife expected of him. But to Clare Van Degen he could cry out his present despondency and his loathing of the long task ahead.

"A man doesn't know till he tries it how killing uncongenial work is, and how it destroys the power of doing what one's fit for, even if there's time for both. But there's Paul to be looked out for, and I daren't chuck up my job—I'm in mortal terror of its chucking me. . ."

Little by little he slipped into a detailed recital of all his lesser worries, the most recent of which was an annoying experience with the Lipscombs, who, after a two months' tenancy of the West End Avenue house, had decamped without paying their rent.

Clare laughed contemptuously. "Yes—I heard he'd come to grief and been suspended from the Stock Exchange, and I see in the papers that his wife's retort has been to sue for a divorce."

Ralph knew that, like all their clan, his cousin regarded a divorce-suit as a vulgar and unnecessary way of taking the public into one's confidence. His mind flashed back to Undine's first dinner in Washington Square: the family feast in celebration of their engagement. He recalled his grandfather's chance allusion to Mrs. Lipscomb, and Undine's startling answer, fluted out on her highest note: "Oh, I guess she'll get a divorce pretty soon. He's been a disappointment to her."

Ralph could still hear the horrified murmur with which his mother had rebuked his laugh. For he had laughed—had thought Undine's speech fresh and natural! Now he felt the ironic rebound of her words. Heaven knew he had been a disappointment to her; and what was there in her own feeling, or in her in-

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herited prejudices, to prevent her seeking the same remedy as Mabel Lipscomb? He wondered if Clare were thinking of that too. . .

They began to talk of other things: books, pictures, plays; and one by one the closed doors opened and light was let into dusty shuttered places. Clare's mind was neither keen nor deep: Ralph, in the past, had often smiled at her rash ardours and vague intensities. But she had his own range of allusions, and a great gift of momentary understanding; and he had so long beaten his thoughts out against a blank wall of incomprehension that her sympathy seemed full of insight.

She began by a question about his writing, but the subject was distasteful to him, and he turned the talk to a new book in which he had been interested. She knew enough of it to slip in the right word; and thence they wandered on to kindred themes. Under the warmth of her attention his torpid ideas awoke again, and at the same time his eyes took their fill of pleasure as she leaned forward, her thin brown hands clasped on her knees and her eager face reflecting all his feelings.

There was a moment when the two currents of sensation were merged in one, and he began to feel confusedly that he was young and she was kind, and that there was nothing he would like better than to go on sitting there, not much caring what she said or how he answered, if only she would let him look at her and give him one of her thin brown hands to hold. Then the corkscrew in the back of his head, which had temporarily suspended its operations, dug into him again with a deeper thrust, and she seemed suddenly to recede to a great distance and be divided from him by a fog of pain. The fog lifted after a minute, but it left him queerly remote from her, from the cool room with its scents and shadows, and from all the objects which, a moment before, had so keenly impinged upon his senses. It was as though he looked at it all through a rain-blurred pane, against which his hand would strike if he held it out to her. . .

That impression passed also, and he found himself thinking how tired he was and how little anything mattered. He recalled the unfinished piece of work on his desk, and for a moment had the odd illusion that it was there before him. . .

She exclaimed: "But are you going?" and her exclamation made him aware that he had left his seat and was standing in front of her. . . He fancied there was some kind of an appeal in her brown eyes; but she was still so dim and far off that he couldn't be sure of what she wanted. . . The next moment he found himself shaking hands with her, and heard her saying something kind and vague about its having been so nice to see him. . .

Half way up the stairs little Paul, shining and rosy from supper, lurked in ambush for his evening game. Ralph had a way of stooping down to let the boy climb up his outstretched arms to his shoulders. Today, as he did so, Paul's hug seemed to crush him in a vice, and the shout of welcome that accompanied it racked his ears like an explosion of steam-whistles. The queer distance between himself and the rest of the world was annihilated again; everything stared and glared and grabbed him. He tried to avert his face from the child's hot kisses; and as he turned his head away he caught sight of a letter among the hats and sticks on the hall table.

In an instant he knew the mauve envelope and the sprawling superscription. He passed Paul over to his nurse, stammered out a word about being tired, and sprang up the long flights to his study.

The pain in his head had suddenly stopped, but his hands trembled as he tore open the envelope. Within it was a second letter bearing a French stamp and addressed to himself. It had the look of a business communication and had apparently been sent to Undine's hotel in Paris and forwarded to him by her hand. "Another bill!" he reflected grimly, as he threw it aside and felt in the outer envelope for her letter. There was nothing there, and after a first sharp pang of disappointment he tore open the enclosure.

Inside was a lithographed circular, headed "Confidential" and bearing the Paris address of a firm of private detectives who undertook, in conditions of attested and inviolable discretion, to investigate "delicate" situations, look up doubtful antecedents, and furnish reliable evidence of

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misconduct—all on the most reasonable terms.

For a long time Ralph sat and stared at this document; then he began to laugh and tossed it into the scrap-basket. After that, with a groan, he dropped his head against the edge of his writing table.

XXII

When he woke, the first thing he remembered was the fact of having cried.

He could not think how he had come to be such a fool. He hoped to heaven no one had seen him. He supposed he must have been worrying about the unfinished piece of work at the office: where was it, by the way, he wondered? Why—where he had left it the day before, of course! What a ridiculous thing to worry about—but it seemed to follow him like a dog. . .

He said to himself that he must get up presently and go down to the office. Presently—when he could open his eyes. Just now there was a dead weight on them; he tried one after another in vain. The effort set him weakly trembling, and he wanted to cry again. Nonsense! He must get out of bed.

He stretched his arms out, trying to reach something to pull himself up by; but everything slipped away and evaded him. It was like trying to catch at bright short waves. Then suddenly his fingers clasped themselves about something firm and warm. A hand: a hand that gave back his pressure! The relief was inexpressible. He lay still and let the hand hold him, while mentally he went through the motions of getting up and beginning to dress. So indistinct were the boundaries between thought and action that for a moment he really felt himself moving about the room, in a queer disembodied way, as one treads the air in sleep. Then he felt the bedclothes over him and the pillow beneath his head.

"I *must* get up," he said, and pulled at the hand.

It pressed him down again: down, down into a dim pool of sleep. He lay there for a long time, in a silent blackness far below light and sound; then he gradually floated up with the buoyancy of a dead body. But his body had never been more alive. Jagged strokes of pain tore through him, hands dragged at him, not pacifying but torturing, with nails that bit like teeth. They wound thongs about him, bound him, tied weights to him, tried to pull him down with them; but still he floated, floated, danced on the fiery waves of pain, with barbed light pouring down on him from an arrowy sky.

Charmed intervals of rest, blue sailings on melodious seas, alternated with the anguish. He became a leaf on the air, a feather on a current, a straw on the tide, the spray of the wave spinning itself to sunshine as the wave toppled over into gulfs of blue. . .

He woke on a stony beach, his legs and arms still lashed to his sides and the thongs cutting into him; but the fierce sky was hidden now, and hidden by his own languid lids. He felt the ecstasy of decreasing pain, and courage came to him to open his eyes and look about him. . .

The beach was his own bed; the tempered light lay on familiar things, and some one was moving about in a shadowy way between bed and window. He was thirsty, and some one gave him a drink. His pillow burned, and some one turned the cool side out. His brain was clear enough now for him to understand that he was ill, and to want to talk about it; but his tongue hung in his throat like a clapper in a bell. He must wait till the rope was pulled. . .

So time and life stole back on him, and his thoughts laboured weakly with dim fears. Slowly he cleared a way through them, adjusted himself to his strange state, and found out that he was really in his own room, in his grandfather's house, that alternating with the white-capped faces about him were those of his mother and sister, and that in a few days—if he took his beef-tea and didn't fret—Paul would be brought up from Long Island, whither, on account of the great heat, he had been carried off by Clare Van Degen.

No one named Undine to him, and he did not speak of her. But one day, as he lay in bed in the summer twilight, he had a vision of a moment, a long way behind him—at the beginning of his illness, it must have been—when he had called out for her in his anguish, and some one had said: "She's coming: she'll be here next week."

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Could it be that next week was not yet here? He supposed that illness robbed one of all sense of time, and he lay still, as if in ambush, watching his scattered memories come out one by one and join themselves together. If he watched long enough he was sure he should recognize one that fitted into his picture of the day when he had called for Undine. And at length a face came out of the twilight: a freckled face, benevolently bent over him under a starched cap. He had not seen the face for a long time, but suddenly it took shape before him and fitted itself into the picture. . .

Laura Fairford sat near by, a book on her knee. At the sound of his voice she looked up.

"What was the name of the first nurse?"

"The first——?"

"The one that went away."

"Oh—Miss Hicks, you mean?"

"How long is it since she went?"

"It must be three weeks. She had another case."

He thought this over carefully; then he spoke again. "Call Undine."

She made no answer, and he repeated irritably: "Why don't you call her? I want to speak to her."

Mrs. Fairford laid down her book and came to him.

"She's not here—just now."

. He dealt with this also, laboriously. "You mean she's out—she's not in the house?"

"I mean she hasn't come yet."

As she spoke Ralph felt a sudden strength and hardness in his brain and body. Everything in him became as clear as noon.

"But it was before Miss Hicks left that you told me you'd sent for her, and that she'd be here the following week. And you say Miss Hicks has been gone three weeks."

This was what he had worked out in his head, and what he meant to say to his sister; but something seemed to snap shut in his throat, and he closed his eyes without speaking.

Even when Mr. Spragg came to see him he said nothing. They talked about his illness, about the hot weather, about the rumours that Harmon B. Driscoll was again threatened with indictment; and then Mr. Spragg pulled himself out of his chair and said: "I presume you'll call round at the office before you leave the city."

"Oh, yes: as soon as I'm up," Ralph answered. They understood each other.

Clare had urged him to come down to Long Island and complete his convalescence there, but he preferred to stay in Washington Square till he should be strong enough for the journey to the Adirondacks, whither Laura Fairford had already preceded him with Paul. He did not want to see any one but his mother and grandfather till his legs could carry him to Mr. Spragg's office.

It was an oppressive day in mid-August, with a yellow mist of heat in the sky, when at last he entered the big office-building. Swirls of dust lay on the mosaic floor, and a stale smell of decayed fruit and salt air and steaming asphalt filled the place like a fog. As he shot up in the elevator some one slapped him on the back, and turning he saw Elmer Moffatt at his side, smooth and rubicund under a new straw hat.

Moffatt was loudly glad to see him. "I haven't laid eyes on you for months. At the old stand still?"

"So am I," he added, as Ralph assented. "Hope to see you there again some day. Don't forget it's *my* turn this time: glad if I can be any use to you. So long." Ralph's weak bones ached under his handshake.

"How's Mrs. Marvell?" he turned back from his landing to call out; and Ralph answered: "Thanks; she's very well."

Mr. Spragg sat alone in his murky inner office, the fly-blown engraving of Daniel Webster above his head and the congested scrap-basket beneath his feet. He looked stale and fagged and sallow, like the day.

Ralph sat down on the other side of the desk. For a moment his throat contracted as it had when he had tried to question his sister; then he asked abruptly: "Where's Undine?"

Mr. Spragg glanced at the calendar that hung from a hat-peg on the door. Then he released the Masonic emblem from his grasp, drew out his watch and consulted it critically.

"If the train's on time I presume she's somewhere between Chicago and Omaha round about now."

Ralph stared at him, wondering if the heat had gone to his head.

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"I don't understand you."

"The Twentieth Century's generally considered the best route to Dakota," explained Mr. Spragg, who pronounced the word *rowt*.

"Do you mean to say Undine's in the United States?"

Mr. Spragg's lower lip groped for the phantom toothpick. "Why, let me see: hasn't Dakota been a state a year or two now?"

"Oh, God—" Ralph cried, pushing his chair back violently and striding across the narrow room.

As he turned back, Mr. Spragg stood up and advanced a few steps. He had given up the quest for the tooth-pick, and his drawn-in lips were no more than a narrow depression in his drooping beard. He stood before Ralph, absently shaking the loose change in his trouser-pockets.

Ralph felt the same hardness and lucidity that had come to him when he had heard his sister's answer.

"She's gone, you mean? Left me? With another man?"

Mr. Spragg drew himself up with a kind of slouching majesty. "My daughter is not that style. I understand Undine thinks there have been mistakes on both sides. She considers the tie was formed too hastily. I believe desertion is the usual plea in such cases."

Ralph stared about him, hardly listening. He did not resent his father-in-law's tone. In a dim way he guessed that Mr. Spragg was suffering hardly less than himself. But nothing was clear to him save the monstrous fact suddenly upheaved in his path. His wife had left him, and the plan for her evasion had been made and executed while he lay helpless: she had seized the opportunity of his illness to keep him in ignorance of her design. The humour of it suddenly struck him and he laughed.

"Do you mean to tell me that Undine's divorcing *me?*"

"I presume that's her plan," Mr. Spragg admitted.

"For desertion?" Ralph pursued, still laughing.

His father-in-law hesitated a moment; then he answered: "You've always done all you could for my daughter. There wasn't any other plea she could think of. She presumed this would be the most agreeable to your family."

"It was good of her to think of that!" Mr. Spragg's only comment was a sigh.

"Does she imagine I won't fight it?" Ralph broke out with sudden passion.

His father-in-law looked at him thoughtfully. "I presume you realize it ain't easy to change Undine, once she's set on a thing."

"Perhaps not. But if she really means to apply for a divorce I can make it a little less easy for her to get."

"That's so," Mr. Spragg conceded. He turned back to his revolving chair, and seating himself in it began to drum on the desk with cigar-stained fingers.

"And by God, I will!" Ralph thundered. Anger was the only emotion in him now. He had been fooled, cheated, made a mock of; but the score was not settled yet. He turned back and stood before Mr. Spragg.

"I suppose she's gone with Van Degen?"

"My daughter's gone alone, sir. I saw her off at the station. I understood she was to join a lady friend."

At every point Ralph felt his hold slip off the surface of his father-in-law's impervious fatalism.

"Does she suppose that Van Degen's going to marry her?"

"Undine didn't mention her future plans to me." After a moment Mr. Spragg appended: "If she had, I should have declined to discuss them with her."

Ralph looked at him curiously, perceiving that he intended in this negative way to imply his disapproval of his daughter's course.

"I shall fight it—I shall fight it!" the young man cried again. "You may tell her I shall fight it to the end!"

Mr. Spragg pressed the nib of his pen against the dust-coated inkstand. "I presume you would have to engage a lawyer. She'll know it that way," he remarked.

"She'll know it—you may count on that!"

Ralph had begun to laugh again. Suddenly he heard his own laugh and it pulled him up short. What was he laughing about? What was he talking about? The thing was to act—to hold his tongue and act. There was no use uttering windy threats to this broken-spirited old man.

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A fury of action burned in Ralph, pouring light into his head and strength into his muscles. He caught up his hat and turned to the door.

As he opened it Mr. Spragg rose again and came forward with his slow shambling step. He laid his hand on Ralph's arm.

"I'd 'a' given anything—anything short of my girl herself—not to have this happen to you, Ralph Marvell."

"Thank you, sir," said Ralph.

They looked at each other for a moment, then Mr. Spragg added: "But it *has* happened, you know. Bear that in mind. Nothing you can do will change it. Time and again, I've found that a good thing to remember."

XXIII

In the Adirondacks Ralph Marvell sat day after day on the balcony of his little house above the lake, staring at the great white cloud-reflections in the water and at the dark line of trees that closed them in. Now and then he got into the canoe and paddled himself through a winding chain of ponds to some lonely clearing in the forest; and there he lay on his back in the pine-needles and watched the great clouds form and dissolve themselves above his head.

All his past life seemed to be symbolized by the building-up and breaking-down of these fluctuating shapes, which incalculable wind-currents perpetually shifted and remodelled or swept from the zenith like a pinch of dust.

His sister told him that he looked well —better than he had in years; and there were moments when his listlessness, his stony insensibility to the small pricks and frictions of daily life, might have passed for the serenity of recovered health.

There was no one with whom he could speak of Undine. His family had enveloped the whole subject in a pall of silence which even Laura Fairford shrank from raising. As for his mother, Ralph had seen at once that the idea of talking over the situation was positively frightening to her. There was no provision for such emergencies in the moral order of Washington Square. The affair was a "scandal," and it was not in the Dagonet tradition to acknowledge the existence of scandals. Ralph recalled a dim legend of his childhood, the tale of a misguided friend of his mother's who had left her husband for a more congenial companion, and who, years later, returning ill and friendless to New York, had appealed for sympathy to Mrs. Marvell. The latter had not refused to give it; but she had put on black cashmere and two veils when she went to see her unhappy friend, and had never mentioned these errands of mercy to her husband.

Ralph suspected that the constraint shown by his mother and sister was partly due to their having but a dim and confused view of what had happened. In their vocabulary the word "divorce" was wrapped in such a dark veil of innuendo as no ladylike hand would care to lift. They had not reached the point of differentiating divorces, but classed them indistinctively as disgraceful incidents, in which the woman was inevitably to blame, but the man, though her innocent victim, was yet somehow vaguely contaminated. The time involved in the "proceedings" was viewed as a penitential season during which it behoved the family of the persons implicated to behave as if they were dead; yet any open allusion to the reason of the motive for adopting such an attitude would have been regarded as the height of indelicacy.

Mr. Dagonet's notion of the case was almost as remote from reality. All he asked was that his grandson should "thrash" somebody, and he could not be made to understand that the modern drama of divorce is sometimes cast without a Lovelace.

"You might as well tell me there was nobody but Adam in the garden when Eve picked the apple. You say your wife was discontented? No woman ever knows she's discontented till some man tells her so. My God! I've seen smash-ups before now; but I never yet saw a marriage dissolved like a business partnership. Divorce without a lover? Why, it's—it's as unnatural as getting drunk on lemonade."

After this first explosion Mr. Dagonet also became silent; and Ralph perceived that what annoyed him most was the fact of the "scandal's" not being one in any gentlemanly sense of the word. It was like some nasty business mess, about which

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Mr. Dagonet couldn't pretend to have an opinion, since such things didn't happen to men of his kind. That such a thing should have happened to his only grandson was probably the bitterest experience of his pleasantly uneventful life; and it added an ironic touch to Ralph's unhappiness to know how little, in the whole affair, he was cutting the figure Mr. Dagonet expected him to cut.

At first he had chafed under the taciturnity surrounding him: had passionately longed to cry out his humiliation, his rebellion, his despair. Then he began to feel the tonic effect of silence; and the next stage was reached when it became clear to him that there was really nothing to say. There were thoughts and thoughts: they bubbled up perpetually from the black springs of his hidden misery, they stole on him in the darkness of night, they blotted out the light of day; but when it came to putting them into words and applying them to the external facts of the case, they seemed totally unrelated to it. Once more white and sun-touched glory had gone from his sky; but there seemed no way of connecting that with such practical issues as his being called on to decide whether Paul was to be put into knickerbockers or trousers, and whether he should go back to Washington Square for the winter or hire a small house for himself and his son.

The latter question was ultimately decided by his remaining under his grandfather's roof. November found him back in the office again, in fairly good health, with an outer skin of indifference slowly forming over his lacerated soul. There had been a hard minute to live through when he came back to his old brown room in Washington Square. The walls and tables were covered with photographs of Undine: effigies of all shapes and sizes, expressing every possible sentiment dear to the photographic tradition. Ralph had gathered them all up when he had moved from West End Avenue after her departure for Europe, and they throned over all his other possessions as her image had throned over his future the night he had sat in that very room and had a vision of soaring up with her into the blue. . .

It was impossible to go on living with her photographs about him; and one evening, going up to his room after dinner, he suddenly began to unhang them from the walls, and to gather them up from book-shelves and mantel-piece and tables. Then he looked about for some place in which to bury them. There were drawers under his book-cases; but they were full of old discarded things—college text-books, paint-boxes, broken pipes, foolish superfluities in morocco and metal—and even if he emptied the drawers, the photographs, in their heavy frames, were almost all too large to fit into them. He turned next to the top shelf of his cupboard; but here the nurse had stored Paul's old toys, his sand-pails, shovels, and croquet-box. Every corner was packed with the vain impedimenta of living, and the mere thought of clearing a space in the chaos was too great an effort.

He began to replace the pictures one by one; and the last was still in his hand when he heard his sister's voice outside. He hurriedly put the portrait back in its usual place on his writing-table, and Mrs. Fairford, who had been dining in Washington Square, and had come up to bid him good night, flung her arms about him in a quick embrace and went down to her carriage.

The next afternoon, when he came home from the office, he did not at first notice any change in his room; but presently, when he had lit his pipe and thrown himself into his arm-chair, he became aware that the photograph of his wife's picture by Popple no longer faced him from the mantel-piece. He turned to his writing-table and saw that her image had vanished from there too; then his eye, making the circuit of the walls, perceived that they also had been stripped. Not a single photograph of Undine was left; yet so adroitly had the work of elimination been done, so skilfully the remaining objects readjusted, that no want of symmetry in the disposal of the various objects about the room attracted attention to the change.

Ralph was angry, sore, ashamed. He felt as if Laura, whose hand he instantly detected, had taken a cruel pleasure in her work, and for an instant he hated her for it. Then a sense of relief stole over him. He was glad he could look about him without meeting Undine's eyes. What had been done to his room he must do to his memory and his imagination: he must so

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readjust his mind that, whichever way he turned his thoughts, her face should no longer confront him. But that was a task that Laura could not perform for him, a task to be accomplished only by the hard continuous tension of his will.

With the setting in of the mood of silence all desire to fight his wife's suit died out. The idea of touching publicly on anything that had passed between himself and Undine had become unimaginable to him. Insensibly he had been subdued to the point of view about him, and the possibility of calling on the law to repair his shattered happiness struck him as even more grotesque than it was degrading. Nevertheless, some contradictory impulse of his divided and tormented spirit made him resent, on the part of his mother and sister, a too-ready acceptance of his attitude. There were moments when any assumption on their part that his wife was banished and forgotten exasperated him like the hushed tread of sympathizers about the bed of an invalid who will not admit that he suffers.

This irritation was aggravated by the discovery that Mrs. Marvell and Laura had already begun to treat Paul as if he were an orphan. One day, coming unperceived into the nursery, Ralph heard the boy ask when his mother was coming back; and Mrs. Fairford, who was with him, answered: "She's not coming back, dearest; and you're not to speak of her to father."

Ralph, when the boy was out of hearing, rebuked his sister for her answer. "I don't want you to talk of his mother as if she were dead. I don't want you to forbid Paul to speak of her."

Laura, usually so yielding, on this occasion defended herself. "What's the use of encouraging him to speak of her when he's never to see her? The sooner he forgets her the better."

Ralph pondered. "Later—if she asks to see him—I sha'n't refuse."

Mrs. Fairford pressed her lips together to check the answer: "She never will!"

Ralph heard it, nevertheless, and let it pass. Nothing gave him so profound a sense of estrangement from his former life as the conviction that his sister was probably right. He did not really believe that Undine would ever ask to see her boy; but if she did he was determined not to refuse her request.

Time wore on, the Christmas holidays came and went, and the long winter continued to grind out the weary measure of its days. Toward the end of January Ralph received a registered letter, addressed to him at his office, and bearing in the corner of the envelope the names of a firm of Sioux Falls attorneys. He instantly divined that it contained the legal notification of his wife's application for divorce, and as he wrote his name in the postman's book he smiled grimly at the thought that the stroke of his pen was probably signing her release. He opened the letter, found it to be what he had expected, and locked it into his desk without mentioning the matter to any one.

He supposed that with the putting away of this document notice he was thrusting the whole subject out of sight; but not more than a fortnight later, as he sat in the Subway on his way down town, his eye was caught by his own name on the first page of the heavily head-lined paper which the unshaved occupant of the next seat held between his grimy fists. The blood rushed to Ralph's forehead as he looked over the man's arm and read: "Society Leader Gets Decree," and beneath it the subordinate clause: "Says Husband Too Absorbed In Business To Make Home Happy." For weeks afterward, wherever he went, he felt that crimson blush upon his forehead. For the first time in his life the coarse fingering of public curiosity had touched the secret places of his soul, and nothing that had gone before seemed so humiliating as this trivial comment on his tragedy. The paragraph continued on its way through the press, and for weeks, whenever he took up a newspaper, he seemed to come upon it, slightly modified, variously developed, but always reverting with a kind of unctuous irony to his financial preoccupations and his wife's consequent loneliness. The phrase was even taken up by the paragraph writer, called forth excited letters from similarly situated victims, was commented on in humorous editorials and became the text of pulpit denunciations of the growing craze for wealth; and finally, at his dentist's, Ralph came across it in a Family Weekly,

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as one of the "Heart-problems" propounded to subscribers, with a Gramophone, a Straight-front Corset and a Vanity-box among the prizes offered for its solution.

XXIV

"If you'd only had the sense to come straight to me, Undine Spragg! There isn't a tip I couldn't have given you—not one!"

This speech, in which a faintly contemptuous compassion for her friend's case was blent with the frankest pride in her own, probably represented the nearest approach to "tact" that Mrs. James J. Rolliver had yet acquired. Undine was impartial enough to note in it a distinct advance on the youthful methods of Indiana Frusk; yet it required a good deal of self-control to take the words to herself with a smile, while they seemed to be laying a visible scarlet welt across the pale face she kept valiantly turned to her friend. The fact that she must permit herself to be pitied by Indiana Frusk certainly gave her the uttermost measure of the depth to which her fortunes had fallen.

This abasement was inflicted on her in the staring gold apartment of the Hôtel Nouveau Luxe in which the Rollivers had established themselves on their recent arrival in Paris. The vast drawing-room, adorned only by two high-shouldered gilt baskets of orchids drooping on their wires, reminded Undine of the "Looey suite" in which the opening scenes of her own history had been enacted; and the resemblance and the difference were emphasized by the fact that the image of her own past self was not inaccurately repeated in the triumphant presence of Indiana Rolliver.

"There isn't a tip I couldn't have given you—not one!" Mrs. Rolliver reproachfully repeated; and all Undine's superiorities and discriminations seemed to shrivel up in the crude blaze of the other's tangible achievement.

There was little comfort in noting, for one's private delectation, that Indiana spoke of her husband as "Mr. Rolliver," that she twanged a piercing *r*, that one of her shoulders was still higher than the other, and that her striking dress was totally unsuited to the hour, the place and the occasion. She still did and was all that Undine had so sedulously learned not to be and to do; but to dwell on these obstacles to her success was but to be more deeply impressed by the fact that she had nevertheless succeeded.

Not much more than a year had elapsed since Undine Marvell, sitting in the drawing-room of another Parisian hotel, had heard the immense orchestral murmur of Paris rise through the open windows like the ascending movement of her own hopes. The immense murmur still sounded on, deafening and implacable as some elemental force; and the discord in her fate no more disturbed it than the motor wheels rolling by under the windows were disturbed by the particles of dust that they ground to finer powder as they passed.

"I could have told you one thing right off," Mrs. Rolliver went on with her ringing energy. "And that is, to get your divorce first thing. A divorce is always a good thing to have: you never can tell when you may want it. You ought to have attended to that before you even *began* with Peter Van Degen."

Undine listened, irresistibly impressed. "Did *you?*" she asked; but Mrs. Rolliver, at this, grew suddenly veiled and sibylline. She wound her big bejewelled hand through her pearls—there were ropes and ropes of them—and leaned back, sinking her lids over her hard clear eyes.

"I'm here, anyhow," she rejoined, with "*Circumspice!*" in look and tone.

Undine, obedient to the challenge, continued to gaze at the pearls. They were real; there was no doubt about that. And so was Indiana's marriage—if she kept out of certain states.

"Don't you see," Mrs. Rolliver continued, "that having to leave him when you did, and rush off to Dakota for six months, was—was giving him too much time to think; and giving it at the wrong time, too?"

"Oh, I see. But what could I do? I'm not an immoral woman."

"Of course not, dearest. You were merely thoughtless—that's what I meant by saying that you ought to have had your divorce ready."

A flicker of self-esteem caused Undine to protest: "It wouldn't have made any difference. His wife would never have given him up."

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"She's so crazy about him?"

"No: she hates him so. And she hates me too, because she's in love with my husband."

Indiana bounced out of her lounging attitude and struck her hands together with a rattle of rings.

"In love with your husband? What's the matter, then? Why on earth didn't the four of you fix it up together?"

"You don't understand." (It was an undoubted relief to be able, at last, to say that to Indiana!) "Clare Van Degen thinks divorce wrong—or rather awfully vulgar."

"*Vulgar?*" Indiana flamed. "If that isn't just too much! A woman who's in love with another woman's husband? What does she think refined, I'd like to know? Having a lover, I suppose—like the women in these nasty French plays? I've told Mr. Rolliver I won't go to the theatre with him again in Paris—it's too utterly low. And the swell society's just as bad: it's simply rotten. Thank goodness I was brought up in a place where there's some sense of decency left!" She turned to Undine with a pitying look. "It was New York that demoralized you—and I don't blame you for it. Out at Apex you'd have acted different. You never *never* would have given way to your feelings before you'd got your divorce."

A slow blush rose to Undine's forehead.

"He seemed so unhappy—" she murmured.

"Oh, I *know!*" said Indiana in a tone of cold competence. She looked impatiently at Undine. "What was the understanding between you, when you left Europe last August to go out to Dakota?"

"He was to go to Reno in the autumn—so that it wouldn't look too much as if we were acting together. I was to come to Chicago to see him on his way out there."

"And he never came?"

"No."

"And he stopped writing?"

"Oh, he never writes."

Indiana heaved a deep sigh of intelligence. "There's one perfectly clear rule: never let out of your sight a man who doesn't write."

"I know. That's why I stayed with him—those few weeks last summer. . . "

Indiana sat thinking, her fine shallow eyes fixed unblinkingly on her friend's embarrassed face.

"I suppose there isn't anybody else——?"

"Anybody——?"

"Well—now you've got your divorce: anybody else it would come in handy for?"

This was harder to bear than anything that had gone before: Undine could not have borne it if she had not had a purpose. "Mr. Van Degen owes it to me—" she began, with an air of wounded dignity.

"Yes, yes: I know. But that's just talk. You know what I mean. If there *is* anybody else——"

"I can't imagine what you think of me, Indiana!"

Indiana, without appearing to resent this challenge, again lost herself in meditation.

"Well, I'll tell him he's just *got* to see you," she finally emerged from it to say.

Undine gave a quick upward look: this was what she had been waiting for ever since she had read, a few days earlier, in the columns of her morning journal, that Mr. Peter Van Degen and Mr. and Mrs. James J. Rolliver had been fellow-passengers on board the *Semantic*. But she did not betray her expectations by so much as the tremor of an eye-lash. She knew her friend well enough to pour out to her the expected tribute of surprise.

"Why, do you mean to say you know him, Indiana?"

"Mercy, yes! He's round here all the time. He crossed on the steamer with us, and Mr. Rolliver's taken a fancy to him," Indiana explained, in the tone of the absorbed bride to whom her husband's preferences are the sole criterion.

Undine turned a tear-suffused gaze on her. "Oh, Indiana, if I could only see him again I know it would be all right. He's awfully, awfully fond of me; but his family have influenced him against me——"

"Oh, I know what *that* is!" Mrs. Rolliver interjected.

"But perhaps," Undine continued tentatively, "it would be better if I could meet him first without his knowing—without your telling him. . . I love him too much to reproach him!" she added nobly.

Indiana considered this: it was clear that, though the nobility of the sentiment impressed her, she was disinclined to re-

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nounce the idea of taking a more active part in her friend's rehabilitation. But Undine pursued: "Of course you've found out by this time that he's just a big spoiled baby. Afterward—when I've seen him—if you'd talk to him, or if you'd only just let him be with you, and see how perfectly happy you and Mr. Rolliver are!"

Indiana seized on this at once. "You mean that what he wants is the influence of a home like ours? Yes, I understand. I tell you what I'll do: I'll just ask him round to dine, and let you know the day, without telling him you're coming."

"Oh, Indiana!" Undine held her in a close embrace, and then drew away to say: "I'm so awfully glad I found you. You must go round with me everywhere. There are lots of people here I want you to know."

Mrs. Rolliver's expression changed from vague sympathy to concentrated interest. "I suppose it's awfully gay here now? Do you go round much with the American set?"

Undine hesitated for a fraction of a moment. "There are a few of them here who are rather jolly. But I particularly want you to meet my friend the Marquis Roviano—he's from Rome; and a lovely Austrian woman, Baroness Adelschein."

Her friend's face was brushed by a shade of distrust. "I don't know as I care much about meeting foreigners," she said indifferently.

Undine smiled: it was agreeable at last to be able to give Indiana a "point" as valuable as any of hers on divorce.

"Oh, some of them are awfully attractive; and *they'll* make you meet the Americans."

Indiana caught this "point" on the bound: one began to see why she had got on in spite of everything.

"Of course I'd love to know your friends," she said, kissing Undine; who answered, giving back the kiss: "You know there's nothing on earth I wouldn't do for you."

Indiana, at this, drew back to look at her with a comic grimace under which a shade of anxiety was visible. "Well, that's a pretty large order. But there's just one thing you *can* do, dearest: please to let Mr. Rolliver alone!"

Undine's laugh showed that she took this for unmixed comedy. "Mr. Rolliver, my dear? That's a nice way to remind me that you're heaps and heaps better-looking than I am!"

Indiana gave her an acute glance. "Millard Binch didn't think so—not even at the very end," she said.

"Oh, poor Millard!" The women's smiles mingled easily over the distant reminiscence, and once again, on the threshold, Undine enfolded her friend.

In the light of the clear autumn afternoon she paused a moment at the door of the Nouveau Luxe, and looked aimlessly forth at the brave spectacle in which she seemed no longer to have a stake.

Many of her old friends had already returned to Paris: the Harvey Shallums, May Beringer, Dicky Bowles and other westward-bound nomads lingering on for a glimpse of the autumn theatres and fashions before hurrying back to inaugurate the New York season. A year ago Undine would have had no difficulty in introducing Indiana Rolliver into this group—a group above which her own aspirations already beat an impatient wing. Now her place in it had become too precarious for her to force an entrance for her protectress. Her New York friends were at no pains to conceal from her that in their opinion her divorce had been a blunder. Their logic was that of Apex reversed. Since she had not been "sure" of Van Degen, why in the world, they asked, had she thrown away a position she *was* sure of? Mrs. Harvey Shallum, in particular, had not scrupled to put the question squarely to her. "De Chelles was awfully taken—he would have introduced you everywhere. I thought you were wild to know smart French people; I thought Harvey and I weren't good enough for you any longer. And now you've done your best to spoil everything! Of course I feel for you tremendously—that's the reason why I'm talking so frankly. You must be horribly depressed. Come and dine to-night—or no, if you don't mind I'd rather you chose another evening. I'd forgotten that I'd asked the Jim Driscolls, and it might be uncomfortable; for *you*, I mean. . ."

In another world she was still welcome, at first perhaps even more so than before:

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the world, namely, to which she had proposed to present Indiana Rolliver. Roviano, Madame Adelschein, and a few of the freer spirits of her old St. Moritz band, reappearing in Paris with the close of the watering-place season, had quickly discovered her and shown a keen interest in her liberated state. It appeared in some mysterious way to make her more available for their purpose, and she discovered that, in the character of the last American divorcée, she was even regarded as eligible to a small and intimate circle of their loosely-knit association. At first she could not make out what had entitled her to this privilege, and increasing enlightenment produced a revolt of the Apex puritanism which, despite some odd accommodations and compliances, still carried its head so high in her.

Undine had been perfectly sincere in telling Indiana Rolliver that she was not "an immoral woman." The pleasures for which her sex took such risks had never attracted her, and she did not even crave the excitement of having it thought that they did. She wanted, passionately and persistently, two things which she believed should subsist together in any well-ordered life: amusement and respectability; and, despite her surface-sophistication, her notion of amusement was hardly less innocent than when she had hung on the plumber's fence with Indiana Frusk.

It gave her, therefore, no satisfaction to find herself included among Madame Adelschein's intimates. It embarrassed her to feel that she was expected to be "queer" and "different," to respond to pass-words and talk in innuendo, to associate with the equivocal and the subterranean and affect to despise the ingenuous daylight joys which really satisfied her soul. But the business shrewdness which was never quite dormant in her suggested that this was not the moment for such scruples. She must make the best of what she could get and wait her chance of getting something better; and meanwhile the most practical use to which she could put her shady friends was to flash their authentic nobility in the dazzled eyes of Mrs. Rolliver.

With this object in view she made haste, in a fashionable tea-room of the rue de Rivoli, to group about Indiana the most titled members of the band; and the felicity of the occasion would have been unmarred had she not suddenly caught sight of Raymond de Chelles sitting on the other side of the thronged room.

She had not seen de Chelles since her return to Paris. It had seemed preferable to leave their meeting to chance, and the present chance might have served as well as another but for the fact that among his companions were two or three of the most eminent ladies of the inaccessible quarter beyond the Seine. It was what Undine, in moments of discouragement, characterized as "her luck" that one of these should be the hated Miss Wincher of Potash Springs, who had now become the Marquise de Trézac. Undine knew de Chelles and his compatriots, however scandalized at her European companions, would be completely indifferent to Mrs. Rolliver's appearance; but one gesture of Madame de Trézac's eye-glass would wave Indiana to her place and thus brand the whole party as "wrong."

All this passed through Undine's mind in the very moment of her noting the change of expression with which de Chelles had signalled his recognition. If their encounter could have occurred in happier conditions it might have had far-reaching results. As it was, the crowded state of the tea-room, and the distance between their tables, sufficiently excused his restricting his greeting to the most eager of bows; and Undine went home heavy-hearted from this first attempt to reconstruct her past.

Her spirits were not lightened by the developments of the next few days. She kept herself well in the foreground of Indiana's life, and cultivated toward the rarely-visible Rolliver a manner in which impersonal admiration for the statesman was tempered with the politest indifference to the man. Indiana seemed to do justice to her efforts and to be reassured by the result; but still there came no hint of a reward. For a few days Undine restrained the question on her lips; but one afternoon, when she had inducted Indiana into the deepest mysteries of Parisian complexion-making, the importance of the service and the confidential mood it engendered seemed to warrant a discreet allusion to their bargain.

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Indiana leaned back among her cushions with an embarrassed laugh.

"Oh, my dear, I've been meaning to tell you—it's off, I'm afraid. The dinner is, I mean. You see, Mr. Van Degen has seen you 'round with me, and the very minute I asked him to come and dine he guessed——"

Undine coloured. "He guessed—and he wouldn't?"

"Well, no. He wouldn't. I hate to tell you."

"Oh—" Undine threw off a vague laugh. "Since you're intimate enough for him to tell you *that* he must have told you more—told you something, I mean, to account for, to justify, his behaviour. He couldn't—even Peter Van Degen couldn't—just simply have said: 'I won't see her.'"

Mrs. Rolliver hesitated, visibly troubled to the point of regretting her intervention.

"He *did* say more? He gave you a reason?"

"He said you'd know."

"Oh, how base—how base!" Undine was trembling with one of her little-girl rages, the storms of destructive fury before which Mr. and Mrs. Spragg had cowered when she was a charming golden-curled cherub. But life had administered some of the discipline which her parents had spared her, and she pulled herself together with a gasp of pain. "Of course he's been turned against me. His wife has the whole of New York behind her, and I've no one; but I know it would be all right if I could only see him."

Her friend made no answer, and Undine pursued, with an irrepressible outbreak of her old vehemence: "Indiana Rolliver, if you won't do it for me I'll go straight off to his hotel this very minute. I'll wait there in the hall till he sees me!"

Indiana lifted a protesting hand. "Don't, Undine—not that!"

"Why not?"

The other's eyes grew vague. "Well—I wouldn't, that's all."

"You wouldn't? Why wouldn't you? You must have a reason." Undine faced her with levelled brows. "Without a reason you can't have changed so utterly since our last talk. You were positive enough then that I had a right to make him see me."

Somewhat to her surprise, Indiana made no effort to elude the challenge. "Yes, I did think so then. But I know now that it wouldn't do you the least bit of good."

"Have they turned him so completely against me?" Undine broke into a combative laugh. "I don't care if they have! I know him—I can get him back."

"That's the trouble." Indiana shed on her a gaze of cold compassion. "It's not that any one has turned him against you. It's worse than that——"

"What can be?"

"You'll hate me if I tell you."

"Then you'd better make him tell me himself!"

Even at this Indiana did not flinch or evade the issue. "I can't. I tried to. The trouble is that it was *you*—something you did, I mean. Something he found out about you——"

Undine, to restrain a quick spring of anger, had to clutch both arms of her chair. "About me? How fearfully false! Why, I've never even *looked* at anybody ——!"

"No, no. It's nothing of that kind." Indiana's mournful head-shake seemed to deplore, in Undine, a hitherto unsuspected moral obtuseness. "It's the way you acted to your own husband."

"I—my—to Ralph? *He* reproaches me for that? Peter Van Degen does?"

"Well, for one particular thing. I don't see why you insist on my telling you. He says that the very day you went off with him last year you got a cable from New York telling you to come back at once to Mr. Marvell, who was desperately ill."

The blood left Undine's face. "How on earth did he know?" The cry escaped before she could repress it.

"It's true, then?" Indiana exclaimed. "Oh, Undine——"

Undine sat speechless and motionless, the anger frozen to fear on her lips.

Mrs. Rolliver turned on her the reproachful gaze of the deceived benefactress. "I didn't believe it when he told me; I'd never have thought it of you, Undine. Before you'd even applied for your divorce!"

Undine made no attempt to deny the charge or to defend herself. For a moment she was lost in the pursuit of an un-

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seizable clue—the explanation of this monstrous last perversity of fate. Suddenly she rose to her feet with a set face.

"The Marvells must have told him—the beasts!" It relieved her to be able to cry it out.

"It was your husband's sister—what did you say her name was? When you didn't answer her cable, she cabled Mr. Van Degen to find out where you were and tell you to come straight back."

Undine stared. "He never did!"

"No."

"Doesn't that show you the story's all trumped up?"

Indiana shook her head. "He said nothing to you about it because he was with you when you received the first cable, and you told him it was from your sister-in-law, just worrying you as usual to go home; and when he asked if there was anything else in it you said there wasn't another thing."

Undine, following her with throbbing intentness, caught at this with a spring. "Then he knew it all along—he admits that? And it made no earthly difference to him at the time?" She turned almost victoriously on her friend. "Did he happen to explain *that*, I wonder?"

"Yes." Indiana's longanimity grew almost solemn. "It came over him gradually, he said. One day when he wasn't feeling very well he thought to himself: 'Would she act like that to *me* if I was dying?' And after that he never felt the same to you." Indiana lowered her empurpled lids. "Men have their feelings too—even when they're carried away by passion." After a pause she added gravely: "I don't know as I can blame him, Undine. You see, you were his ideal."

(To be continued.)

DISCORDS

By C. A. Price

HAVE I known patience on a summer day,
  Or hope beside the springing of the corn,
Or joyed to hear the blue-bird's matin lay,
  Or found love in the clasp of my first-born?

But what in wintry weather, or the blast
  That levels the young promise of the field?
What, when the dawn without a song has passed,
  Or days which no responsive kiss can yield?

Have I given thanks at tables richly spread?
  Have I felt awed by childhood's purity?
When unjust fate strikes down a once-proud head
  Has brother-pity stirred the heart of me?

But when the board is mean, and scant the fare?
  But, ah! when childhood turns a leering face?
When the fallen head no majesty doth wear—
  Have thanks, awe, pity in my heart no place?

And shall the hiss of Self be ever plain
  When Life strikes full about us her vast chord?
Oh, to be one with all that is again!
  Forgive, forgive what I call virtue, Lord!

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ENGLISH FRIENDS

FROM LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Edited by Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe

III

THE last extract from the London journal in the preceding instalment of these papers was written at the end of 1872. The coming of 1873 marked the Nortons' impending return to the United States, which took place in May. Through the few intervening months the relations with those whose friendship affected all the future years became more frequent and intimate. So busy, indeed, were the final weeks in England, and so filled were the days at sea with the care of the children and the companionship of Emerson, who returned on the same ship with the Nortons to Boston, that the recording of the last experiences was deferred until the family was established for the summer at Ashfield, among the Massachusetts hills. From the diary of 1873 the ensuing passages are taken:

Monday, January 13, 1873.

Dined with Forster—Carlyle, Miss Welsh, cousin to Mrs. Carlyle, and Miss Hogarth, the only other guests. Forster much better than before his late stay at Torquay, but I fear he will never be well again; in one of his gentlest and pleasantest moods. His knowledge of and memory for the English dramatists and poets often gives a fine flavour to his talk. Carlyle talked excellently of many things, and he and Forster are such old friends that it is pleasant to see them together.—Heads of talk,—Browning's spoiling; Tennyson's decline, and the exaggeration of his admirers, his maltreatment and perversion of the old Round Table Romance; Coleridge, the surprising potential powers in him, "but no man can hope to do anythin' worth doin' and that has the temper of eternity in it without strenuous effort, and that's just what Coleridge was afraid of and hated. They're a poor lot, the Coleridges, most self indulgent mortals." —Schiller and his family; the "Copper Captain" Louis Napoleon; the difficulty of being independent in London, &c., &c.; Child and his Ballad Circular,* (in which both Forster and Carlyle took cordial interest).

Friday, January 17, 1873.

After lunch went to Carlyle's and found him sitting alone in his study, smoking his long clay pipe. He gave me a pipe and we sat for an hour by the fireside and then went for a walk to the Park. He was in a most pleasant mood;—as I grow familiar with him, and a certain intimacy unites us, his character becomes more and more open and delightful, and I feel a real affection for him. The sincerity and simplicity and modesty of his nature are even more striking in personal intercourse than the originality of his genius, the liveliness of his fancy, and the geniality of his humour. He is one of the most sympathetic of men.

"I've not had much sleep since I last saw ye. It's an old complaint, and I'm wonted to it. That dinner at Forster's gave the finishin' stroke; I was as prudent as man could be, but I did not get to sleep till six o' the clock the next morning. And one's troubled with all kinds o' whirlin' thoughts in the long nights; spectres and hobgoblins that won't be laid by any exorcisms, dance a wild reel through one's head. We were talkin' about prayer the other day,—well,—I remember one night I'd been lyin' awake, tossing from one side to the other, and at last I turned over on my back, a posture I don't often take in bed, and all of a sudden the Lord's Prayer flashed before me, an' I saw it all

* Professor F. J. Child, of Harvard, Norton's classmate, friend, and neighbor, had begun his monumental collection of "English and Scottish Popular Ballads" by sending a circular to scholars and owners of large libraries in England and Scotland, asking for information about unpublished ballads.

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plain written out from beginnin' to end. I don't think I'd used it officially for fifty years at least, but there it was—Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; thy Kingdom come,—and I thought to myself that it was just the varra best compendium of everythin' that a man had need to say if he desired to make a prayer,—and as I was thinkin' I fell asleep.

"Yes (with a laugh) as you say, 'twould not be a bad notion to issue a tract entitled, 'Remedy for Sleeplessness, addressed to Sinners by Thomas Carlyle.' . . .

"And so you've never read anythin' o' Smollett's. Well, I commend him to you. There's a vast gift of observation in the man, and great humanity, and varra little untruth or affectation. He gives a clear picture of things as he saw them. One o' the most delightful days in my life was one summer's day when I was thirteen or fourteen years old, and I got hold o' 'Roderick Random,' and went out into the fields, and lay down on the bank of a dry ditch, on the grass, with the trees over my head, and the birds singin' in them, and spent the whole day readin' that book.

"Before I bid ye Good night I must not forget to ask ye after my little sweetheart, S——. Take my blessing to her."

Thursday, February 6, 1873.

A quiet morning of reading and writing. . . .

At three went to see Carlyle; found "poor little Allingham" with him. . . . Froude soon came in; had just been reading an article of Leslie Stephen's offered him for "Fraser," on Strauss's book and the general condition of religious thought; found it too strong and outspoken for the Magazine. I urged that it was well that such men as Stephen should speak the truth plainly, . . . saying that it seemed to me the great sin of English society was insincere profession, pretending to believe that in which it had no belief whatsoever. Carlyle's sympathies were divided,—on the one hand he is wearied with talk about these things and thinks it does no good, on the other he approves moral honesty, hates paltering with the conscience, and likes manly outspokenness in the face of an hypocritical public.

In walking we fell into twos, and Carlyle walked with me;—he talked much of Fitzgerald and his sad life,—a man of genial nature, son of a rich man and a handsome woman, many children, and the family always quarrelling, and living in detachments in different houses on the father's various estates. After a while Edward Fitzgerald with a fortune of £800 a year went off to live alone; for many years in Tennyson's poor days he used to give him £300 out of his annual income. He became intimate with Bernard Barton, who lived with an only daughter,—"a clumsy lump." After Barton's death she went as housekeeper or companion into the family of one of the Gurneys. Fitzgerald took a notion that she was attached to him, and he ought to marry to her. So they were married, and he brought her to London, but she was awkward and uncongenial, and he miserable. He treated her with utmost consideration, but after a year he said to her that it was intolerable and they must part, and he divided his income equally with her, and went off to solitude and became more shamefaced than ever, and lives now much alone, in a big boat in summer, in which he sails round the coast, and lives in the presence of the melancholy sea. Was a warm friend of Thackeray, but fell off from companionship with him when he got into grand society. Lived at one time at Naseby, as solitary and gloomy a place as there is in England. Faithfully writes once a year to Carlyle; at one time they saw much of each other, but such was the modesty of the man that he never so much as mentioned the name of Omar Khayyam to him.

Carlyle had an engagement with Forster who is ill, and Allingham having left us, Froude and I continued our walk together for an hour through Kensington Gardens and the Park. We grew amicable as we walked, and he talked much and well of his American experiences. How much he conceals it is hard to say; but he said nothing but pleasant things to me. One of his remarks amused me, —"The only manners I met with that reminded me of the elegant old style of the Old World were those of the negro waiters."

He dreads the influence of Catholicism on our institutions; noted the change for

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the worse in the decline of the rural population of New England; found no hostility to England except among the Irish; fancied we should annex Cuba before long, &c. &c.

Wednesday, March 26, 1873.

Leslie Stephen and Morris dined with us,—they had never met before. Morris complained of feeling old, Monday was his 39th birthday; his hair, he said, was turning gray. He was as usual a surprising piece of nature; certainly one of the most unconventional and original of men. His talk was much of old Northern stories, and sagas, very vivid, picturesque and entertaining from its contents and from its character.

Stephen was pleasant, but he is best and shows his worth most in tête-à-tête.

Friday, March 28, 1873.

A beautiful spring day; warm, soft, and with a country fragrance in the London air.—A letter from George Curtis telling us of his illness, which makes me very sorry.—In the afternoon went to Carlyle's; and after sitting with him half an hour, had a pleasant walk with him and Froude from Chelsea through Kensington Gardens. . . . Carlyle seemed a little weary, perhaps weakened by the mild, unbracing weather; but was full of kindness and humour. He had not taken to Omar Khayyam,—"the old Mahommedan blackguard," had found his scepticism too blank and his solution of life in drink too mean. Of all Oriental poems had cared most for some translated by Rückert. . . . Carlyle's talk about Omar . . . was the Philistinism of a man of genius.

As for the miracles of the early church and of modern times he believed in the sincerity of most of them; that is, that the men who report them reported as honestly as they knew, and had faith in the truth of their own narrations; while imagination worked its due wonders, and powers of nature seemed miraculous to those who knew nothing of them, and of their operations.

His laugh might have been heard half across the gardens when I told him Burne-Jones's story of the youth at a College examination in history, who having succeeded but poorly, and being asked by the examiners to give some account of Cromwell, replied, "He played a conspicuous part in English history, and after a brief career, was heard on his death bed to murmur, 'Would that I had served my God as I have served my King!' ". . .

April 12, 1873.

. . . I have seen Leslie Stephen more frequently than usual during these days. He has dined with us often; his wife and their little girl and Miss Thackeray being at Freshwater, while their new house in Southwell Gardens is being made ready for occupation. The keenness and sincerity of Stephen's intellect, his moral independence, his pleasant humour, his deep feeling hidden at times under a veil of playful cynicism, his ready intellectual sympathies, and his interest in the most important matters of thought, make his companionship at once agreeable and interesting. Last night he brought to read to me the first draught of an essay which is to form the conclusion of his forthcoming volume of collected essays, to appear in the autumn under the title of "Freethinking and Plainspeaking."* The new essay is a striking and powerful statement and assertion of the grounds and claims of Freethinking as against the current theology. I found myself in essential agreement with the whole of it. The volume will be the clearest and most definite statement yet made of the attitude of the thought of serious men who reject the old religion, and of their view of morality, duty, and life. It is not merely an attack on the old creeds,—not merely a negative answer to the question "Are we Christians?" but a deeply felt, and ably thought statement of "Why we are not so," and of the rectitude and superior manliness of our position. The satisfactory nature of the principles that are held by a freethinker of the present day as a foundation alike for the best development of individual character, and for the establishment of better social relations among

* This volume, published in 1873, bore the following dedication:

"My Dear Norton:

"I venture to dedicate this book to you in memory of a friendly intercourse never, I trust, to be forgotten by me; and in gratitude for its fruitfulness in that best kind of instruction which is imparted unconsciously to the giver.

"Your affectionate friend,

"Leslie Stephen."

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men than now exist, is perhaps not presented as fully and strongly as it might be to advantage. Stephen's mind is essentially critical in its bent, and his experience has confirmed the native tendency of his mind.

The contrast between him and his brother Fitzjames is striking, and in personal relations amusing. Fitzjames is burly and broadshouldered in mind as in body. He has one of the clearest and strongest of solid English intelligences. In practical affairs on mother earth, where things may be seen and touched, his reason has the quality of an almost brutal force and directness. It is an implement most serviceable in his generation; compelling appreciation and respect in the performance of difficult and useful work. But off the pavement his powers fail. Leslie is a far better climber of mountains than he; with a lighter step, a steadier head, stronger wind, and clearer vision.

The virtues of the practical and the speculative intellects are well illustrated in the two brothers.

Last Sunday, April 5, Grace and I lunched with the Darwins, who are spending a few weeks in town, in a house in Montagu Street. Mr. Darwin was even more than usually pleasant; his modesty, his simplicity, his geniality of temper, the pleasant unaffected animation of his manners, are always delightful; but on Sunday there was a sweet tenderness in his expression, and he was in better health for the day than common. His talk is not often memorable on account of brilliant or impressive sayings,—but it is always the expression of the qualities of mind and heart which combine in such rare excellence in his genius. . . .

Mr. Emerson and his daughter Ellen have returned from Egypt, and came to see us two days ago. The Nile has renewed his youth, and brought back to him a becoming growth of hair. Each time I see him the sweetness of his nature, as shown through his face, his manner, and his words, impresses me more and more deeply. It is very beautiful, and very encouraging. He is the pattern of the cheerful philosopher in our modern times. He has made the best of life, and is master of its fit conduct;—serene, simple, with generous sympathies, and liberal interests, with large thoughts, and kindly wisdom. It makes one happier and better to be with him.—There is some hope that he may return on the steamer with us to America. I shall be very glad if he does so.

The difference between Emerson and Carlyle is very wide; life and its experience and its teachings have led them along widely diverging paths; the outcome of their creeds and philosophies is so unlike as to limit their mutual sympathies. They have fewer opinions and sentiments in common than they had forty years ago. They will be friends to the end; but neither is dependent for sympathy on the other. But how few are the deep, unbroken friendships founded on intimate sympathy! Happy the man who has one friendship of this sort!

Saturday, April 19, 1873.

Carlyle gave me today the cast from the mask* taken from Cromwell's face after death, which he promised me some time ago, and with it an interesting statement by Woolner concerning it. It is one of seven casts taken from the original mask. He said he had long had one of the common casts such as may be found in the plaster workmen's shops, that had been given to him by John Sterling. It had hung in his dressing-room for years, and his associations with it made it more valuable to him than the one that he gave me; but the cast I was to have was far the better, and much the more faithful likeness. He would like to have me see the difference, and so he took me upstairs,—the stairs of an old-fashioned house,—to his bedroom, and through this to his dressing-room; both scantily yet sufficiently furnished, far from luxurious, and save for the look of frugality about them with nothing special to mark them except the number of portraits, photographs, lithographs and engravings on the walls. "Here," said he, as we passed through the bedroom, "is the only room in the world where I can find quiet enough to sleep, and not always even here." On the dressing-room walls were in one frame a common German lithograph or engraving of Goethe and Schiller; in another of Herder and Wieland; on one side was the

* This mask, with Carlyle's collection of books on Cromwell and Frederick the Great, is now in the Harvard College Library.

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photograph from my portrait of Emerson by Rowse, and on another the cast of Cromwell, much smoked and darkened by long exposure to the London air, and much inferior by the obliteration of the finer points of likeness to the cast taken direct from the mask.—His face as represented in the better cast one of the most impressive of human countenances, with an expression of grave tenderness, and of delicate sensibility such as no other likeness of it renders. It is a noble head, and the face such as one would wish Cromwell's to have been, massive in proportions, but fine in form, with features well proportioned and shaped with such lines as to indicate the depth of the soul and the sweetness of the nature of which they were the outward sign. Carlyle spoke as usual with the utmost earnestness of admiration of Cromwell. He speaks much more and oftener of him than of any of his other heroes.

As we were walking, he began in answer to some question of mine to tell me of his early literary life. He found himself when he was toward twenty years of age in a very solitary and fettered condition of mind. The only man with whom he had any sort of free communication was Edward Irving, who was then the colleague of Dr. Chalmers in Glasgow, a man of very generous nature, so that though very much bound up by all sorts of ecclesiastical wrappings, he was still able to feel a kindly and human sympathy for such as were not similarly situated. "I used often to reduce him to sighin', and I remember well the day when I told him that of all the things he held dear there was not one that was tolerable to me, and with what a kindness he heard me, and how sorrowfully and yet affectionately we parted. Well, if it had not been for him, I should have had no single soul to whom I could express anythin' whatsoever of the convictions that had taken possession of me, but I should have been altogether compelled to silence, and to shut up in myself what was very likely to burst me."—It was about this time, Carlyle went on to say, that he read Madame de Staël's "Germany" and found in it some indication that men were thinking in a different sort there from what they were doing elsewhere. He had read the Scotch and the English philosophers and metaphysicians without getting much light or satisfaction from them, but here he found suggestions of another philosophy of which he wanted to learn much more than Madame de Staël was able to tell him. But he knew not a word of German, and on inquiring for a teacher, he could hear of none but a vagabond Polish Jew in Edinburgh, who professed to be familiar with the language, but of whom as an instructor he heard no good. But not long after this a college acquaintance of his, Jardine by name, who had been spending some time at Göttingen, as tutor, with a young nobleman, came back to his home some four miles away, a dull sort of fellow, but good enough in his way, and he agreed with Carlyle to give him one lesson in German a week in exchange for a lesson in French that Carlyle should give to him, and so by degrees Carlyle got a feeble introduction to the language. But there were no books to be had, and casting about how to get them, Carlyle bethought him that there was a flourishing trade at Leith with the east coast of the Baltic, and he asked the Provost of Leith who was a very kindly man, and had much to do with the trade, to order his correspondent to send over to him a copy of Schiller's Works. And in four or five months the book came, a big bundle of folded sheets, and Carlyle took it off to the binder's, and when he got the volumes home, he set to work to study them out with his Dictionary. And perhaps the next year it was that he got Goethe's works in the same way, and he tried "Wilhelm Meister," and got but a little way in it, and did not discover the real contents of it, and put it aside. And after a while he took up "Faust," and it was an epoch in his life, for here he found expression given to his own dim thoughts and dumb feelings, and he found himself in strange intellectual sympathy with the book such as he had never felt with any book before, so that it was a sort of Apocalypse to him, and he recognized at length that other men were thinking and feeling as he was.

By this time the language was becoming familiar to him, and he went back to "Wilhelm Meister," and read it from beginning to end, and found it full of the most precious assistance and instruction

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to him.—"Na, I've not in later years set the same value on 'Faust' as when I first read it. It's very far from bein' the best of Goethe's works; the philosophy of it is varra shallow and unsatisfying. There are splendid passages, and very deep sentences in it, but it's not a school for life. And as for the Second Part of it I've never been able to find much interest in it; it's a confused jumble, the rakin's out of his mind. Na doubt he had some purpose in it, but it gets altogether indistinct and formless.

"It was near this time that I first came to London, looking after some work by which I could earn an honest livin' and ready to do whatever came to hand. But though all my friends urged me to stay there, I told them it was quite impossible, for I could neither eat nor sleep, and I should die of the bad air and the bad food. And so I came back to Scotland with great uncertainty of prospect, and I went to see Lockhart who was in Edinburgh, much distinguished in society and among the literary people, to get some counsel from him. And he was varra kind and friendly, as I always found him afterwards whenever I had occasion to see him,—and he advised my tryin' some translatin' such as might be acceptable to the public, and he bade me beware of the publishers, which was an excellent piece o' counsel.

"And so the result of all was, that, havin' some three or four hundred pounds that I could honestly call my own, I took, with my Father's advice, a pretty farm with a varra comfortable farm house on it, some miles awa from my father's home, and one o' my brothers came to live with me to manage the farm, an' I set to work translatin' the stories that afterwards got printed as 'Specimens of German Romance,' and that was perhaps the happiest year o' my life, for I was surrounded by all sorts of affectionate treatment, my Mother and sisters would come to stay with us there, and I took interest in translatin', and the place was beautiful, and I could look away from my windows far southward toward the Irish Sea and the English mountains, and I had a pony on which I used to take long gallops across country, and all went well with me.

"One day after 'Wilhelm Meister' came out I saw a review written by de Quincey, reviling the book, an' its author an' its translator, an' heapin' every species of opprobrium on 'em. And I said to meself, that Goethe was able to bear it, an' that, for my part, it lay in me to correct the Scotticisms that he said were found in my English, and that as for the rest I could not agree with him in one word. The truth was that he had got a slender kind o' reputation for his knowledge of German, and he took it as very presoomptious in any other man to pretend to know a word of what he held as his exclusive preserve. He was a cross-tempered, hard beset, poor little wretch of a bein'. I met him many months afterwards, and he looked pale and tremblin' as if he was afraid I was about to devour him; but we got into amiable conversation, and he appeared to agree with everythin' one said, till after a little you found there was no point of agreement whatsoever. I never was able to read much o' what he wrote; his 'Opium Eater' was the only book o' his I could read to the end; and I read that in Edinburgh once when I had been sleepless for many nights, and I'd begun to think of takin' some laudanum in order to get sleep, but when I finished his book, I said to myself 'better a thousand times die from want of sleep than have anythin' to do with such a drug of the devil's own.'

"He was nothin' but legs and a head, a queer spectral figure; and he led on the whole a very poor, miserable, jealous existence, and grew warse and warse I've been told, as he grew old. An' so a daughter o' his has been stayin' with ye? And what might her name be?* I remember once seeing a little daughter of his, a varra sweet child, named Margaret; she might have been much about the age of my little sweetheart S——, when I saw her; but she was the only one of his children that I ever saw. . . ."

LONDON, *April* 20–*May* 10, 1873.

These were full weeks; and yet I could do but little of what I desired, for the weather was for the most part chilly and east windy, and my chest remained so sensitive as to compel me to unwelcome prudence.

*De Quincey's daughter Florence, then Mrs. Richard Baird Smith.

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I am writing now at Ashfield. It is the middle of June. Tomorrow will make up a month since we left England. In depth of experience the time is not to be reckoned by days or months. Many a year of life has less of change, less of feeling in it than have been crowded into the past weeks. I go back to my last days in England as if they were a long way off; they do belong to another life from that which I am now leading, to conditions that do not exist in America. They belong to my past. I foresee that time is likely to be ruthless in pilfering memories that I would but can not keep. Before I forget them I will note down some of the incidents which marked the last days of our stay in Europe.

On Monday, April 21, according to a long-standing engagement, Jane, Grace and I dined at the Forsters, with Mr. Carlyle, Miss Welsh, and Miss Hogarth. Mackay went with us. It was a pleasant dinner, for Forster was in far better condition than in the early winter, and in one of his mild and simple moods. The effect that Carlyle has on him is always beneficial, and their humours played well together. Carlyle was very sweet, a little quiet, but ready to be animated and vivacious.

The other day Froude said to me, "It's a great shame that someone shouldn't keep a record of Carlyle's talk. He never fails to say something memorable or admirably humourous. Why he called somebody the other day 'an inspired red herring.'" "Pray," said I, "who is it that deserves such a label?" but Froude had forgotten. . . . Some days afterwards I asked Carlyle to whom he had applied the phrase, but he had forgotten, and said, he trusted he was not to be made accountable for all the extravagant phrases he had uttered in talk—there would be "varra many to rise in judgment" against him—but he wouldn't disown "the inspired red herring."

I told all this to Forster, abusing Froude at the same time, much to Carlyle's amusement, which was increased when Forster broke out, "By Heavens! my dear Norton, I heard that precious utterance, but I, too, have forgotten to whom it was fitted. Mrs. Forster will remember." But when we went to the drawing-room, Mrs. Forster could not remember, and Forster called down wrath on her and himself. The next morning the post brought me a note from him at breakfast time which contained only the name,—Henry Thomas Buckle!!

The day that Emerson dined with us with Lewes there was some talk after dinner about Goethe,—and in the course of it Emerson said energetically "I hate 'Faust.' It is a bad book." Lewes was amazed. The agreement of opinion concerning it of Carlyle and Emerson is interesting. Emerson does not like the "Dichtung and Wahrheit"; values the "Italian Journey,"—and is accustomed to carry with him the "Sprüche" when he travels. Has had them this year on the Nile. . . .

On the 5th of May Lowell arrived from Paris, to spend two or three days with us before our departure. These eight months in Europe have done him all the good which I had hoped. He is refreshed and rejuvenated; in far better health and spirits than when he was with us in Paris in October. He has begun to feel the relief from the yoke of College duties, and the hair, he says, is growing on his neck again. He always carries, however, too much of Cambridge with him; and John Holmes* [and he] have managed to make the Quais and the Rue de Rivoli mere continuations of Brattle Street. I wish he had come abroad ten years ago; for at fifty-four youth is too far behind one for the hope that any change in life or external circumstance will be such that it can catch up with one again. James, however, said he had begun to dream again, and he had as many projects for poems, and plans for work, as if he had never disappointed himself by making too many.

Life has not treated him well in making him shy, sensitive and inexpressive in general society; he who was made to be one of the most social of men, who is, with those whom he loves, the most agreeable and delightful of companions, seldom does himself justice with strangers, and turns to them often the unsympathetic outside of a most tender and sympathetic nature.

* Brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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He was as sweet and dear as man could be during the days he spent with us. It pleased me that he saw Carlyle, and Ruskin, and Morris for the first time, at our house. Ruskin lunched with us one day, having come to Herne Hill* for a short visit. He was pleasant, but not at his best, and was too much preoccupied to do justice to Lowell's excellence. Lowell was far more just to him.

Morris dined with us one evening, and was as usual, his own surprising, simple, vigorous, homely, pleasant and interesting self. Much animated talk as usual of Iceland, more than of Italy from which he had returned the last week, after a week in Florence,—his first visit to that marvel of cities. He had seen the Academy more than once; he had been through the Uffizi, and had seen the pictures and frescoes in S^ta^. Maria Novella, and S^ta^. Croce; he had seen pictures enough and did not enter the Pitti.

Florence was not at its best when he was there; it was in one of its chill, cheerless, grey Northern moods. Italy to be Italy must be warm and Southern.

Another evening Georgie Burne-Jones dined with us, and the next day Lowell and I went to the Grange to see the pictures that were visible in the Studio. We saw the multitude of schemes, and half finished works and of works near completion that make Ned's studio incomparably the richest that I have ever entered; for there is not a design among them all that is not instinct with imagination, and that does not show, as no other modern pictures show, the pure pictorial genius as distinguished by its expression in colour and in harmonious design. There were the new Chant d'Amour; the Dream of Fair Women; Merlin and Nimuë; the Car of Love; the series from the story of Pygmalion; the Angels of the Creation; the Sleeping Beauty series; the Hope, and the Charity; Pan and Psyche; the Dance by the Mill; and many more; but we did not see the too unfinished pictorial story of Troy,—a series of pictures that seems to me quite unparalleled in truth of imagination and fullness of conception and realization since the great days of Florentine art.

* Ruskin's early home, at this time occupied by his cousin, Mrs. Arthur Severn, and her husband.

Georgie was her delightful self; and James was as greatly struck and pleased and interested as I hoped he would be. . . .

May 7, Wednesday afternoon Carlyle came in with Forster to say Goodbye to us. He asked me to send for the children that he might see them once more. He took "his little sweetheart" S—— on his knee, kissed her with great tenderness, and gave her a little package to open when she liked. Her eyes sparkled and she ran out of the room to see what it contained. In a moment she came back, came to me with a face brimful of sweetness and pleasure, and showed me a little gold locket in which the tender-hearted childless old man had put a lock of his own hair. Seldom has a child received a more precious gift. S——'s thanks were very earnest and pretty. Little M——, with a strong sense of individual rights and interests, longed for a present also, and, going quite fearlessly up to the old man, began to feel in the capacious pockets of his great coat. Carlyle was talking at the moment, and I did not notice that he paid any special attention to her. I called her away, and she came with rather a disappointed and down-cast look.

Carlyle, as he gave the little box containing the locket to S——, "Here's a love token for ye, my poor little dear, with an old man's love and blessing. May all good be yours!" *

Carlyle asked me to come for one more walk with him, and I promised to do so on Friday.

I had to go to the Barings, a long way, on Friday morning, and to do other errands, and reached Leslie Stephen's where I had promised to meet Lowell at lunch, only at two o'clock. In driving from the city I had been pained to see on the news boards, the telegraphic message from Avignon announcing Mill's death. It was but the day before that we had first heard of his serious illness. He will be greatly missed by the best men; if his authority

* Carlyle's tenderness for this child continued till his death, and showed itself in various ways. In a copy of his "*Cromwell*" he added to the inscription, in "the usual blue pencil," of her name and his, the words, in brackets, "to be read so soon as she is ten years old." His last gift to her, his wife's silver *étui*, contains Mrs. Carlyle's work-worn gold thimble, with the words "*Ah de mi*" engraved upon it.

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as a thinker has been weakened by his later essays, his moral influence has by no means diminished. No man has done more than he in England to keep the standard of thought high, and its quality pure. Every man of thought, however he may have differed from him in opinion, has had an unqualified respect for Mill. My feeling for him has in it a very tender element mingled with respect. Susan's deep regard for him, the pleasant personal relations between us in 1869, his marked kindness, the interest of his occasional letters,—all add a sense of private loss to the deeper sense of the public loss in his death.

In the first days of our stay in London, last autumn, I went out with Chauncey Wright* to Blackheath, in hope of finding Mill there. It is a long time since some very interesting letters passed between them, and Wright before returning home wanted to see Mill.

It was a very beautiful English autumn day; soft, misty, with tender lights and colours. The air of Blackheath Park was damp and heavy with autumnal odours. The last time that I had walked along the pleasant way was full in my memory; and it was not discordant with my feeling to find the house deserted, the doorstep mossy and overgrown, and to learn that Mill had left it more than a year before. The lease of the house, as I afterward heard, had run out, and Mill now spent more time than ever at Avignon.

In the winter, while I was ill, Mill was in London for a few weeks. I had no communication with him,—though perhaps I might have seen him toward the end of his stay. Lady Amberley asked me to come one Sunday to meet Mill, and Huxley, and Herbert Spencer, and Max Müller! And I might have gone, but such a congregation had no attraction for me. I would gladly have gone to see Mill alone.

Lowell was at the Stephens' before I reached there. It was the first time I had been in their pleasant new house, which is not yet in complete order,—No. 8, Southwell Gardens. I was glad to see them in it, and to have a sight of their future home. They were both very pleasant, but there was the tinge of sadness and last-ness over the hour.

Leaving them I went to Carlyle's. He received me with even more than common affection. I was hardly seated when he said,—"And how are all your little folks? That wee thing that I hear you call Gretchen, poor little dear, she thought I was very oonmindful of her the other day, and came feelin' in my pocket for the gift I ought to have brought her. And so I've put up a little packet for her, that you shall take to her with my blessing." And so saying he handed me a little envelope on which was written in his usual blue pencil, "Dear little Maggie Norton's little conquest in England! To Papa's care.—T. C. 9 May, 1873."—When I opened it, after parting from Carlyle, I found the little packet contained some American postage stamps, and four little bits of our silver or nickel money, and on the inside paper was written: "Sent to frank Chelsea Autographs; couldn't act in that capacity; go now, as *spolia opima*, a better road!—T. C. (May 1873)." The packet was sealed with a seal bearing the word *Entsagen*.—Prettier, tenderer, sweeter gifts were never given to little children.

As he put the little parcel into my hands, Carlyle said, "I've been thinkin' about your voyage, an' I've laid out here a few books that might amuse you. They're old books that maybe I should never open again if I kept them on my shelves. I daresay you know this one, *Scaligerana*—it's not without its worth; not much wisdom in it, but some curious learnin' and entertainment for a scholar. And this other old volume is one of a series, I believe, of Anecdotes as they were called, of different nations, published in France some hundred years ago. This is the only one I have,—'Anecdotes Arabes,'—but I've seen the 'Anecdotes Persanes.' I don't know, I never could find out who compiled the books, but they're done with something varra like judgment, and are not deficient, so far as I ever discovered, in accurate statement. And here's that old beggar's story that I've so often spoken of to ye, it's not the best edition,

* An American philosopher, now little known, with whose views Norton was in close sympathy, and for whose "Philosophical Discussions" (1877) he wrote a biographical preface. See also the revelation of an interesting personality in "Letters of Chauncey Wright, with Some Account of His Life," by James Bradley Thayer, 1878.

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for the first editions contain much about Fielding that's of interest, but it's all omitted from the book 'The Autobiography of Bamfylde Moore Carew' as one finds it nowadays. This was the best I could find for you; it has some interest for you, for there's much about America in it, a curious picture of things in Virginia. I've marked the passage which shows the year when he was over there. He met Whitefield and practised his art on the good man. At any rate, here it is for ye. I'll have all done up in a parcel ready for your man if he can come for them."

And as he went upstairs to put on his coat for the walk, he called Miss Welsh, and begged her to do up the books that they might be ready when Blake should come for them.

Miss Welsh stayed with me while Carlyle was upstairs, very kindly, and simple, and a good friend for him. She spoke in a way that touched me of Carlyle's regret at my departure; and she told me of the great interest he had taken in the locket for S——, and of the regret he felt when, too late, she had suggested to him that on the other side of the locket, within, to face the hair, should have been a little photographic miniature of himself. He was very sorry not to complete his gift in this way.

As we went out of the door I spoke to Carlyle of the sad news of Mill's death. He had not even heard of his illness, and he was deeply moved at hearing thus without preparation of his death. "What! John Mill dead! Dear me, Dear me! John Mill! how did he die and whar? And it's so long since I've seen him, and he was the friendliest of men to me when I was in need of friends. Dear me! it's all over now. I never knew a finer, tenderer, more sensitive or modest soul among the sons of men. There never was a more generous creature than he, nor a more modest. He and I were great friends, an' when I was beginnin' to work on my 'French Revolution' there was no man from whom I got such help. He had lived a long while as a youth in France, and he's made an excellent collection of books, and he'd observed much, and the Revolution had been a gret interest to him, and I learned much from talk with him, and nothin' would satisfy him but that I should have all his books that could be of any sort of use to me. And he was always forward with the most generous encouragement, and as the book went on he began to think there never had been such a book written in the warld,—a varra foolish piece o' friendliness,—and when the first volume was finished nothin' would serve him but that he should have it, and needs must take it to that woman, Mrs. Taylor, in whom he'd discovered so much that no one else could find. And so she had it at her house on the riverside at Kingston, and I never shall forget the dismay on John Mill's face one day when he came to tell me that the housemaid had lighted the fire with it, and it was gone. There's no denyin' it was a terrible blow! But he behaved in an entirely generous and noble manner about it. But the year's hard work was gone,—and it was a calamity quite irreparable.—Oh, as for her, I never heard that it very much diminished her content in life.—A varra noble soul was John Mill, quite sure, beautiful to think of. I never could find out what more than ordinary there was in the woman he cared so much for; but there was absolute sincerity in his devotion to her. She was the daughter of a flourishing London Unitarian tradesman, and her husband was the son of another, and the two families made the match. Taylor was a varra respectable man, but his wife found him dull; she had dark black, hard eyes, and an inquisitive nature, and was ponderin' on many questions that worried her, and could get no answers to them, and that Unitarian clergyman that you've heard of, William Fox* by name, told her at last that there was a young philosopher of very remarkable quality, whom he thought was just the man to deal with her case. And so Mill with great difficulty was brought to see her, and that man, who, up to that time, had never so much as looked at a female creature, not even a cow, in the face, found himself opposite those great dark eyes, that were flashing unutterable things while he was discoursin' the utterable consarnin' all sorts o' high topics." Carlyle went on to tell me that their intimacy grew, Mill devoting himself to Mrs.

* William Johnson Fox, for whom South Place Chapel, in London, was built.

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Taylor, spending all his evenings and every Sunday with her, till officious friends suggested to Mr. Taylor that he was letting matters go too far; that he, good man, then interfered, and the result was that, a longer or shorter time afterward, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor determined to have separate establishments, and that she took a small house at Kingston-on-Thames, where Mill was in the habit of going on Saturdays to spend the next day, and whither Carlyle had sometimes been in his company. Carlyle was convinced that their relations were entirely innocent; that the only blame which could be visited upon them was that, being deeply attached to each other, they had been perhaps too indifferent to Mr. Taylor's feelings and interests, but of this inner part of their experience he (Carlyle) knew nothing. (And this conviction I have found to be universal among those who have known Mill most intimately; and it would be wholly in disaccord with Mill's principles, character and temperament, to suppose that the relations between him and Mrs. Taylor had ever been other than pure and innocent. It agrees with this that I heard, I forget from whom, in the course of the past winter, that Mill had refused to become acquainted with Mrs. Lewes, had spoken in terms of the strongest reprobation of her course, and had expressed himself very warmly as to the wrong committed by her in its effect on society, and its influence on women exposed to temptation to violate the conventional relations between man and woman.)

"At one time," continued Carlyle, "the poor woman became very feeble, and fancied she was goin' to die, and she sent for me, and I went with Mill, and she wanted me to become trustee of such property as she had, for the benefit of her children. It was all varra pathetic, but I had to tell her that she couldn't have made a warse choice, that there was no man less fit to take charge of other people's property, for I could scarcely mind my own, and that if by chance I ever happened to have a hundred pounds o' my own I was altogether at a loss to know what to do with it. And I begged her to ask some one else, and to let me off, though I wad gladly ha' sarved her if I could.

"Wull, John Mill and I were very near friends for many years, and I know not what parted us, but I remember the last time we ever met. It was when your countrywoman, Margaret Fuller, was here. She brought me a letter from Emerson, to which I wanted to do honour, and I determined to ask some o' the people she would like to see to meet her at dinner, and John Mill among them. And I went one day to the India House to invite him, and before I got there I met him coming along the street, and he received me like the very incarnation o' the East Wind, and refused my invitation peremptorily. And from that day to this I've never set my eyes upon him, and no word has passed between us. Dear me! And many a night have I laid awake thinkin' what it might be that had come between us, and never could I think o' the least thing, for I'd never said a word nor harboured a thought about that man but of affection and kindliness. And many's the time I've thought o' writin' to him and sayin' 'John Mill, what is it that parts you and me?' But that's all over now. Never could I think o' the least thing, unless maybe it was this. One year the brother o' that man Cavaignac who was ruler for a time in France,*—Godefroi Cavaignac, a man o' more capacity than his brother,—was over here from Paris, an' he told me o' meeting Mill and Mrs. Taylor somewhere in France not long before, eatin' grapes together off o' one bunch, like two love birds. And his description amused me, and I repeated it, without thinkin' any harm, to a man who was not always to be trusted, Charles Buller,† a man who made trouble with his tongue, and I've thought that he might perhaps have told it to Mill, and that Mill might have fancied that I was making a jest o' what was most sacred to him; but I don't know if that was it, but it was the only thing I could ever think of that could ha' hurt him.

"And after a time when Taylor died, he married the widow, and then he gave up all society, and refused all invitations, for he knew that hard things had been said about his wife and about himself, and he would see no one who was not ready to do her absolute honour. And they were always said to be very happy together, till

* Louis Eugène Cavaignac, dictator in 1848.
† Liberal politician, pupil of Carlyle.

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she died, and now he's gone after her whom he loved."

All this talk went on as we walked up through the Chelsea Streets, by Onslow Square, to Queen's Gate. As we were going up Queen's Gate the rain began to fall and during one shower we sought shelter under a porch. The shower passed and we started to walk again, but before we had reached the Park the rain began again, more heavily than ever, and put a stop to further walking. We hailed a Hansom, and Carlyle said I might take him to Forster's, close by. We parted in the cab. "I'm sorry to have ye go. The relations between us this winter have been very humane;" were among his last words to me. He was very grave, very tender, and my last sight of him was as he waved farewell to me with his hand from Forster's door.*

On Tuesday, May 13, I breakfasted with Ruskin. Acland† came in after breakfast full of zeal in the defence of the Dean of Christ Church, and the new work and restorations of the Church itself.

Ruskin and I parted at the gate of Corpus,—the last friend to whom I bid farewell in England. . . .

At two we left Oxford for Liverpool,—the last sight of the England of one's fancy and one's heart.

* Carlyle wrote in his note-book, 8 June, 1873: "Emerson, and Norton with family, sailed for Boston from Liverpool, 15th of last month. Kind parting from both, from Norton almost a pathetic, not to meet again.

† Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, then Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford.

THE CATCH

By John Kendrick Bangs

I've enjoyed the chase to-day
Through the woodland wild.
Fortune in a lavish way
Hath my heart beguiled.

I have filled my game-bag well—
Better than I thought.
Fat and teeming it doth swell
With the things I sought.

Songs of birds, and songs of trees.
Gentle whisperings of the breeze.
Splendid mess of mountain air.
Odors of wild-flowers fair.
Happy thoughts that grew apace
As I watched the rillets race.
Wondrous pictures in the skies.
Vistas soft for tired eyes.
Hints of peace, and hints of rest.
Gorgeous colors in the west.
Stores of gold flung far and wide
O'er the gleaming country-side,
As the sun smiled on the scene,
Lighting up the forest green.

O the joy, the glad delight,
O the taste of bliss,
Making homeward through the night
With a catch like this!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IN the Victorian age every English girl of the smallest pretensions to education was able to sing—able, that is, to render an old ballad "in a sweet natural voice, all the fresher for being utterly untrained." Hardly a dinner-party dispersed, if we may judge from contemporary novels, without somebody's having relieved the monotony of the evening by such a contribution. The change to-day is great. After-dinner singing—except that kind which is hired at great expense, and listened to from rows of gilt chairs—has practically disappeared, and its absence is due not to any decrease in fresh untrained voices among performers, but to the immense increase of the critical faculty among listeners.

New Aspects of Friendship

There is no use in arguing, as one so justly might, that a great deal of simple enjoyment has been lost to us by the elevation of our standards. They are as high as they are, and we can no more enjoy an untrained ballad-singer than such a singer could herself have enjoyed a novel by Meredith.

Something very similar to this has taken place in the field of friendship. In old times it was enough for a person to live in our neighborhood, and to be well-disposed toward ourselves, for a promising friendship to flourish immediately. As to kinship, every tie of that sort necessitated affection, and to criticise a member of your immediate family was to arrogate to yourself the high privileges accorded solely to priests and parents. The consequence was that all such relations presented a pale reflex of the married state of the day—something into which the better people entered without choice and in which they remained without criticism.

With much the same loss that accompanied the raising of our musical standards we have become critical of our human surroundings—psychologically wide-awake. Early in an acquaintance we know, and we are expected to know, the turns of phrase, the lines of thought, the peculiarities of manner which denote egotism, shiftiness, vanity, or any of the less criminal defects that make intimacy so difficult to maintain. We choose a friend as carefully as we choose a picture, and if he prove unworthy he does not bear the odium alone. We, too, are liable to blame for having used our powers of selection ill. Everybody is expected to recognize the responsibility conveyed in the little girl's answer to her mother: "Well, you *choosed* my father." How seldom we hear the expression "a false friend"; how often the phrase, "a poor judge of men," is on our lips.

Contrast our attitude to-day with that which Darcy encountered—and with which Jane Austen seems to sympathize—when he was considered proud, haughty, and even rude, not because he judged his fellow-beings by false standards, but merely because he hesitated to take up the bond of intimacy, unsight, unseen, with all the members of a country community. He was not disloyal, nor even over-critical; he simply took time to choose. Unhappily, poor man, he lived a hundred years too soon. To-day, even before his reformation, he would have been accounted an excellent hero. He took his responsibilities in good faith; he exercised the great modern virtue—selectiveness.

WITH this change in our method of choosing our friends has come a change in our method of dealing with them. In old times, it appears, one did not discuss one's friends. To-day they form a most delightful subject of conversation. The reason is clear. In the days when they came like good or bad weather we naturally did not wish to run the risk of being made discontented with a condition we could not alter. We had not, to be candid, enough confidence in our friends to enjoy listening to criticism of them. But to-day, having picked them out by the most rigorous processes, we, in the language of advertisement, challenge investigation.

——and of Friends

Unfortunately, it is not only from without that such criticism is heard. It rises sometimes within our own breasts. It was not

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quite accurate to say that we choose a friend as we do a picture, which, once bought, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, must hang on our walls as it is. We do not, as a rule, attempt to touch it up ourselves. But with a friend a certain amount of remodelling is possible, is indeed inevitable, most of it a slow subconscious process, but some of it excessively definite and vocal.

Many people will always feel with Cassius: "A friendly eye had never seen such faults." The tone-deaf must always find the discriminations of the musician at the best fantastic, at the worst insincere. To many a critical attitude in regard to themselves is in itself an offence; yet to ask us to be without it is like asking a twentieth-century eye to accept a twelfth-century notion of perspective. We cannot help it; we have been trained to see. The only question is what use shall we make of our knowledge. Shall we be silent, and, when the time comes, prefer to withdraw from a friendship rather than to deface it with criticism; or shall we take our part in trying to make it what we wish it to be? In the latter case we are called upon to practise a subtle and dangerous art —the art of conveying adverse criticism to those we love.

The whole difficulty, it may be, is one of approach. Most people would like to improve—painlessly, if possible. They hail with gratitude those ideas in books, sermons, and plays which have cleared their moral vision. It is only the personal hostility of verbal criticism that they dread—the manner more than the matter of what we have to say. If we are not careful, before we have cleared our throat and pressed our fingertips together a friend's heart may have been irrevocably hardened against us. Everybody is a tribe in himself, and the problem is to knock in such a way that the right person answers the door. Conscious of the brisk integrity of our purpose we may rap so sharply at the portal that the walls will be manned and the boiling lead made ready before ever the gates are unbarred; and we may count ourselves fortunate if our own failings are not made the object of a sally. The successful, the constructive critic of his friends must learn, not only, as the old rhetoric books tell us, force, clearness, and coherence, but so wise a touch on the knocker that the sage comes to the door and not the warrior.

Expressing National Characteristics

IN the days when Matthew Arnold was more often read than he is at present, one might have been familiar with a passage in his essay on Emerson in which he told how, on Arthur Stanley's once speaking to some Americans about the poet, they remarked that they did not care for him—that he was too "greeny" for their taste. The opinion of these persons was not only amusing but significant. It is a common thing for the people of a country not to recognize themselves in the portraiture of writers whose particular mode of expression does not especially appeal to the majority. The foreigner "spots" the representative trait, where the native finds fault with the garment it wears, and denies that he "is like that at all." Almost any lettered Englishman will declare that Emerson, or, at the opposite pole, Walt Whitman, let us say, speaks out of the soul of America. But very many Americans fail to feel the fact, because they know too many things about themselves that neither Emerson nor Walt Whitman gave voice to, and because the matter which they do recognize as familiar they are congenitally averse to seeing put forth in anything resembling the rhapsodic guise.

Though it is a far cry from the works of the poets, one wonders whether something similar may not be taking place in this country with a much-despised form of popular music. Every traveller to Europe in recent days has had the opportunity of observing the interest shown in American tunes and dance rhythms which, as associated in his mind with forms of amusement not necessarily of the highest class, certainly do not strike him as worthy of being thought representatively American. We have, we justly say, American composers of distinction. Except as they divert us in our lighter moments, we do not, we beg to remark, count our "rag-time artists" as much worth considering, in any sense. But one meets intelligent musicians abroad who have another view. They don't regard American popular music as being any nobler in tone than we do ourselves; but they do find it technically new; they do find that it is original, that it leads in a fresh direction. We see nothing in it to take seriously. They appear sometimes to be of the opinion that, as a new form, a departure, it may have a greater artistic value than that of many correct and

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academic compositions that follow accepted formulas. It is not merely that people in the streets, and the public of the music-halls, are caught, as they are with us, by these fantastic syncopations. Not merely that an Oxonian can be quoted, almost seriously, as saying that the "best contribution the American Rhodes scholar makes to Oxford is the 'rags' he brings with him." The discriminating seem to half-suggest to us that we may have in these vulgar measures something more valuable than we grasp; something which belongs peculiarly to us, and which may contain the germs of a greater development—something, in short, to be called national.

An interesting side-light on this matter came from M. Pierre Loti's recent visit to New York. It was known to those who met him while he was here that he took small interest in many of the things that one might have supposed likely to engage his attention. He appeared to have his own way of gathering impressions; and those he received were mainly of the masses of things, and of the soul, as it were, that detaches itself from just such masses; from inanimate objects, from buildings and signs, and from the inarticulate crowds in the streets. What he wished was, apparently, to "sense" the "popular" note of America. But the really new idea to the genuine American is that there should be such a thing as a "popular" America, in anything like the European meaning. We have held that we were all so much the products of the same institutions, and all so much on an equality, that the man in the street generally thought and liked, minor differences aside, what the man in the mansion thought and liked. It was so in Puritan New England; it was so in the pioneer West. Perhaps, however, it is beginning not to be so, in the same measure, now. Perhaps the man in the street has his own definite thoughts and likes, nowadays, which he freely expresses without the leading of the more sophisticated, and which these, indeed, barely understand. That would account for some of these popular musical manifestations which the judicious deplore as cheap and debasing.

It is to be remembered in this connection also, that the judicious have likewise deplored precisely the fact, hitherto, that we had no popular art-expression of any sort. That was held to be our fatal lack. We were said to be too cerebral in all our artistic work, and not racy enough; too refined, and not spontaneous. Folk-songs, folk-lore, national dances, national epics, the full-flavored welling up from the soil of the love and the joy of life—these, we were reminded, were the heritage of the older, artistic peoples, whence all great national art had sprung. But were not all these popular art-expressions rude, not to say coarse? They were; and this truth might possibly contain the needed comfort for those who object to the present character of popular music with us, as well as to the new modes of dancing which probably spring therefrom. They are not classic. Perhaps, on the other hand, they express a certain love of strong mechanical excitement which does appear to be an American trait; and, in so far, they may represent one phase of our life. The juxtaposition may seem rather startling, but they represent us, perhaps, in one of our elements, as the otherworldliness and the spirituality of Emerson represent us, in another. In any case, we have in both instances been reminded, as it happens, that we don't see ourselves exactly as others see us—and that is always a thought worth pondering.

Weather-Vanes on Churches

IN the village where I live—and it is on the whole a very pleasant village, amiable, well-informed, progressive—there is one thing that troubles me because of its unfortunate symbolism. Naturally, there are other things that trouble me for other reasons than symbolism—but one point of view at a time. The church spire is tipped by a weather-vane; iron rods diverging from a centre bear gilded letters, N. E. S. W., which point this way and that, veering with every wind that blows. It is a highly sensitive weather-vane, and reflects with delicate accuracy the shifting of the little breezes, and lesser currents of the upper air.

We have not yet gone so far in our triumphantly matter-of-fact civilization as to forget the use of symbol; it still plays a surprisingly large part in our lives. Nothing else brings back so poignantly old faiths and old hopes. Sometimes the reminder is almost too keen, and the vivid recall of ideals in their pristine glory makes us aware that they have faded and grown dim with passing years. In witnessing the

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cruelties practised or condoned by so-called Christian nations, the massacres unpunished, the new freedom trampled out, we are at times unbearably conscious of the meaning of the cross. No, we must not let the symbol go; it still stands, in an unimaginative age, as evidence of profound use of the imagination; it is of incalculable worth in recalling us from the shows of things to a sense of eternal values.

But if flag and pennant still flutter in token of our serious intent; if cartoon and caricature still bear witness to our humorous use of symbol, which significance, the serious or the humorous, should be attached to our practice of putting weather-vanes on church spires? Old-fashioned meeting-houses with faded green blinds nestle among elms and maples; tall white spires still point heavenward, but many of them wear this smart device to tell which way the wind blows. Hamlet said he was "but mad north-northwest"; are we but religious north-northwest also, or east, as the wind of opinion may blow? It is unpleasantly suggestive of faith rationalized, faith that is a matter of changing thought, not of steady, heavenward-pointing hope founded on something more solid than the play of mere intellect. The old-fashioned Catholic church does better, at least in the matter of the symbol on its spires; there shines the cross, against the blue of noonday, or golden against gray gathering clouds; and there is no gainsaying, no evading, its unchanging significance.

I am ardently democratic, but I am beginning to wonder if the spirit of demos has not eaten too far into our very bones. Must this constant endeavor to turn opinion to the changing public mind be a necessary outcome of democracy? I miss people of conviction in these my later years, though I remember that, in my days of youth, I should have been grateful if some of the surrounding articles of faith had been less of a cast-iron mould. Perfect adjustment of individual conviction to the rights of other people and the rights of the future is rare, and few of our forebears achieved it; but it has yet to be proved that entire letting go works out more beneficially for the race than that determined holding on of years gone by. There are times when I would gladly exchange the company of my most complacent contemporary, who will agree to anything with anybody, for that of my grimmest ancestor, who was convinced that the perfect understanding of his creed was shared only by himself and God.

We veer and shift too readily, trying to find the exact path of the prevailing mind. In the voting that I do, concerning, for the most part, educational matters, I cannot help feeling that there is often less clear-cut individual conviction on the part of the members of the voting body than desire to be one of the majority, to seem good fellows, to be "in with the boys." Yet the people considering educational questions are doubtless among the most enlightened in the country. There is a hasty glance round, when any new opinion is launched, to see what the others are thinking; there is an unconfessed feeling that the important thing is to get the sum total of expressions. I do not like these questioning glances. It is well not to be too isolated, and he with whom no one agrees is doubtless insane, but I cannot help thinking that *vox populi* should hush itself now and then to see whether it really is *vox dei*. We nowadays take counsel too much with our contemporaries, and do not admit our forebears sufficiently to those decisions wherein they still have a right to speak. As I look back on history it seems to me, as more than one thinker has suggested, that the majority have seldom found out anything, whether in matters spiritual or temporal, without the leadership of some nobler and more gifted soul. One man's unswerving faith in the fine and high outweighs, in the long run, ten thousand wavering voices from the shifting, unsure mass. . . .

There is that weather-vane again! It keeps getting in my line of vision, as I look from the green hill to westward, as I come out from the sunken walk along the aqueduct, and see, beyond the grass-grown path and the deep-foliaged trees, its gilded letters shining significantly in the sun. I cannot get away from it! And it gives its inevitable suggestion of unstable force, enduring at most but a few hours. As I passed, on a clouded day last week, religion seemed nor'-nor'-east, while, on a sunny afternoon —it was but yesterday—faith was blowing due south. How it whips about in a real gale! When will the churches take off their weather-vanes, and leave their spires pointing to the north star?

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THE FIELD OF ART

Holford Landscape. By Meindert Hobbema.
From the Morgan Collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE PAINTINGS IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN

THE counsel for the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, Mr. John Quinn, in presenting to the House Committee on Ways and Means, at Washington, January 30, 1913, a brief in favor of repealing the present duty on contemporary art, after reciting the accepted arguments in favor of untaxed importation—"A tax on art is a tax on culture and education," "The United States is the only civilized country in the world that places a tax upon art," etc.—went on to declare that "the educational value of contemporary living art is greater than the educational value of historic paintings or old art, however intrinsically interesting or important." This distinction between the value of the new and the old is scarcely worth making; and Mr. Quinn's statement may be doubted. Civilization never progressed by burning its bridges behind it; it is as important to maintain communications with the base of supplies as to push forward into an unknown country on which alone—it is probable—*this* army cannot live and thrive. In this maintaining connection with tradition, in founding the new views and the new developments on "the old truth and beauty," all good art comes more or less under the definition which has been given to the "classic." That development and exploitation of the individual, which is held to be of so much importance to the painter and sculptor, can best be brought about in the ways of continuity and general cognizance: "as in water," sayeth the Scripture, "face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." Certes, that artist who—whatever the new call which he feels stirring within him—can go carefully through the collection of foreign paintings belonging to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, recently placed on exhibition in one of the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and not find his ideas and sensations, human and technical (and if his humanity be starved so will be his art), enriched either by encouragement and suggestion or by entirely new things—if from all these pictures he gains nothing, then is he, like Touchstone's shepherd, "in a parlous state." And if the artist, and likewise the layman, be thus benefited, the community at large profits thereby. Attention has been called by some commentators, taking this extraordinary collection

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for a text, to the very great advantages enjoyed by those who are now living in the matter of acquaintance with the art and culture of the past, owing to the development of modern facilities and methods: "It has been only in our own day," says Mr. Humphry Ward, in his introduction to Mr. Morgan's sumptuous catalogue, "since the rise of public galleries, and since the beginning of scientific criticism, that Rembrandt's works have not only been collected with passion, but classified, catalogued, and compared with real thoroughness. Such cataloguing and such criticism was impossible before the days of modern photography, which gives us perfect records of all known pictures, and thus enables the scientific critic to have all his evidence under his eye at once." And the special advantages enjoyed by the inhabitants of the United States, millionaires' country, have also been dwelt upon—complacently at home and enviously abroad. The prices of paintings of certain schools, those admitted to that "odd hierarchy," says Mr. Ward, "the class of masters whom the collectors and museums consider worth their notice," have been pushed up to such enormous sums that the regular grants made by foreign governments to their official museums are entirely inadequate, and have to be supplemented, on great occasions, by special appropriations or by appeals for private subscriptions. A recent writer in the *New York Evening Sun* asks: "What, for instance, would the special grant of $100,000 to the National Gallery have amounted to had Mr. Morgan been as active as he is to-day when the Hamilton Collection was sold?" It is the public-spirited private collector who has enabled this country to repair, in great measure, its own lack of an historic and cultured past; but our sympathies may well go out to the despoiled foreigner, partner though he be in his own undoing.

Portrait of a Child. Artist unknown. Spanish School, 164-?

From the Morgan Collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

In thus raising the standard, both of the nation's art treasures and of its appreciation of them, these munificent private and public collections may be of service in increasing its productiveness.

It would be strange if a collection planned upon such broad lines as this, and with a discriminating judgment, and not altogether unfavored by fortune in the matter of unusual chances to purchase, should not have become monumental. We are informed that it was begun somewhere about 1892; that the intention at first was apparently merely to supplement the small collection made by Mr. Junius Morgan, which consisted largely of modern pictures and drawings, with one or two fine works of the early English school acquired later in his life. But this modest filial motive was gradually replaced by a desire to possess in paintings at least one or two examples of each of the great schools, and these the finest that could be obtained; of the English and French schools of the eighteenth century natural predilections led to the acquirement of a much greater number. Quite departing from the usual custom of contemporary collectors there have not been secured any examples of the Barbizon painters, but many of the older schools are represented, and some of them by works which are unrivalled. It was not the intention to undertake to represent the Dutch and Flemish pictures with anything like completeness, in landscape, *genre*, or marine; but the names that appear are the great ones, Rembrandt, Hals, Rubens, Van Dyck, Hobbema, Aelbert Cuyp, and Caspar Netscher. Of the Italian pictures there are but two, a Raphael and a Canaletto, separated by a period of more than two centuries; and of the first, it is stated that it is the most important work of art ever brought to this country, much the most important work of the artist that has appeared in the market since the Ansidei Madonna was purchased

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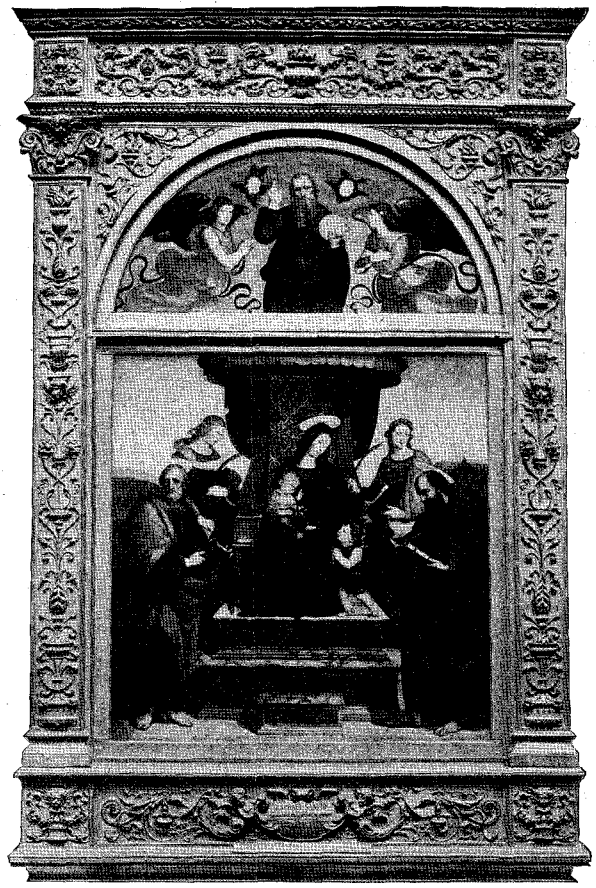
by the British National Gallery, and probably more important than any other that ever will come on the market. "Short of the possibilities of wars and revolutions," says Mr. Ward, "it is not easy to see where the next great Raphael is to come from. The great private houses of England still contain three or four Madonnas, pictures of small size, but of the large altar pieces outside the churches and museums, the Ansidei Madonna, the Dudley Crucifixion, and the Madonna di Sant' Antonio (the present one) were the last." The Ansidei Madonna was purchased by the authorities of the National Gallery from the Duke of Marlborough, in 1884, for £70,000; like this one it was finished in 1505, after Raphael's visit to Florence, but is smaller in size, having four figures only, while this contains seven exclusive of those in the lunette above.

It was painted for the nuns of the Convent of Saint Anthony of Perugia, and was taken to Spain in the baggage of Francis II, King of the Two Sicilies, when driven from his throne into exile, in 1861. Sir William Gregory, a trustee of the National Gallery, hearing that it might be purchased, went to Disraeli, then in office, and—according to the story—was promptly told to "get it." The French, hearing of these dispositions, had the picture brought to Paris and exhibited in the Salle des Batailles de Le Brun, in the Louvre; the Empress Eugénie and the Parisian press were very desirous of securing it for the Louvre, at the price asked, a million francs, but the outbreak of the war with Germany in the spring of 1870 prevented. The picture was lent by its royal owner to the South Kensington Museum, and after his death his heirs decided to dis-



Virgin and Child Enthroned with Saints. Known as the Colonna Madonna by Raphael.

From the Morgan Collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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pose of it. Vasari says: "To these two holy virgins, Santa Cecilia and Santa Catarina, the master has given the most lovely features and the most graceful attitudes; he has also adorned them with the most fanciful and varied head-dresses that could be imagined—a very unusual thing at the time." On the shoulder of the Infant's tunic is embroidered the scapular of Saint Anthony of Padua; the complete clothing of the two children was in accordance with the scruples of "these simple and pious ladies."

Of the brilliant collection of French paintings of the eighteenth century only a very few were shown in the Metropolitan Museum gallery; among them was an admirable pastel portrait of Madame de Mondonville, by La Tour—a beautiful example of the art of lifting the vivid presentation of a sitter, feminine and distinguished, into the realms of high art. To go from this life-like rendering of a serene and charming lady on one wall to Rembrandt's, of one Nicolaes Ruts (1631), on another, appreciatively, was to acquire a liberal education in the art of portrait-painting. If Mr. Morgan's two examples of Frans Hals, De Heer Bodolphe and his wife Vrouw Bodolphe, in another gallery had been visited also, the intelligent visitor could have taken a post-graduate course. In commenting upon the exhibition of these last two canvases in Agnews' Galleries in November and December, 1906, the *London Times* said regretfully: "Mr. Pierpont Morgan lately bought them from the Graf Mniszech collection in Paris, and intends to lend them to the Metropolitan Museum, New York. It may be permitted us to envy that museum its good fortune, for already, among the Marquand pictures, it possesses two fine Hals of similar size to these, whereas our National Gallery is in this respect far behind all other first-rate collections. . . . "

From these to the Fragonards, Bouchers, Lancrets, Natiers, and Paters of this collection is a long cry; and the journey is well worth taking. It might even be said that, from the collector's point of view, from the educator's, from that of the general student of man and his civilizations, these paintings are among the most valuable. Contemporary art can furnish nothing like them; it may be doubted if the art of the future ever will. And to remain ignorant of them, or to repudiate them, would be deplorable. Peculiarly interesting are the first three or four pictures of Fragonard's series, *Roman d'Amour de la Jeunesse*, commenced about 1772, intended for the new Pavilion of Louveciennes, built by Ledoux for Madame Du Barry, but never placed there. The first two show this art at its soap-bubble best; in the first of all, *La Poursuite, ou La Vierge et l'Amour*, the head of the youthful lover, tilted on one side in his earnestness, silky-haired, diffident, pleading, expressing a boyish timidity too charming to be real, and the wild panic of the little *vierge* at the mere sight of his proffered rose, are both delicately admirable. In the second scene, *La Rendezvous*, the lovers are both older, and are said to be undoubtedly intended for Louis XV (made fifty years younger than he was at the time) and Madame Du Barry; the figure of the girl is very handsome, beautifully balanced and composed, and her expression of apprehension and the sweeping gesture of her rounded young arms quite appropriate to the roses around her. There are also four Paters, examples of his beautiful *Fêtes Champêtres*, inspired by Watteau's, and the success of which, we are told, was said at the time to have been the cause of the estrangement between the two painters.

The portraits selected from the collection for exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum included a Velasquez, the Infanta Maria Theresa, at the age of ten or thereabouts; a stately and beautiful full-length Van Dyck of a Genoese lady and child, whose identity is, rather curiously, not fully determined, and another, of the second Earl of Warwick; several by Rubens; and a most valuable and important representation of the English portraitists of the eighteenth century—including the famous and much discussed Duchess of Devonshire; and—according to Mr. Ward—"what is by common consent the most attractive Lawrence in the world." Certainly that desirable art of giving a beautiful sitter a setting and a representation that are worthy of her is well exemplified in this portrait of the charming Miss Farren. And the spirit of the landscape painting of to-day may pause long before the Hobbema and the Constable seen in this gallery—canvases in which it would seem that the old artist had taken a somewhat broader and more comprehensive view of his mission, occupied himself with a fuller presentation of a larger aspect of nature, and with the building up of a composition that should be varied, detailed, lighted, atmospheric, and approached with something like ambition.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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